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MOVIE CLASSIC

JUNE

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Charles Sheldon

ASK FRED MacMURRAY A QUESTION!

WILL FONDA REMARRY MARGARET SULLAVAN?

They were BORN to play these roles

You never saw two stars more perfectly suited to portray the "male-and-female" of this great drama of San Francisco's bravest days! Clark Gable, owner of a gambling hell and Jeanette MacDonald as the innocent girl, stranded in a wicked city! Their first time together on the screen... and it's an electrifying thrill!





Clark
GABLE
Jeanette
MACDONALD
IN
San Francisco
WITH
Spencer TRACY

Jack Holt · Ted Healy · Jesse Ralph

Directed by W. S. Van Dyke

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER Picture

HERE'S A LOVE SONG FOR YOU!

It's called "WOULD YOU"

The composers of "Alone" *(Brown and Freed)* have written a new one called "WOULD YOU". Try it on YOUR sweetheart for exciting results . . . but first hear Jeanette MacDonald sing it. The screen's beautiful songbird also sings a thrilling number . . . "SAN FRANCISCO" in addition to "THE JEWEL SONG" and "MANON".

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See New Year's Eve revels in San Francisco . . . with champagne flowing in fountains!

See "The Chickens' Ball" . . . with a pot of gold for the most popular entertainer!

See A gala first night at the Tivoli Opera House . . . Jeanette MacDonald the glamorous star!

See San Francisco in flames . . . a roaring cauldron of death and destruction!

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New!

Movie Classic is now written and edited completely in Hollywood, to bring you new features, stories and photos . . . with news that is NEW!

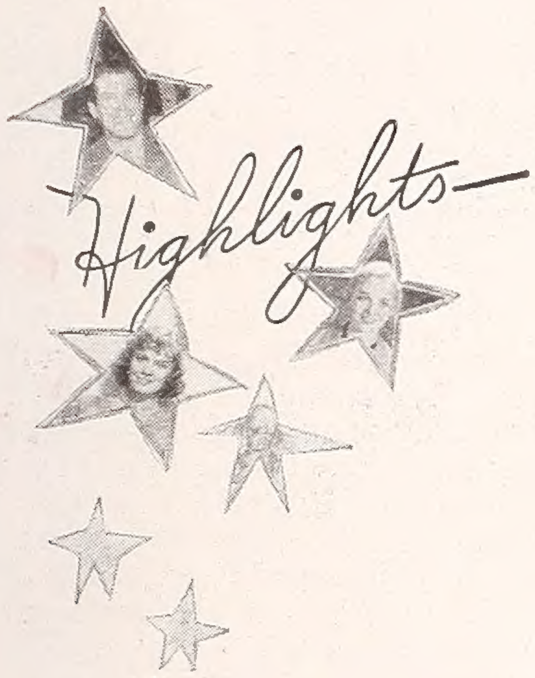
MOVIE CLASSIC

EDITED IN HOLLYWOOD

JUNE, 1936
VOL. 10 No. 4

ERIC ERGENBRIGHT
Editor

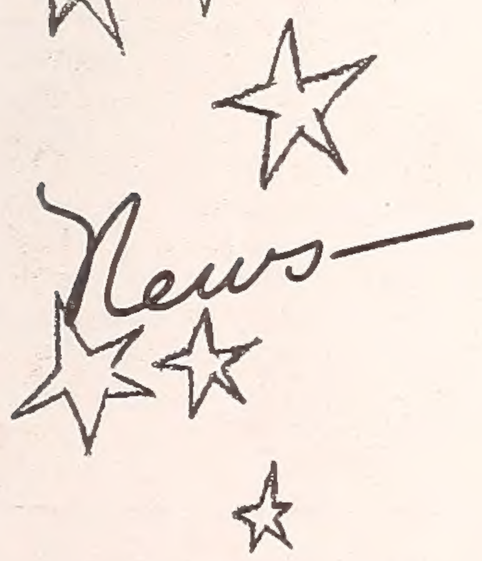
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Managing Editor



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NO PICTURE!

Impossible to print a picture that would make its point and still stay within the bounds of good taste

WE'D LIKE to take some person who had just taken a harsh, over-acting cathartic . . . and turn on the X-ray camera. We'd like to *show* you just what happens within you when you take so drastic a purge.

If you could see a picture like that, you wouldn't be likely to take such medicine again. You'd be super-careful to take only a laxative that is *correctly timed*. A laxative like Ex-Lax.

WHY HARSH CATHARTICS ARE BAD FOR YOU

When you take a cathartic that over-acts, it throws your entire system out of rhythm. It hurries unassimilated food through your body, causing violent muscular action in your alimentary tract. You have pains and griping. You feel weak afterwards . . . all worn out!

Authorities agree that strong purgatives and cathartics should *never* be taken except upon the advice of a physician.

WHY CORRECT TIMING IS VITAL

Now, what happens when you take a *correctly timed* laxative like Ex-Lax?

Well, except for the relief you get, you hardly know you've even had a laxative. You take a little Ex-Lax tablet, preferably at night. It tastes just like delicious chocolate. It works easily and gently, taking 6 to 8 hours to be effective! No stomach pains! No distress or nausea! No unpleasant after-taste.

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For over 30 years, Ex-Lax has been the approved family laxative. *More people use it than any other laxative in the world.* You can count on it for mildness, effectiveness and correct timing. A box costs only 10c at any drug store. Or 25c for the economical, family size.

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Now *You're Talking*



With *Little Lord Fauntleroy* and *Professional Soldier* making the theatre turnstiles buzz, Freddie Bartholomew's stock soars to a new high. And the letters praising his work are legion

Wherein our readers express their frank opinions of screen stars and current pictures

$15 Prize Letter

Film Music Lauded—The symphonic music in motion pictures is truly something of which its producers may be proud. I know, from personal contacts, that most of the individual musicians in the studio orchestras were the country's finest concert artists before they came to Hollywood. And they work long, difficult, exhausting hours to create the beautiful music to which we thrill. Many of the composers are splendid American-European trained musicians and deserve much praise. Synchronization is at a high point of refinement now. All this makes for superb production. It is a wonderful thing that all classes, all people may now hear the best of the world's music. What a boon to those who have always loved good music and have been unable to afford it! It will also, I am sure, prove a blessing to those who never learned to care for the classical compositions until they had "meaning" through connection with certain scenes in the films. I was most aware of this angle when viewing *A Midsummer Night's Dream.* How marvelously the action and music harmonized! Let us give more thought and thanks to the makers of motion picture music!—*Frances Learned, Libby Road, Paradise, Butte County, Calif.*

$10 Prize Letter

Comedy of Recollection—Laughter! What an elusive thing it is! It seems as if the more elaborate the preparations for a laugh, the less people feel like laughing. This is as true in movies as it is over the radio. When will motion picture producers realize that people laugh more quickly over situations that are part and parcel of their lives and experiences than at any other stamp of thing? The laughter I heard in *Ah Wilderness,* when the graduation class was performing, was the kind of merriment that surely must be the motion picture producer's dream! It was spontaneous! Tremendous! And why? I'll warrant that more than 85 per cent of that audience had been through the experience of graduation. It struck a reminiscent chord that made the oldest and youngest delighted. And the utter simplicity of the setting was part of its effectiveness! And yet I've sat through miles of expensive and un-funny farces, built up on utterly impossible situations that failed to bring one ripple of merriment to the audience!—*Mrs. A. H. Lott, Pentagon Court, D-1-6, Baton Rouge, La.*

$5 Prize Letter

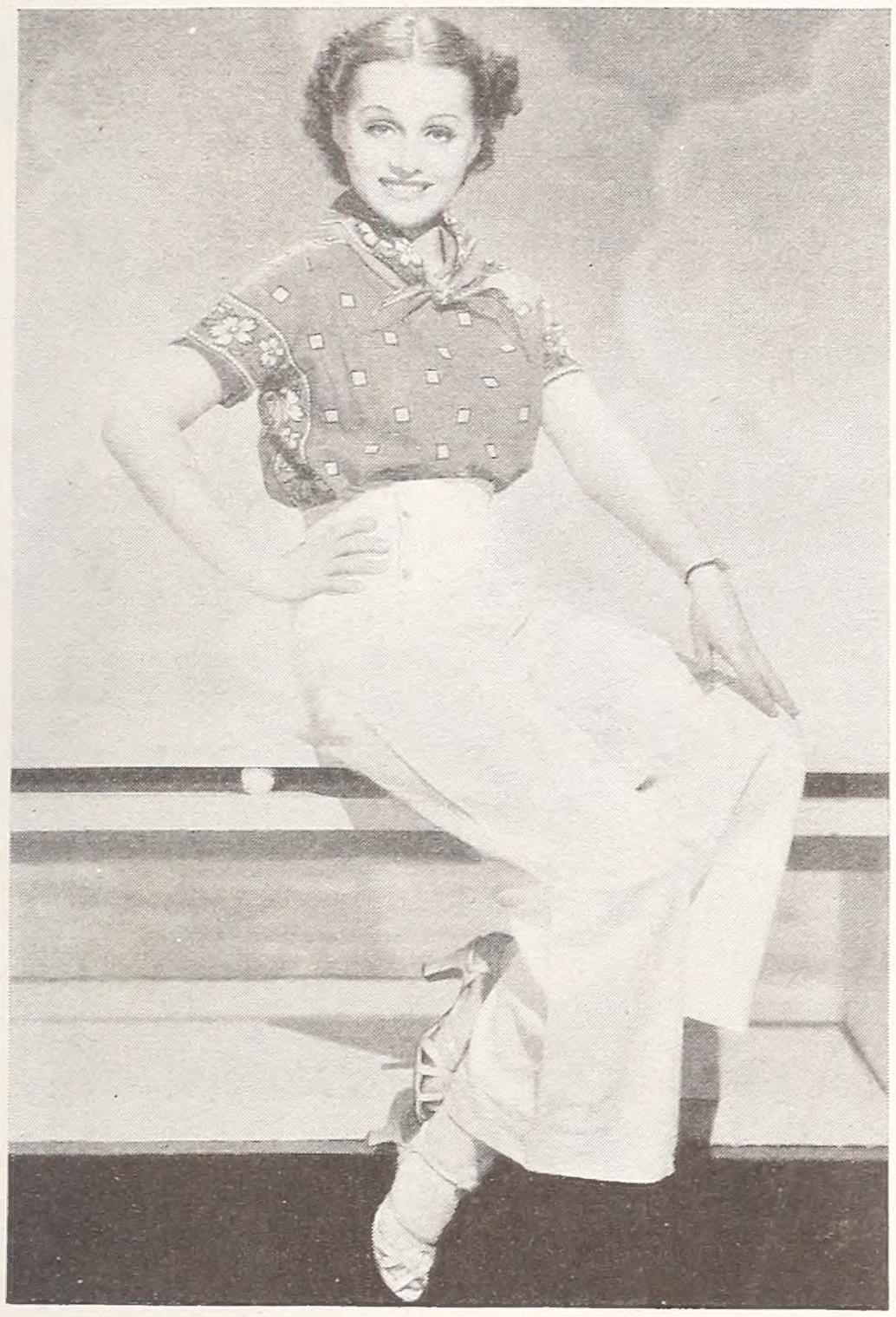
Dramatic Short Shorts—Here is an idea for the producers who are responsible for our short features on theatre programs. Instead of so many being devoted to music and song, why not take advantage of that space of time to present drama in condensed form, somewhat as the "short short story" is presented in magazines. Very unusual plots could be used.—*Warren Allen, 2116 Chamberlain, Chattanooga, Tenn.*

$1 Prize Letters

Science Made Easy—Most of us concede the acting honors of the screen to Charles Laughton but after seeing Paul Muni in *The Story of Louis Pasteur* I think Mr. Laughton had best look to his laurels. During the entire run of *Pasteur* not once was I conscious of the fact that there was such a person as Paul Muni; it was Pasteur I was watching. He came to life so vividly that I fairly trembled when he gave the boy the serum which he hoped would cure him of rabies. But I do hope Mr. Muni gets all the praise he deserves for one of the finest portrayals it has been my privilege to witness.—*Edith Blez, c/o N. W. Ayer, West Washington Square, Philadelphia, Pa.*

MOVIE CLASSIC urges its readers to take the floor and present on this page their candid opinions of pictures and stars. Each month MOVIE CLASSIC offers these cash prizes for the best letters: (1) $15; (2) $10; (3) $5; all others published, $1 each. The editors will be the sole judges and reserve the right to publish all or part of any letter received. Write your letter now—to MOVIE CLASSIC'S Letter Editor, 7046 Hollywood Boulevard, Hollywood, California.

Personalities of the Month



Eleanore Whitney

ONCE in awhile a Hollywood studio gets a newcomer who, soon after, has the entire lot talking to itself—a fledgling who thrills even blasé studio workers.

Such a player is petite Eleanore Whitney, Paramount starlet who is already being groomed for stardom.

Ninety-eight pounds of flashing vivacity, Eleanore came to Hollywood for one picture, *Millions In The Air,* billed as "the world's fastest tap dancer," only to remain on a long-term contract as one of the happiest finds of many seasons—a natural actress, a clever dancer and a distinct personality.

Years ago they used to call what Eleanore Whitney has "It." But Clara Bow and her ilk would have tough sledding alongside of Eleanore's type today because of the girl's versatility.

Discovered at the age of ten by Bill Robinson when the sepia King Of Taps visited Cleveland, Eleanor's home town, Eleanore proved in record time that her dancing and personality were far above the average.

So thrilled was he with the youngster's natural ability that Robinson, upon his return to New York, sent for her and her mother in order that the child might continue her instruction under his tutelage. So to New York went the Whitney household and soon Eleanore was on the road under the watchful eye of Rae Samuels, "Blue Streak Of Vaudeville."

From this Eleanore graduated to "singles," finally entering the personal appearance shows of Rudy Vallee and Jack Benny.

Discovered by Paramount scouts while with Benny, Eleanore was shipped to Hollywood on a one-picture deal. The short contract was torn up approximately three days after shooting had started on *Millions In The Air,* however, and a long-term arrangement was agreed upon.



John Howard

WRITER, student of botany and Phi Beta Kappa, John Howard fought against becoming an actor from the time he was forced to play *Little Lord Fauntleroy* as a child until little more than a year ago.

Now he's reproaching himself for having turned down three proferred screen tests before he finally capitulated and won a Paramount contract.

He set out to become a university professor and frankly confesses that until recently his attitude toward Hollywood was somewhat snobbish. "I had a decidedly low opinion of the picture industry," he grins. "I didn't want anything to do with it. But I've been converted." Nevertheless, he still regards acting as a means to an end. He wants to be a director, he wants to write scenarios and plays, he also wants to be a concert singer.

Paramount, having signed him on a long-term contract and assayed his ability by giving him important rôles in four pictures, is thoroughly content to have him remain an actor.

His real name is John Cox. He was born in Cleveland, Ohio, and spent most of his boyhood in Duquesne, Pennsylvania, where his father was a steel mill executive.

In Western Reserve University, he wrote, directed and starred in a number of school plays, managed the basketball team, sang solos with the University choir, was elected president of the senior class and won a Phi Beta Kappa key. On graduation day, he was presented with the Warion Trophy, awarded each year to the outstanding man of the senior class.

Oscar Serlin, a Paramount "talent scout" saw him in a school production of *John Brown's Body* and immediately offered him a screen test. Howard refused and was not persuaded to change his mind until he had graduated.

To date he has scored in four pictures, *Annapolis Farewell, Millions In the Air, Soak the Rich* and *Thirteen Hours by Air.*

EASY NOW TO GET TEETH LOOKING TWICE AS WHITE!



New!

PEPSODENT TOOTH POWDER

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. . . adds charm to any smile!

2 IS TWICE AS SOFT
...safe even for children's teeth!

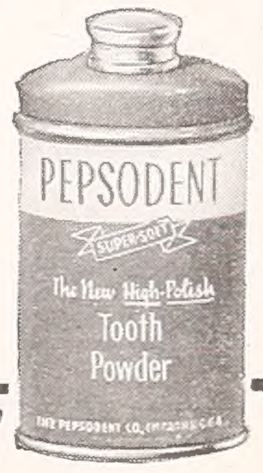
3 CLEANS MORE THOROUGHLY
. . . foams between teeth

4 LASTS WEEKS LONGER
. . . far more economical to use!

Large Can 25c

Family size 50c

Holds over twice as much



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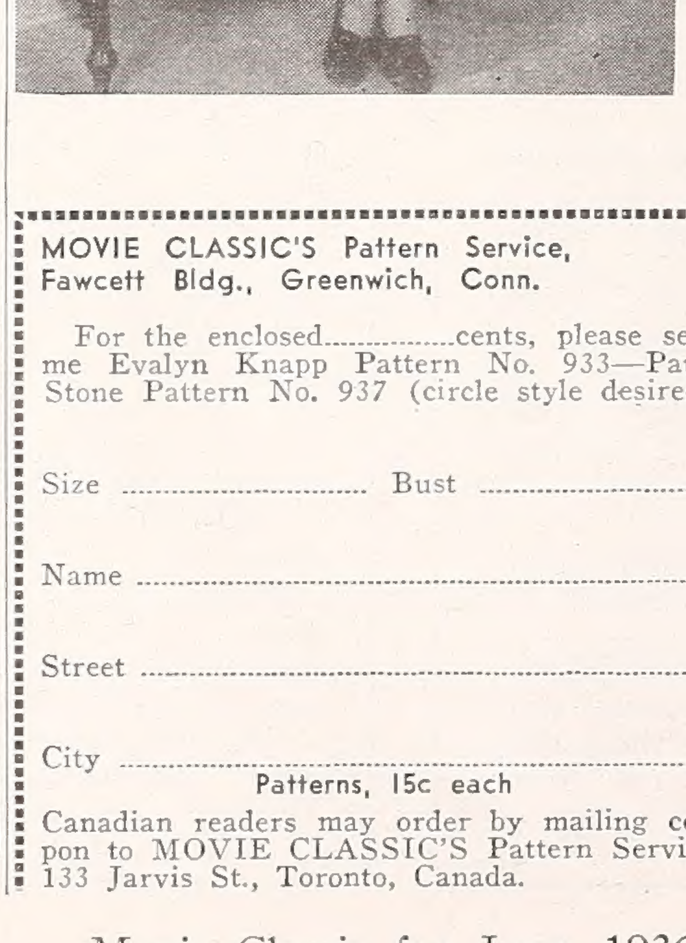
Preludes to Summer

Try these two new styles straight from Hollywood

Evalyn Knapp wears striped linen. Style 933 is patterned in sizes 14, 16, 18 years, 36, 38 and 40 inch bust. 15c



933





Style 937 is worn by Paula Stone and designed in sizes, 14, 16, 18 years, 36, 38 and 40 inch bust. 15c

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Fawcett Bldg., Greenwich, Conn.

For the enclosed.....cents, please send me Evalyn Knapp Pattern No. 933—Paula Stone Pattern No. 937 (circle style desired).

Size ..... Bust .....

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Patterns, 15c each

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Hollywood Does A Mirthful Martial Musical Up 'Brown'



JOE E. BROWN

joins the army and 'slays' the world as the head man of a riotous regiment of singing

SONS O' GUNS



Including Joan

BLONDELL

Beverly Roberts, Eric Blore, Winifred Shaw, Craig Reynolds, Joseph King, Robert Barrat

TAKE A BOW, LLOYD BACON, FOR YOUR DIRECTION

And the Same To You, Warren & Dubin, for These Great Songs

"A Buck And A Quarter A Day", "Put On A Uniform", "In The Arms Of An Army Man"

THE PICTURE OF THE MONTH

Those thousands of "Bright Lights" audiences who demanded another song-and-dance show for Joe have had their way! Warner Bros. went right out and bought that famous stage musical 'Sons O' Guns,' equipped it with an uproarious cast and all modern conveniences including new Warren and Dubin songs, and a passionate apache dance number by Joe that stops the show. The riotous results emerge as the month's top entertainment.



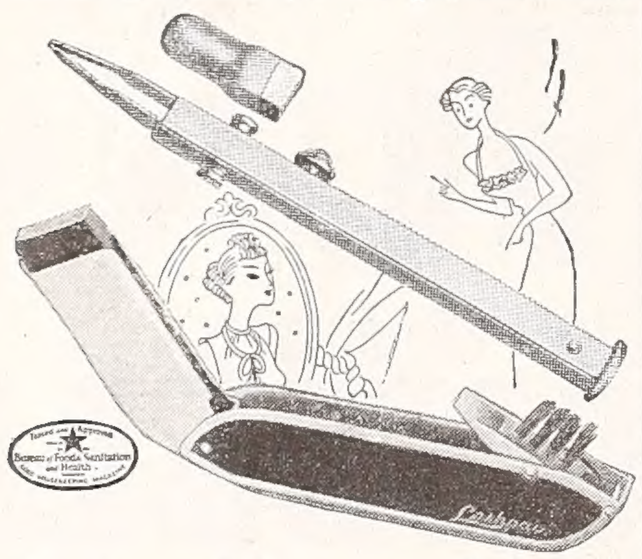
BRIGHT

EYE DEAS

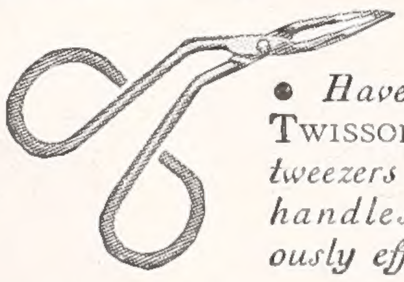
by Jane Heath



Do CANDLELIT dinner tables appear in your When-to-be-Beautiful Chart these early spring months? Then make this simple, amusing experiment. First, make up your face. Then, with KURLASH, curl the lashes of *one eye*. Add LASHTINT to these lashtips and touch the eyelid with SHADETTE. Now light a candle and look in a mirror. Notice how the side of your face with the eye unbeautified "fades away" . . . but how the other seems more delicately tinted, glowing and alive. It's the best way we know to discover how eye make-up and curled and glorified lashes can make your whole face lovelier. KURLASH does it without heat, cosmetics or practice. ($1 at good stores.)



Naturally, the candlelight test will show up straggly, bushy, or poorly marked brows. And that will be your cue to send for TWEEZETTE, the automatic tweezer that whisks away offending hairs, roots and all, painlessly! Probably you'll want a LASHPAC also, with a unique stick of mascara, like a lipstick, to darken lashes and mark brows. It has a clever little brush for grooming too! Each, $1—at good stores.

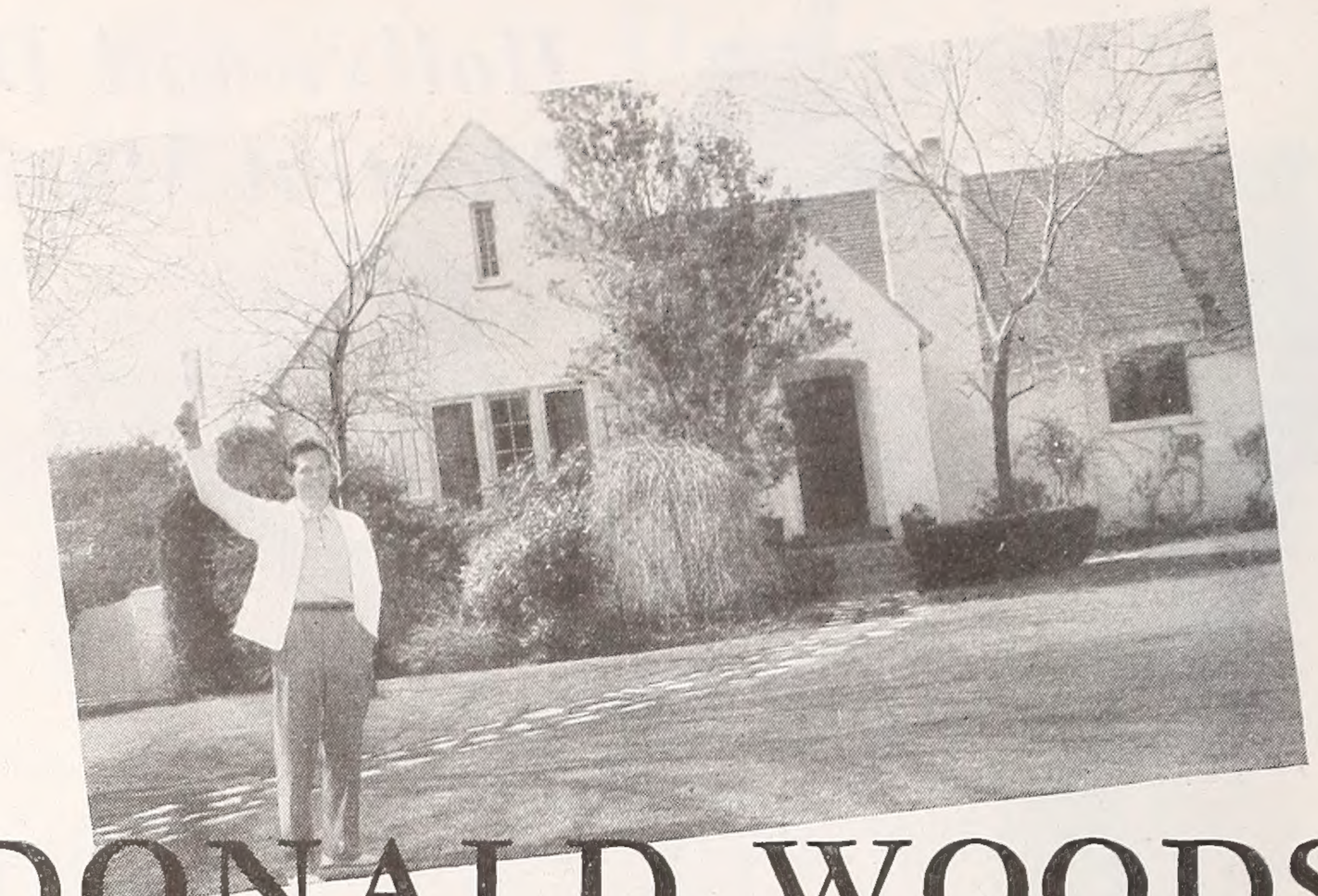


• *Have you tried* TWISSORS—*the new tweezers with scissor handles—marvelously efficient*—25c.

Write JANE HEATH *for advice about eye beauty. Give your coloring for personal beauty plan. Address Dept.* SB-6.

Kurlash

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DONALD WOODS Invites You To A Party

Meet the popular young star who will be host to MOVIE CLASSIC'S Movieland Tour

by Jack Smalley

WHEN MOVIE CLASSIC'S annual tour to Hollywood arrives in Filmland August sixteenth, with four exciting days of sightseeing in prospect, the highspot of the trip will be the party Donald Woods is giving for the trippers.

Donald is inviting his friends among the picture people to be on hand, and his charming home in Beverly Hills will be thrown open to the two hundred visitors. Here you will mingle with your favorites of the screen, take snapshots galore, sign them all for autographs, and see how this "other half" of the world really lives.

Donald Woods, your host, is one of the most popular young men in the colony, both professionally and personally. His work as the printer in *Frisco Kid,* with Jimmy Cagney, was hailed by critics, his rôle as the husband whose wife Ronald Colman loved in *A Tale of Two Cities* was even better, and then he topped all these performances as the leading man in *The Story of Louis Pasteur,* with the star, Paul Muni.

Despite his success as one of Warner's most capable young actors, Don wants to be a director.

There is one other person who believes in encouraging this ambition—the tall, slender, titian-haired "Mrs. Don." Their romance was one of those campus affairs which began while Don was working his way through California University as a night switch-board operator in a Berkeley hotel. The popular coed, Josephine Van Der Horck, walked into the lobby one night, thought the nice young man looked very tired, went out and

[*Continued on page* 80]



Donald Woods has planned a perfect day of entertainment for the members of our Movieland Tour, who, in his new home, will meet the most famous stars of the screen

THE PICTURE YOU'VE DREAMED ABOUT!

The Golden Voice of
GRACE MOORE
•
The Romantic Dash of
FRANCHOT TONE
•
The Glorious Melodies of
FRITZ KREISLER



Grace Moore
FRANCHOT TONE
"The King Steps Out"
WALTER CONNOLLY
Raymond Walburn · Victor Jory · Elisabeth Risdon
And the World-Famed Albertina Rasch Ballet
Screen play by Sidney Buchman
Directed by JOSEF VON STERNBERG

COLUMBIA PICTURES



Frank Capra's genius achieves another masterpiece in this magnificent comedy drama by the brilliant Robert Riskin.
See it now—you'll want to see it again!
GARY COOPER
Mr. Deeds Goes To Town
JEAN ARTHUR
George Bancroft · Lionel Stander
Douglass Dumbrille · H. B. Warner
A FRANK CAPRA Production

Screen play by Robert Riskin
Story by Clarence Budington Kelland

GANTNER
Floating Bra
SWIM SUITS



"Jinx" Falkenberg, appearing in Big Brown Eyes Walter Wanger Productions!

Miracles of smartness! Gantner floating bra* suit (above) in gorgeous quilted matelassé . . . cork buttons . . . $8.95. Below, uncut velvet effect, soft as sea-mist . . . perfectly adjustable, with multicord straps . . . $7.95.

(*amazing concealed semi-detached uplift, found only in a Gantner)

Gantner styles at smart shops everywhere!
(Style book upon request)

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Vacation Beauty Problems

Presenting complexion aids which will guard against summer beauty foes

By *Alison Alden*

Irene Hervey, rapidly scaling the cinema ladder, vacations on a famous desert "dude ranch" near Palm Springs



GAY, spontaneous frolics of summer are beckoning new diversions, new modes and *new beauty.*

If you've been in the swirl of the formal dinner and supper dances during past months, you've probably captured a new "crush" to escort you through warm weather sports and informal parties.

Competition with fair damsels of your social set will be the bane of your existence, unless you protect your beauty against sun and salt water bugaboos.

It's easy to "forget" night after night, and sometimes year after year, but it's an inevitable fact that neglected skin will become "old" and tired. When the damage is done, in a panic of fear or regret, your leading question becomes, "now, what can I do?"

Fortunately, there *is* an answer—and it comes direct from Hollywood. Your favorite movie stars are stressing the fact that it's high time to realize that no natural law prescribes *so many* wrinkles for *so many* birthdays.

In our civilized world, woman has learned the use of powder puffs and cleansing creams and nourishing creams.

Sunburn is not only an occasional but a frequent cause of "fatality to beauty." Tan is another matter—since the skin that tans rarely burns. However, tan, like burning, is a beauty hazard that the wise woman avoids.

Tanned skin rarely regains its lovely, fragile transparency without hours and hours of consistent treatment. Sunrays are of value to your system—but they toughen and dry the tissues of your face. Many a leather-like, weather-beaten skin of middle age lost its beauty in youth through needless exposure—week after week—at beach and mountain resorts. It's so uncalled for too—because it's such a simple matter to apply a rich cream over your face, arms and neck before exposing them to the sun.

Cleopatra had priceless secrets of beauty, and with them she conquered hearts. It has taken years of research for us to learn the recipe for keeping her complexion so lovely . . . so petal-smooth. However, it has been done at last. A manufacturer is offering a Complexion Cream which will ward off hateful wrinkles and keep skin scrupulously clean.

Ada Allan's Cleo 3-D All Purpose Cream, priced at only $1.00 for a four ounce jar, is a remarkable revivifying emollient cream that contains *Sunshine Vitamin D,* said to be Cleopatra's secret.

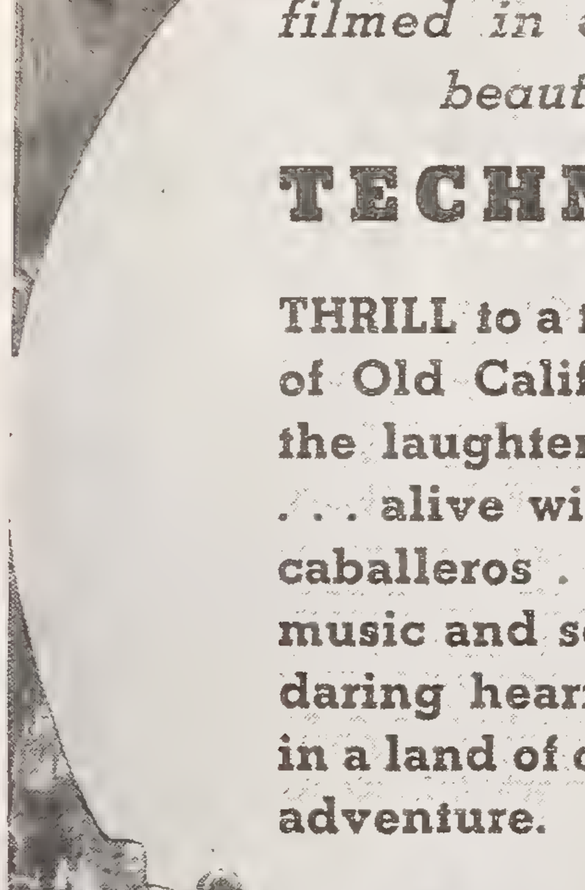
This vitamin is important to beauty and health—and yet harmful if absorbed in the wrong manner. When you apply this fine textured cream to your face, arms and neck, before venturing down to the beach sands, you are giving your skin the opportunity of benefiting by the important and [*Continued on page 73*]

Gloriously The Screen Surrenders to COLOR!

. . . in the first dancing romance filmed in all the breathless beauty of the new

TECHNICOLOR!

THRILL to a throbbing love story of Old California . . . gay with the laughter of sweet Senoritas . . . alive with the dash of bold caballeros . . . atingle with the music and song and dancing of daring hearts aflame in a land of carefree adventure.



PIONEER PICTURES

presents

DANCING PIRATE

You've never seen anything like the spectacular "Moonlight Dance" . . . and a score of other gasping scenes!

★

A CAST OF HUNDREDS

featuring

CHARLES COLLINS

Dancing idol of Broadway

FRANK MORGAN

Laugh star of 50 hits

STEFFI DUNA

The girl of "La Cucaracha"

Luis Alberni • Victor Varconi

Jack La Rue • Directed by LLOYD CORRIGAN. Designed in color by ROBERT EDMOND JONES.

Distributed by

★ **RKO RADIO PICTURES**

Hear the sentimental songs by the hit composers, Rodgers & Hart: "When You Are Dancing the Waltz" and "Are You My Love?"





JESSIE MATTHEWS

in

"IT'S LOVE AGAIN"

with

ROBERT YOUNG

. . . . . *Romance, Comedy, Adventure in Rhumba Rhythm . . .*

COMING TO YOUR FAVORITE THEATRE

A GB *Production*



Behind-the-scene news and gossip about Filmland's pictures and stars—an up-to-the-minute report of the latest happenings

Party line in Hollywood



By ERIC ERGENBRIGHT

WE HAD Jean Harlow on the party line a few days ago and took advantage of the opportunity to query her about those wedding rumors. And what did we get for our pains? Merely assurance that Bill Powell is a swell fellow, that they see one another frequently and that she's a lot happier now that the new brownette locks have lifted from her the stigma of being "that blonde." Shucks, we knew all those answers—but here's a prophecy. The wedding bells will ring by early fall.

A Hollywood Bonanza

Bill Ulman, the clever scribe who authors the Errol Flynn biography now appearing in MOVIE CLASSIC, became so chummy with Errol during their many interviews that he and his interviewee decided to collaborate on a scenario. And so . . o . . o, they wrote an epic tale around the life of Sir Charles Brooke, the English sailor who made himself the Rajah of Sarawak. Errol took it to Warner Brothers, where he is very much the white-haired lad these days; Warner Brothers were ecstatic; Bill is buying a new house; Errol Flynn is trying on costumes for the rôle of Sir Charles and everyone is happy—notably the editor of this magazine who feels certain that the close friendship between Errol and Bill has resulted in the best biographical serial ever printed in these pages.

Jane's Triumph

Jane Withers, the little moppet who rose to screen fame with her portrayal of a "brat" in one of Shirley Temple's pictures, has just signed a personal appearance contract which will route her through half-a-hundred eastern theatres at the very, very tidy salary of $3,500 a week. And Shirley, meanwhile, has been offered nearly four times that amount for a one day appearance at a Baby Parade. Mrs. Temple rejected the offer.



Wynne Gibson and Arline Judge rest after their strenuous game of tennis which Isabel Jewell refereed



Mae Murray and Clara Bow were in Hollywood, looking as beautiful as ever. Clara prefers her ranch to pictures now

A Note From London

A too-brief note from Helen Vinson informs me that she's bought a home in London and plans to stay there indefinitely, working in English-made pictures. And no chance of her being lonesome for Hollywood, either, for Clive Brook and Mary Carlisle are playing in her current picture. She says Alice White's in London and quite the sensation of all the gay spots.

Those English have taking ways, by Jove—and they're jolly well taking almost all of our Hollywood stars to London.

A Swell Gal

An electrician pal of mine was on the party line just now with a story about Carole Lombard and I can't see how to avoid the purchase of an orchid.

He tells me that during the filming of *Love Before Breakfast,* the script called for Carole, or her double, to be saved from a sinking yacht. The scene was faked, but the water which swept the decks of the studio built yacht was anything but bogus. The double refused the job, so Carole said to-the-dickens-with-her and did the scene herself. For nearly two hours, she was drenched with icy water. Her clothes were wringing wet, her shoes were sopping wet and her hair was still wetter. But before she would consent to change into dry duds, she had a huge can of coffee brought on the set and insisted that all of the crew who had shared the deluge should share the hot coffee.

Show me a star the electricians praise, and I'll show you a real human being!

Four Aces

On the Radio Pictures lot, they're preparing to film a super-western entitled *The Last* [*Continued on page 75*]



Evalyn Knapp proudly displays her latest catch, a scrappy calico bass. She is one of Hollywood's expert fisherwomen

They wondered why he passed them by, for *Her*...



She was so *Fragrantly dainty*

Hers is the lovelier way to avoid offending . . . She bathes with fragrant Cashmere Bouquet Soap!

So *alluring* . . . your fragrant daintiness when you bathe with this lovely scented soap!

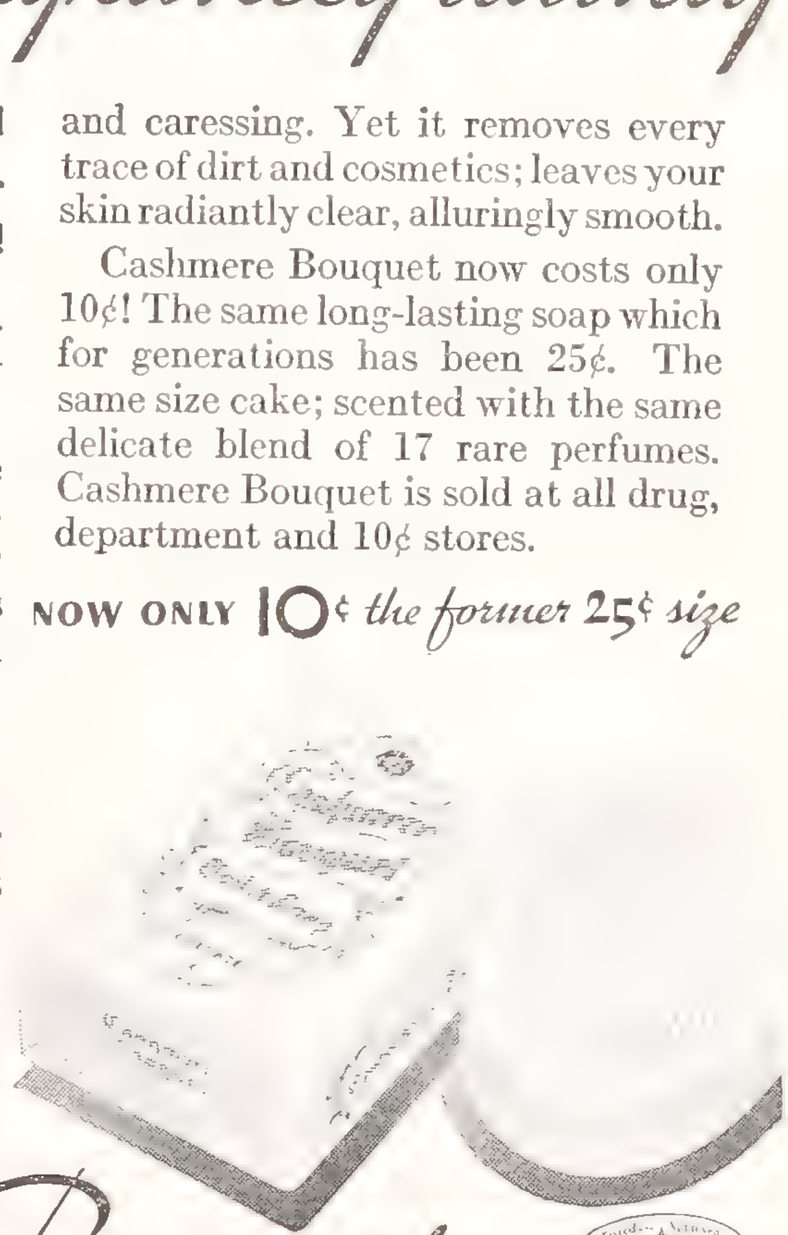
And how completely safe you are from any fear of offending! For Cashmere Bouquet's rich, luxurious lather goes down into every pore . . . washes away so thoroughly every trace and cause of unpleasant body odor!

Then Cashmere Bouquet's subtle, costly perfume lingers glamorously . . . Hours after you've stepped from your bath, it still whispers lovely things about you.

You will want to use this pure, creamy-white soap for your complexion too. Its generous lather is so gentle and caressing. Yet it removes every trace of dirt and cosmetics; leaves your skin radiantly clear, alluringly smooth.

Cashmere Bouquet now costs only 10¢! The same long-lasting soap which for generations has been 25¢. The same size cake; scented with the same delicate blend of 17 rare perfumes. Cashmere Bouquet is sold at all drug, department and 10¢ stores.

NOW ONLY 10¢ *the former 25¢ size*



BATHE WITH

Cashmere Bouquet

THE LOVELIER WAY TO AVOID OFFENDING



Slenderized BY JANTZEN

In the new Jantzens you will find the loveliest fabrics of the year in richness of texture and beauty of design. The marvelous elasticity achieved through Jantzen-stitch gives them figure-control qualities to an amazing degree. They mold the body into slenderizing lines of beauty. Being Jantzens, they fit perfectly, permanently.

IRENE BENNETT, *appearing in the Paramount picture,* **"The Sky Parade"** *wears the Jantzen* BRÄ-TUCK MIO, $4.95. *Other Jantzen models* $4.50-$8.95.

Jantzen molded-fit swimming suits

Jantzen Knitting Mills, Dept. 281, Portland, Ore.
Send me style folder in color featuring new 1936 models. *Women's* ☐ *Men's* ☐

Name _____

Address _____

Ask FredMacMurray A



Here's a Chance to Conduct Your Own Interview With a Popular Star

Fred MacMurray, usually reluctant to grant interview, invites your queries

WHAT do you want to know about Fred MacMurray?

If you were lunching with him, tete-a-tete, what questions would you ask?

Perhaps you would like to know how he entered pictures . . . or why he hasn't married . . . or what kind of books he reads . . . or which of his pictures he has enjoyed the most . . . .

Here, then, is your chance to ask those questions and obtain direct answers from Fred MacMurray himself. MOVIE CLASSIC's Inquiring Reporter will act as your intermediary.

Simply fill in the coupon at the bottom of this page, writing legibly, or—still better—typing, the questions you want him to answer. Inclose the clipped coupon in an envelope addressed to the Inquiring Reporter, MOVIE CLASSIC, 7046 Hollywood Boulevard, Hollywood, and look in the August issue of MOVIE CLASSIC for Fred's own answers.

He has been the subject of thousands of letters received by this magazine—letters which demand information about his career, his personality, his plans and his mode of living. And now we invite you to satisfy your curiosity in the most direct fashion.

Naturally, the editors reserve the right to throw into the discard all questions which violate the bounds of good taste. And, PLEASE, do not ask him to name his favorite star or to name the actress he considers most beautiful! Such questions obviously cannot be answered by a man who wishes to preserve his popularity.

And remember, questions received later than May 21, cannot be answered.

The Inquiring Reporter,
Movie Classic Magazine,
7046 Hollywood Blvd.,
Hollywood, Calif.

Please ask Fred MacMurray the following questions, answers to which will appear in the August issue of Movie Classic.

_____

_____

_____

_____

_____

Your name_____

Unusual Recipes

MOVIE CLASSIC has a treat in store for you and your family. You may now send for unusual recipes for everything from soup to after dinner snacks—which were found right in the kitchens of the stars!

Solve the problem of unusual dishes by ordering these leaflets, personally autographed by film celebrities, and become the popular hostess you have always desired to be.

The recipes are kitchen tested by Anna Bell Lee, noted food authority, and are printed on a punched leaflet to fit any 8½ x 11 loose leaf notebook.

Send a three cent stamp for each leaflet desired

Mona Barrie's Favorite Soups
Tuna Recipes from Jim Cagney
Leftover Surprises from Sally Eilers
Mae Clarke's Favorite Cakes
Adrienne Ames Apple Recipes
Raquel Torres Mexican Dishes
Heather Angel's Salads
Andy Devine's After Dinner Snacks
E. G. Robinson's Honey Cakes
Margaret Sullavan's Tasty Puddings
Raisin Recipes from Noah Beery, Jr.
Pinky Tomlin's Favorite Hot Breads
Valerie Hobson's Casserole Dishes
Cottage Cheese Delights from Binnie Barnes
Savory Ham Dishes from Gloria Stuart

Address your letters to Dorothy Dwan, Movie Classic Food Editor, 7046 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, Calif. NO LETTERS ANSWERED UNLESS A STAMPED AND SELF-ADDRESSED ENVELOPE IS ENCLOSED!

"Kiss me again or I'll yell for help!"



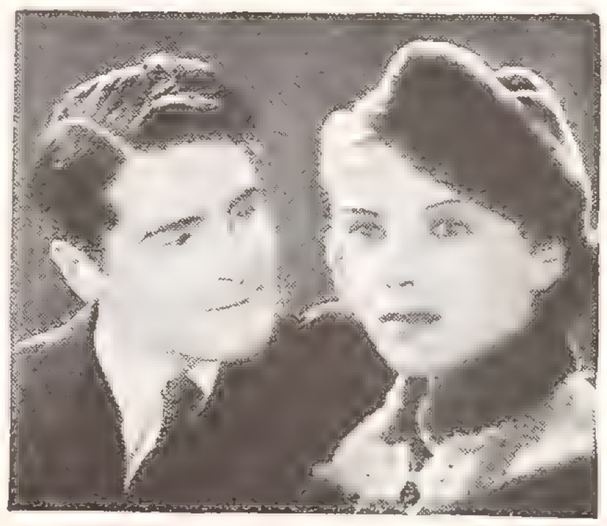
THERE was a young actor ... oui, oui!
No respect for convention had he.
He got slapped on the cheek
And jailed for a week
Just for kissing a girl in Paree!

* * *

THE reason is not hard to see...
The answer is simply that he
Never met the young miss
Till he stole that sweet kiss
But things happen fast in Paree!

PICKFORD-LASKY PRODUCTIONS
presents

Francis **LEDERER**
in **ONE RAINY AFTERNOON**



with

IDA LUPINO
HUGH HERBERT
ROLAND YOUNG
Erik Rhodes • Joseph Cawthorn

Directed by
ROWLAND V. LEE

Released thru United Artists

GLAZO

presents

A NEW POLISH FAR SUPERIOR TO ALL OLD-STYLE FORMULAS



The most important news in years, for lovely hands

HERE is such a nail polish as you've dreamed of wearing! The new Glazo, with its remarkable new formula, attains a beauty of sheen and color far beyond the realm of polishes of the past. Every longed-for virtue of nail polish perfection reaches its zenith in Glazo's new creation.

You've never seen a polish so rich in lustre ...so long and perfect in wear. Chipping and peeling are gone—and—forgotten woes. Glazo's exclusive, fashion-approved shades retain their full beauty for several *extra* days.

Streaking becomes a lost word, for new Glazo floats onto every finger with perfect evenness of color. Evaporation has been so amazingly reduced that the polish is usable down to the last drop.

For even a day, don't deny your fingertips the luxury of this new Glazo. Just 20 cents.





Owen Davis, Jr., Anne Shirley and Erik Rhodes desert the hustle and bustle of the studio for an outing in the pine clad San Bernardino mountains

It's Picnic

Balmy spring days interest Hollywood's stars—and the rest of the world—in picnic luncheons

by Sally Jeffries

WARM, lazy days with the first touch of summer in the air are ideal for a trek into the country. A jaunt into the surrounding country or to the beach always calls for a basket of lunch for most of us are, at heart, picnic lovers, and adore delving into a hamper packed full of good things to eat.

There are, definitely, two kinds of picnics: One demands food that can be cooked on a fire upon arrival, while the other calls for sandwiches, cold meats and other foods already prepared.

Anne Shirley, Owen Davis, Jr. and Erik Rhodes, youthful R.K.O. players, took time off from their studio duties, one day recently, and hit for the wide open spaces. They carried food that was ready to eat; a well filled luncheon basket containing two thermos bottles, one filled with chilled chocolate, the other with fruit cup; meat loaf sandwiches, cheese chummies, palate ticklers, marble cake and naturally all of the trimmings.

The following are the young stars' favorite picnic recipes:

Picnic Fruit Cup

1 qt. pure grape juice
1 qt. cider
1 qt. charged water

Method—Blend fruit juices and store in fruit jar. When ready to serve add chilled charged water.

Chilled Chocolate

6 squares bitter chocolate
¾ cup sugar (more or less according to taste)
3 cups milk
Pinch salt

Method—Scald milk, melt chocolate in small sauce pan over hot water, add sugar, salt and gradually the boiling water, when smooth place on range and boil 1 minute, add scalded milk. Beat and serve. Sweet chocolate may be substituted and sugar omitted. Have equal weight in sweet chocolate as squares are smaller than bitter chocolate.

Picnic Meat Loaf

2½ lbs. ground beef
½ lb. ground pork
1 cup soft breadcrumbs
1 small onion
4 tbls. celery top leaves chopped very fine
2 eggs
Salt to taste

Pepper to taste
½ tsp. curry powder
1 cup tomato sauce (more if loaf will stand it, without becoming too moist to shape.)

Method—Mix all ingredients together well and shape into loaf. Sprinkle with flour and place in well oiled uncovered baking pan. Pour oil or melted fat over loaf and place in hot oven until well browned. Reduce heat to medium and bake about one hour. Cool thoroughly before slicing for sandwiches.

Cheese Chummies

2 pkg. Philadelphia Cream Cheese
½ cup grated pineapple well drained

Method—Blend cheese and pineapple together well. Spread thin slices of whole wheat bread and top with unspread slice.

Picnic Palate Ticklers

1 doz. hard cooked eggs
1 red apple chopped fine (do not peel)
4 tbls. sweet relish
½ tsp. celery seed
Salt to taste
1 tsp. dry mustard

Time

Mayonnaise to taste and slightly moist.

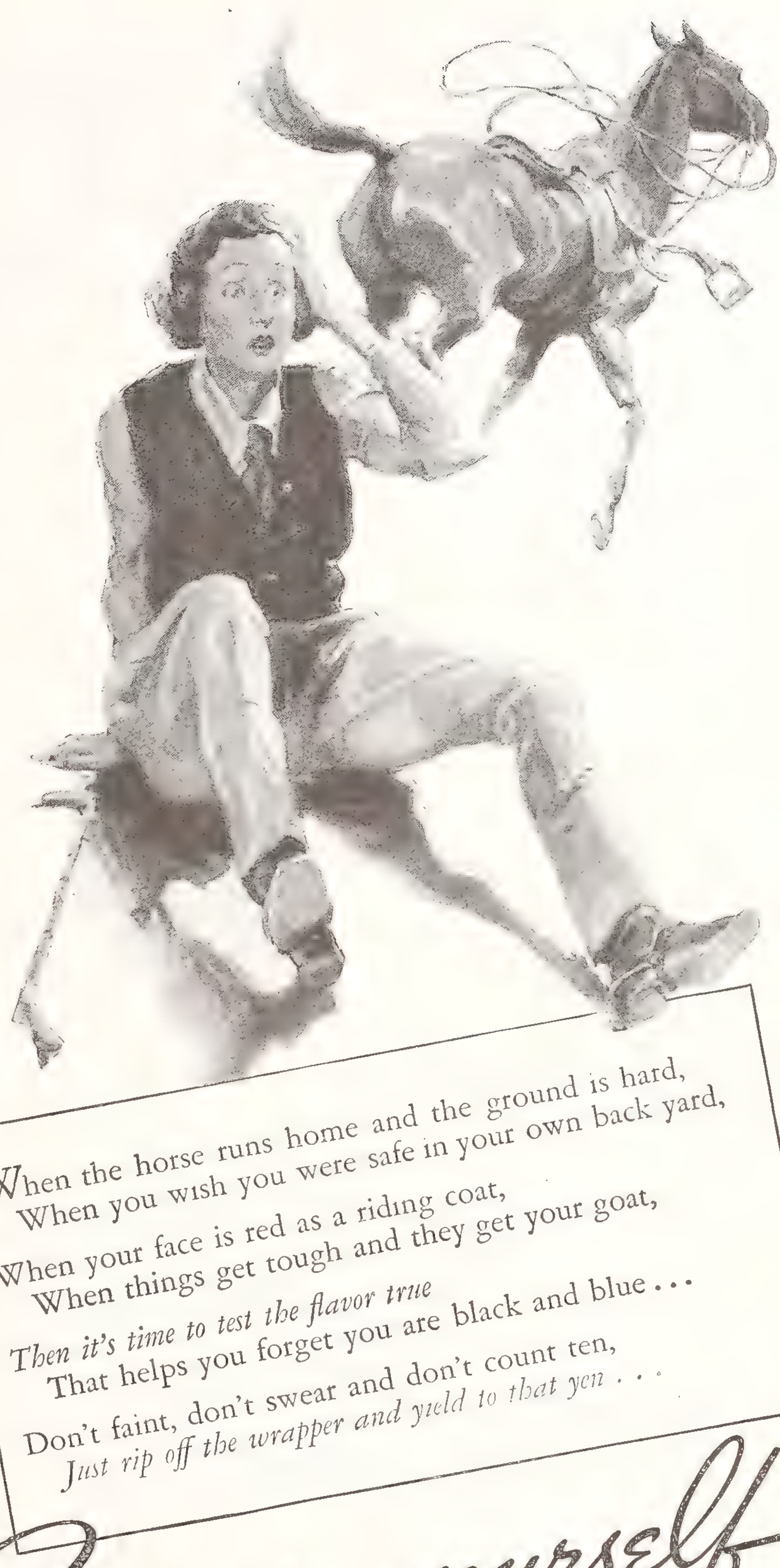
Method—cut eggs lengthwise, remove yolk. Mix yolk with all ingredients and fill whites, heaping mixture rounding on top. Sprinkle with paprika. Wrap in wax paper until serving time.

Marble Cake

½ cup butter
1 cup sugar
2 eggs
1¾ cups cake flour
½ teaspoon salt
1½ teaspoon baking powder
½ cup milk
1 tablespoon maple sirup
1 tablespoon melted chocolate
½ teaspoon cinnamon
¼ teaspoon nutmeg
¼ teaspoon allspice

Place butter in warm place where it will soften slightly, but *must not melt*. Cream sugar into butter gradually. Add the yolks of the eggs which have been beaten. Sift flour and salt together several times, and add alternately with the milk. Sift baking powder in a little of the flour which is added last. Fold in egg whites which have been beaten stiff. Place one third of the mixture in a separate bowl and add spices, sirup and melted chocolate to it. Drop a spoonful of each mixture alternately into cake pan. Bake in moderate oven. This cake is excellent to serve without icing, particularly when taken along for a picnic.

Take advantage of these recipes—load the family into the car—pick a cool, shady spot, and we promise you a happy day!



When the horse runs home and the ground is hard,
When you wish you were safe in your own back yard,

When your face is red as a riding coat,
When things get tough and they get your goat,

Then it's time to test the flavor true
That helps you forget you are black and blue . . .

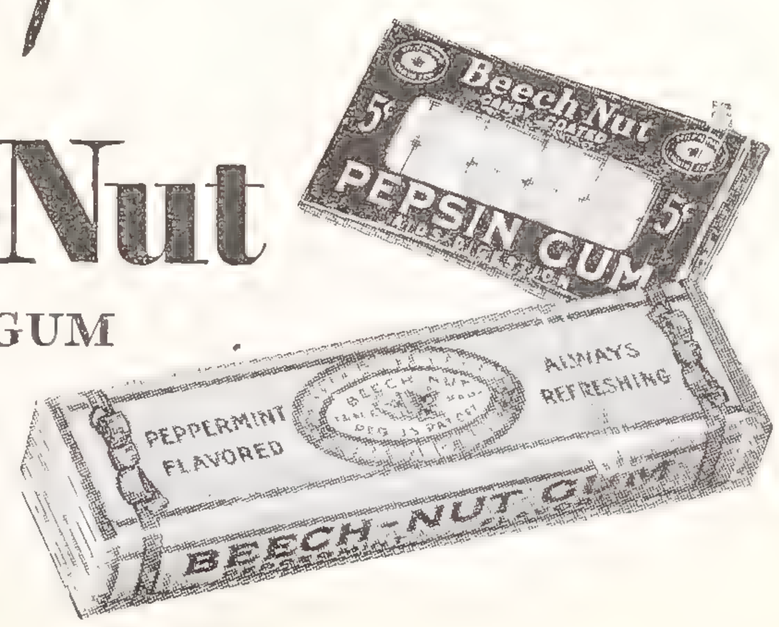
Don't faint, don't swear and don't count ten,
Just rip off the wrapper and yield to that yen . . .

Compose yourself

WITH

Beech-Nut

THE *QUALITY* GUM





ROSITA MORENO in "HOUSE OF A THOUSAND CANDLES," a REPUBLIC PICTURE

Doubly **ATTRACTIVE!**

MEN find her "doubly attractive" since she learned the secret of lovely, fascinating eyes. And it's the same story over and over again whenever a girl first learns how easy it is to have long, lovely lashes.

You, too, can have that fascinating loveliness that invites romance, if you bring out the natural beauty and charm of your eyes with WINX Mascara. It works wonders. Just a touch of WINX to your lashes and instantly they appear darker, longer and more lustrous . . . your eyes sparkle ...your whole appearance seems improved.

Try WINX today and see for yourself why so many smart, well-groomed women use WINX regularly for both daytime and evening make-up. You will particularly like the way its emollient oils keep your lashes luxuriantly soft and natural-looking at all times.

WINX Mascara is offered in four colors—black, brown, blue, and green—and in three convenient forms—the *new* Creamy WINX (which is gaining in popularity every day), and the old favorites, Cake WINX and Liquid WINX. All are harmless, smudge-proof, water-proof, non-smarting, and easy to apply.

Your local drug and department stores carry WINX Mascara in the economical large size. You can also obtain the complete line of WINX Eye Beautifiers in *Introductory Sizes* at all 10¢ stores.



WINX
Eye Beautifiers

The Show Window

Unbiased reviews of the latest screen offerings

EXCEPTIONAL

MR. DEEDS GOES TO TOWN—It's comedy . . . it's farce . . . it's romance . . . it's drama . . . and it's a riot! This is easily the picture of the month and in all probability the picture of the year! The adaptation, the dialogue, the direction and the performances are flawless. And the story is the perfect screen plot.

"Longfellow Deeds," a small town boy who writes greeting card poetry and plays the tuba in the town band, suddenly inherits twenty millions—and goes to town. Relatives, shyster lawyers and racketeers cluster for the feast. The newspapers try to make a sap of him. And the girl he loves proves to be the "sob-sister" who brands him a fool.

From start to finish it's a laugh carnival. And Gary Cooper, in the title rôle, has never given such a performance. This picture will make him the screen's Number One star! Jean Arthur, Lionel Stander and a numerous supporting cast make every scene a standout. Don't miss this one—for it's the screen at its best! *Columbia.*



Jean Arthur and Gary Cooper score heavily in *Mr. Deeds Goes To Town,* this month's outstanding picture

EXCELLENT

THE SINGING KID—The best Al Jolson film-musical since the early days of talkies. Boasting a well-developed plot and an effective love story, as well as several stand out musical sequences, *The Singing Kid,* will have wide audience appeal. Edward Everett Horton and Allen Jenkins are outstanding in comedy rôles. Cab Calloway and the Yacht Club Boys brighten the musical numbers, and Beverly Roberts, a newcomer, impresses as the love interest. *Warner Brothers.*



Charles Wilson, Lee Tracy and Edward Arnold in a scene from *Sutter's Gold,* a moving historical drama

PETTICOAT FEVER—Robert Montgomery and Myrna Loy are co-starred in this grand little laugh-fest, which, without being pretentious, is certain to be welcomed by every audience. Smart dialogue and hilarious situations kept the preview audience in an uproar from the opening scene to the final fade out. The plot gets under way with a plane wreck which forces an English lord and his fiancée to become the guests of a wireless operator in the wilds of Labrador. The operator (Montgomery) hasn't seen a white woman for two years; the English lord is a congenital idiot; his fiancée (Myrna Loy) is bored—and the fun starts from there. *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*



Myrna Loy and Robert Montgomery are co-starred in *Petticoat Fever,* an unusually amusing comedy-drama

SUTTER'S GOLD—Epic in its sweep, and biographical in character, this highly dramatic offering follows the career of John Sutter, a Swiss emigrant, through his adventurous efforts to build an empire in

Spanish California, his discovery of gold, his fight to save his holdings from claim jumpers and his final defeat and death. In spite of the fact that it is too episodic, the film manages to sustain interest, and Edward Arnold, as Sutter, gives a superb performance. Without being a really great picture, *Sutter's Gold* is a worthy candidate for every "must see" list. Credit Lee Tracy and Binnie Barnes with outstanding work. *Universal.*

I MARRIED A DOCTOR—Remarkably fine performances, excellent direction, clever dialogue and convincing plot combine to make this film version of Sinclair Lewis, *Main Street* one of the outstanding items on this month's screen menu. Homely in flavor, it depicts the American scene as understandingly as a small town newspaper and will leave every audience well-pleased. Pat O'Brien, as Dr. Will Kennicott, gives his best performance to date and Josephine Hutchison, as his misunderstood wife, establishes herself as one of the screen's really outstanding actresses. Louise Fazenda, Ray Mayer, Guy Kibbee, Ross Alexander and Alma Lloyd have strong rôles. *Warner Brothers.*

13 HOURS BY AIR—A thoroughly entertaining mixture of comedy and melodrama, this picture will prove very interesting to aviation enthusiasts, and, due to the amusing and exciting situations, it will appeal to almost any type audience. Fred MacMurray, the pilot of a transcontinental airplane makes a forced landing in the mountains after battling a raging blizzard which provides plenty of thrills. The passengers stranded in this remote spot include a rich heiress, Joan Bennett, with whom MacMurray falls in love, an escaping criminal, a rich boy, played by Bennie Bartlett, his guardian, Zasu Pitts, and several others. A thrill comes when the thief is overpowered by MacMurray with aid supplied in excellent comedy vein by the youngster, Bartlett. *Paramount.*

MOONLIGHT MURDER—One of the most intricate murder mysteries a movie audience was ever asked to solve. The plot is so novel, and the denouement so unexpected that it would be criminal to include in a review more than this one tip: the crime proves to be a "mercy killing." Leo Carillo, Chester Morris, Grant Mitchell, Frank McHugh and Madge Evans have the leading rôles and turn in very good performances. All in all, this is one of the most satisfactory "whodunits" in many a day. *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

EVERYBODY'S OLD MAN—Theatregoers will be interested in seeing Irvin S. Cobb, erstwhile writer, emerge as an actor—but that's just the thing he doesn't do. His naturalness throughout this light comedy is the quality that will endear him to the public. Theme of the story is threadbare. Cobb, a packing plant owner, persuades Rochelle Hudson and Johnny Downs, children of a deceased rival, to appoint him trustee, which they do, not knowing his identity. Cobb determines to make their failing plant a success to teach his nephew, Norman Foster, a lesson in operation. Story ends with Cobb realizing his ambition and Foster falling in love with Rochelle Hudson. In spite of the plot weakness, it's grand entertainment. *Twentieth Century-Fox.*

GOOD

BORN FOR GLORY—Totally devoid of love interest and too tragic for popular

[*Continued on page 22*]

DO BRUNETTES LOOK OLDER THAN BLONDES



No!

THE ANSWER IS THAT 7 OUT OF 10 BRUNETTES USE THE WRONG SHADE OF FACE POWDER!

BY *Lady Esther*

If there's one thing women fool themselves about, it's face powder shades.

Many women select face powder tints on the wrong basis altogether. They try to get a face powder that simply matches their type instead of one that enhances or *flatters* it.

Any actress will tell you that certain stage lights can make you look older or younger. The same holds true for face powder shades. One shade can make you look ten to twenty years older while another can make you look years younger.

It's a common saying that brunettes look older than blondes. There is no truth in it. The reason for the statement is that many brunettes make a mistake in the shade of the face powder they use. They simply choose a brunette face powder shade or one that merely matches their type instead of one that goes with the *tone* of their skin. A girl may be a brunette and still have an olive or white skin.

One of Five Shades is the Right Shade!

Colorists will tell you that the idea of numberless shades of face powder is all wrong. They will tell you that only five shades are necessary and that one of these shades will flatter your tone of skin.

I have proved this principle. I know that five shades will suffice. Therefore, I make Lady Esther Face Powder in only five shades. One of these five shades, I know, will prove just the right shade for you. It will prove your most becoming and flattering.

I want you to find out if you are using the right shade of face powder for *your* skin. I want you to find out if the shade you are using is making you look *older* or *younger*.

One Way to Tell!

There is only one way to find out and this is to try all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder—and that is what I want you to do at my expense.

One of these shades, you will find, will instantly prove the right shade for you. One will immediately make you look years younger. You won't have to be told that. Your mirror will cry it aloud to you.

Write today for all the five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder that I offer free of charge and obligation. Make the shade test before your mirror. Notice how instantly the right shade tells itself. Mark, too, how soft and smooth my face powder is; also, how long it clings.

Mail Coupon

One test will reveal that Lady Esther Face Powder is a unique face powder, unparalleled by anything in face powders you have ever known.

Mail the coupon or a letter today for the free supply of all five shades that I offer: I will also send you a 7-days' supply of my Four-Purpose Face Cream.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard.) (23)
Lady Esther, 2030 Ridge Ave., Evanston, Ill.

FREE

Please send me by return mail a liberal supply of all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder; also a 7-days' supply of your Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream.

*Name*_____

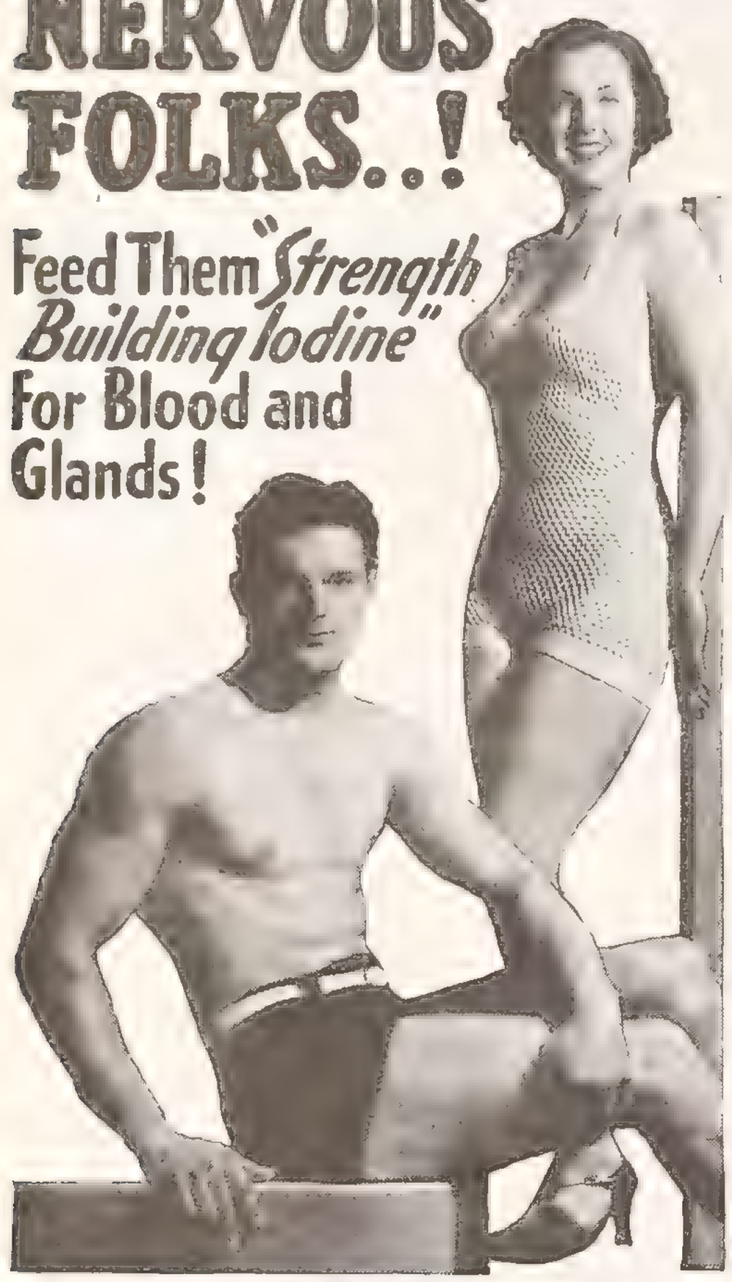
*Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

(If you live in Canada, address Lady Esther, 71 Front St., West, Toronto, Ont.)

How to Build Up WEAK, SKINNY RUNDOWN NERVOUS FOLKS..!

Feed Them "Strength Building Iodine" For Blood and Glands!



Thousands Say It's Quickest Way to Add Lbs. of Solid Flesh—Make You Strong and Rugged—Make You Sleep, Eat and Feel Better—Advise Seedol Kelpamalt for Best Results!

Here's new hope and encouragement for thousands of even naturally skinny, weak, worn out, haggard-looking men and women whose energy and strength have been sapped by overwork and worry, who are nervous, irritable, always half sick and ailing. Science says one of the principal causes of these rundown conditions is "GLANDS STARVING FOR IODINE." When these glands don't work properly, all the food in the world can't help you. It just isn't turned into flesh. The result is, you stay skinny, pale, tired-out and rundown.

The most important gland—the one which actually controls body weight and strength-building—needs a definite ration of NATURAL ASSIMILABLE IODINE all the time—to regulate metabolism—the body's process of converted digested food into firm flesh, new strength and energy.

Thousands say, for NATURAL IODINE in convenient concentrated and assimilable form, take Seedol Kelpamalt—now recognized as the world's richest source of this precious substance. It contains 1,300 times more iodine than oysters, once considered the best source. 6 tablets alone contain more NATURAL IODINE than 486 lbs. of spinach or 1,387 lbs. of lettuce.

Try Seedol Kelpamalt for one week and notice the difference. If you don't gain at least 5 lbs. of "stay there flesh." feel stronger, eat better and sleep better, the trial is free. 100 Jumbo size Seedol Kelpamalt Tablets—four to five times the size of ordinary tablets—cost but a few cents a day to use. Get Seedol Kelpamalt today. Seedol Kelpamalt is sold at all good drug stores. If your dealer has not yet received his supply, send $1.00 for special introductory size bottle of 65 tablets to the address below.

SPECIAL FREE OFFER

Write today for fascinating instructive 50-page book on How to Add Weight Quickly. Mineral contents of Food and their effects on the human body New facts about NATURAL IODINE. Standard weight and measurement charts. Daily menus for weight building. Absolutely free. No obligation. Kelpamalt Co., Dept. 825, 27-33 West 20th St., New York City.

SEEDOL Kelpamalt Tablets

Manufacturer's Note:—Inferior products, sold as kelp and malt preparations—in imitation of the genuine Seedol Kelpamalt are being offered as substitutes. The Kelpamalt Company will reward for information covering any case where an imitation product has been represented as the original Seedol Kelpamalt. Don't be fooled. Demand genuine Seedol Kelpamalt Tablets They are easily assimilated, do not upset stomach nor injure teeth. Results guaranteed or money back.

The Show Window

consumption, this British offering has importance, nevertheless, because it brings to the screen the most realistic scenes of naval warfare ever filmed. Its main sequence, a battle between a German raider and a British cruiser, is as authentic as if it had been filmed from Admirality records. John Mills, a celebrated European star, is unusually effective in the leading rôle. *Gaumont British.*

THE SKY PARADE—Frankly intended for juvenile audiences, this newest Jimmy Allen thriller fills the bill to perfection. It may seem a trifle silly to adults, but the kids will love it. The plot, good clean action throughout, concerns the development of commerical aviation since the war and its authors, wisely choosing to write down to their audience, having packed it with just the suspense which will be most appreciated by youngsters. William Gargan, Kent Taylor and Robert Fiske, as three fliers, are excellent and Grant Withers is a satisfactory heavy. *Paramount.*

TOO MANY PARENTS—What this lacks in box office names it makes up in entertainment value and human appeal. Women, always susceptible to child films, will find it especially entertaining. It concerns the lives of boys in military school, and is full of pathos and comedy. George Ernest tops with his characterization of the boy who grieves over his father's neglect to the extent that he writes letters, presumably from his parent to himself. He is punished, and tries to commit suicide. Hilarious comedy is supplied by Carl Switzer, and little Billy Lee. Others in the cast are too numerous to mention, but each performance is excellent. *Paramount.*

ROBIN HOOD OF EL DORADO—Misses being an epic but is colorful entertainment. Beyond question, Warner Baxter has another sterling performance to his credit in the rôle of Joaquin Murietta, an early California bandit. Equally good is J. Carrol Naish, playing the notorious Three-Finger Jack who murders for the love of it. What would have been a bitter and tragic film has been given a semi-operatic touch with singing and dancing throughout, which relieves the grimness of the story. Bruce Cabot, who finally shoots Baxter, believing the bandit had killed the fiancée of his brother, scores nicely in his part. Ann Loring, Eric Linden, and Soledad Jimenez, give excellent performances in important rôles. *MGM.*

O'MALLEY OF THE MOUNTED—This fast-moving action drama of the Canadian Mounted Police gives George O'Brien ample opportunity to please his fans. O'Brien is detailed to round up a gang responsible for the death of one of the Mounties—which he does by becoming a member of the mob and framing a fake raid on a bank. The inevitable romance comes when the girl, played by Irene Ware, befriends O'Brien although she thinks he is a desperado. Victor Potel is responsible for good comedy relief, and James Bush scores as the girl's brother, falsely accused of murder. *20th Century-Fox.*

YELLOW DUST—While frankly a Western, the direction, dialogue, and well defined action, along with good performances from Richard Dix, Leila Hyams, and Andy Clyde, will please even the more sophisticated audiences. With the Western fans, the picture is bound to go over big. The Dix following will like his portrayal of the



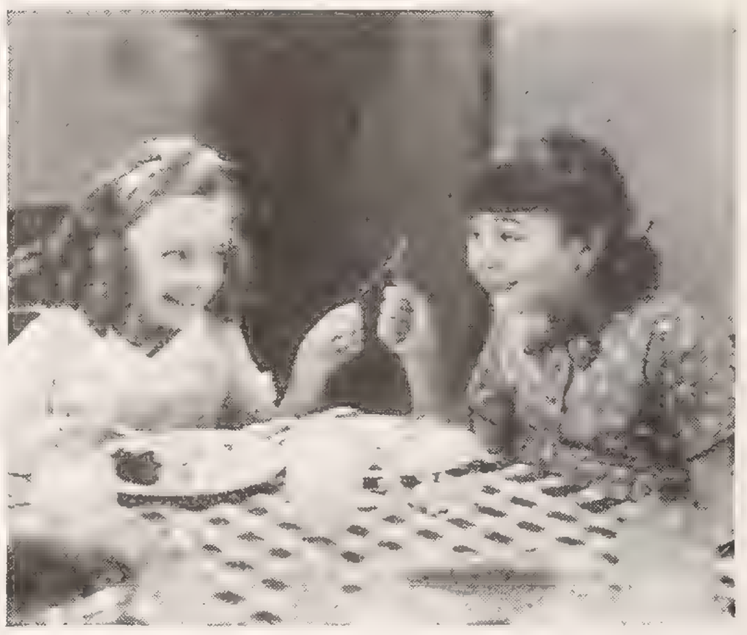
Al Jolson again dons blackface for his rôle in *The Singing Kid,* his best picture in several years



Irving S. Cobb establishes himself as a star of first caliber in *Everybody's Old Man,* a laugh riot



Fred MacMurray and Brian Donlevy in a scene from *Thirteen Hours by Air,* a thrilling aviation drama



Betty Jean Hainey and Jane Withers are inseparable pals in Jane's new picture, *Little Miss Nobody*

college chap who comes West to prospect for gold and turns into a hard riding, two-fisted hero. He teams up with Andy Clyde who supplies just the right comedy relief. The love interest between Dix and Leila Hyams is adroitly handled and doth not detract from the central plot, which hinges on Dix's fight to wrest his claim from the heavy, Onslow Stevens. *Radio Pictures.*

LITTLE MISS NOBODY—This newest Jane Withers picture starts as comedy, turns into melodrama, and misses fire only because of a thin story. Theatregoers will probably anticipate most of the plot developments, but even so, they will revel in the youngster's mischievous pranks which keep the orphanage and its matrons, played by Jane Darwell and Sara Haden, in a constant uproar. Jane holds up nobly as the incorrigible inmate of the home, going from comedy to pathos in her own inimitable way, Harry Carey has an important rôle and Betty Jane Hainey, a very capable child actress scores heavily. *Twentieth Century-Fox.*

FARMER IN THE DELL—Based on the Phil Stong novel of the same title, this comedy-drama of life in the Hollywood studios is mildly disappointing—principally because its gags have been used in every other film with a similar locale. Fred Stone, starred as the Iowa farmer who comes to Hollywood to get his daughter in pictures and instead finds himself exploited as a great character star, gives a satisfactory performance but is obviously handicapped by the producer's tendency to make of him a second Will Rogers. Jean Parker, Frank Albertson, Moroni Olsen and Esther Dale have important rôles. *Radio Pictures.*

TWO IN REVOLT—A natural for animal lovers. The affection between a young horse trainer, played most capably by John Arledge, and his dog, and a horse will pull at the heart strings of any audience. Romance is injected smoothly when Arledge falls in love with Louise Latimer, the stable owner's daughter. *Radio Pictures.*

BROADWAY PLAYBOY—A mildly amusing comedy of Main Street coming to Wall Street. Warren William gets all there is out of his rather weak rôle of the man who has made a success in New York, and is engaged to June Travis, a night club singer. He sends for his pal from Big Bend, Gene Lockhart, to be his best man, who comes to the city with his wife, Kathleen Lockhart. Much of the success of the picture is due to these two grand troupers. They suspect the girl's family of being mercenary and array themselves for battle. Suspense is kept high as to whether the small towners are right in their suspicions. Final apologies all around provide genuine comedy and laughs. *Warner Brothers.*

CHARLIE CHAN AT THE CIRCUS—Once again Charlie and his baker's dozen of "honorable off-spring" parade across the screen, this time against the background of a circus. A seemingly inexplicable murder occurs and Charlie goes to work, employing the same philosophies and the same methods which have already endeared him to screen audiences throughout the world. Warner Oland and Keye Luke again head the cast. *Twentieth Century-Fox.*

TILL WE MEET AGAIN—A rather melodramatic love story, laid against the background of World War espionage. Herbert Marshall and Gertrude Michael as enemy spies go through a hair-lifting series of adventures, find their love in conflict with their duty and win through to happiness. *Paramount.*

Here are the Winners!

IN THE FIRST SEARCH·FOR·TALENT



These seven young women are the lucky winners in the popular Search for Talent conducted by HOLD-BOB bob pins, Universal Pictures, Motion Picture and Screen Play! They have been sent to Hollywood . . . all expenses paid . . . Good luck, young ladies. HOLD-BOBS are happy in the part they played in offering you your big chance!

Reading from top to bottom, the winners are:

Dorothy Kate Brown, Atlanta, Georgia

Norma Jane Slider, New Albany, Ind.

Margaret Hehn, Chicago, Illinois

Helen Dax, Minneapolis, Minn.

Dorothy Dalton
Memphis, Tennessee

Caroline Oliver
Tallahassee, Florida

Frances Nalle
Dallas, Texas

Here's Your opportunity

HOLD·BOBS ANNOUNCE A SECOND SEARCH·FOR·TALENT

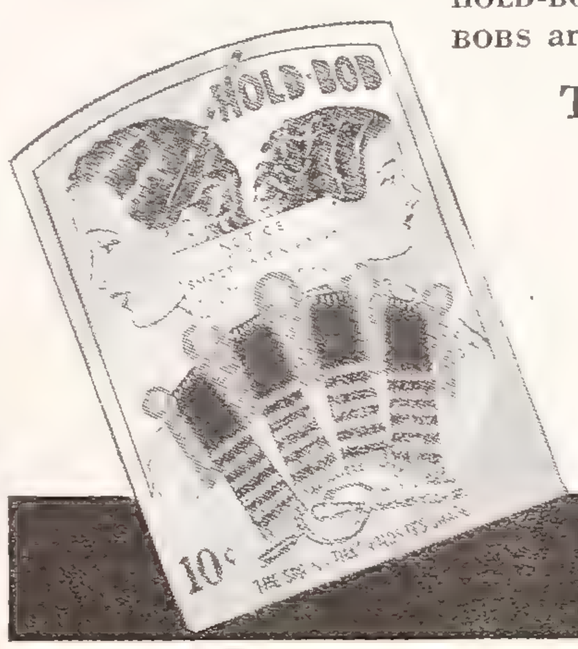
A winner selected every month—who will receive a screen test and $50.00 in cash!!

Because of the tremendous popularity and the intense interest with which the recent Search for Talent was received . . . HOLD-BOB bob pins in conjunction with Walter Wanger Productions, Motion Picture and Screen Play Magazines are giving *you* another chance for movie fame!! In this new Search for Talent you may enter as many times as you wish . . . if you're not a lucky winner one month, you have a chance the next month!

All you need do to enter is fill out the entry blank on the back of the HOLD-BOB card, attach your photo, and send it to Search for Talent Headquarters. At least one of the monthly winners, at the conclusion of the entire contest, December 31, 1936, will be sent to Hollywood, all expenses paid, to appear in a Walter Wanger Production at United Artists Studio!!

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Bernice Ruttrick
NOTARY PUBLIC



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Hollywood Highlights

Peek behind the scenes with Our Star Reporter and learn the latest about your favorite stars at work and at play

by Hedda Hopper

NOW that the headaches resulting from Income Tax Day have in part subsided, we can, maybe, get back to normalcy. A lot of the higher-bracketed stars didn't quite know what they were letting themselves in for when they signed contracts at such fabulous salaries. Bill Powell was misguided enough to think he was an actor, but now learns he's a philanthropist. For, from eight in the morning until any old hour of the night, he slaves and his tax bill will take care of about 250 people. Same is true of Freddie March, and of Claudette Colbert, and all the others who do more than four pictures a year.

No Cow-Girl

Grace Moore has been more than gererous to the press in the matter of headlines, telling how badly she's been treated, etc., but it seems to me that Columbia has given the little lady everything but the fillings out of the stockholders' teeth. She calls it "a factory." Understand she's on her way back to make more movies in the "factory." But this time she won't have to croon to a cow.

A New Song Team

Gladys Swarthout returns soon, to be starred with Frank Forest. He has a glorious voice and made his reputation in Europe under the name of "Foresta." His test was delayed the other day until his new evening clothes could be finished.

They Shall Not Pass

At Paramount the other day a fire started on one of the sets. A sprinkler system went haywire and a general alarm was sent in, but when the firemen arrived on the scene, they couldn't get through the gate, because they had no passes.

Hail The Glamour Queen

What with Marlene Dietrich, in mourning for Jack Gilbert, going into all black, even for breakfast, and going to England for a couple of pictures for Alexander Korda, the title of Number-



Lee Tracy has planned a grand vacation! He leaves shortly for a cruise into Mexican waters on his sailing yacht.



Clever of Marion Talley to design this hat for beach wear. It resembles a seashell, but is a woven straw coolie hat.



Hedda Hopper, celebrated actress, veteran Hollywoodite and popular member of the Film Colony's social clique, is now a monthly contributor to MOVIE CLASSIC

One-Glamour-Girl falls to Carole Lombard, a home town product. In her picture, *Love Before Breakfast,* she's a reincarnation of Gaby Delys, in looks and actions. Gaby, bless her, was as popular with the girls as she was with the boys, and the more she took off, the more beautiful she became. She died from the effects of an operation for goitre . . . a simple operation, except when it is done without leaving a scar on the throat. What price beauty! Carole, who started life as Jane Peters, got her first break in pictures, playing the lead opposite Eddie Lowe. She wasn't ready for that. Went to bits and extra work, but is now the bright star at Paramount. That, my buddies, means hard work and the ability to catch brickbats, and a divine sense of humor. From the gateman to the office boy, they love Carole.

Not Forgotten

Nancy Carroll, who had just moved into her redecorated home in Beverly Hills, threw a party. I took Mrs. Chauncey Olcott, wife of the famous tenor of another age, who's just arrived by motor from New York, and John Colton, who wrote *Shanghai Gesture.* Rita Olcott said, "Hedda, darling, I won't know a soul there, and those young people will look at me and think I should be stuffed and put into a museum." Well, we just got our noses inside when Virginia Sinclair, Frank Nelson, Frank Shields and Michael Bartlett pounced on Rita, and she was the life of the party. Michael sang *My Wild Irish Rose,* which was Chauncey's favorite song. It does my heart good to see the older ones come back.

Multiplication Problems

Went to a preview of Irvin Cobb's picture, *Everybody's Old Man,* and that's exactly what he is. You feel you could take all your troubles to him and everything would be all right. He's so happy being in pictures . . . says he loves it so . . . would do it for nothing,

[*Continued on page 77*]

SUMMER is the ideal time to REDUCE!

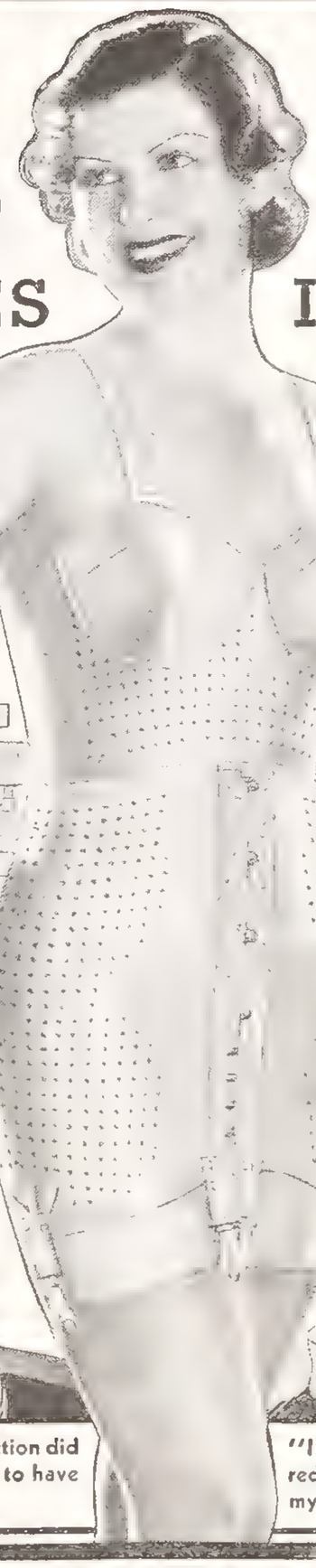
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Love

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From Ouida's romantic novel of the French Foreign Legion, flashes this glorious spectacle-drama of men's heroism and women's devotion, enacted by one of the greatest casts the screen has ever seen.



UNDER TWO FLAGS

starring *Ronald* **COLMAN** *(Beau Geste)*

featuring *Claudette* **COLBERT** *(It Happened One Night)*

VICTOR McLAGLEN *(The Informer)*

ROSALIND RUSSELL *(Rendezvous)*

with GREGORY RATOFF • NIGEL BRUCE • C. HENRY GORDON • HERBERT MUNDIN

AND A CAST OF 10,000

a DARRYL F. ZANUCK 20th CENTURY PRODUCTION
(Les Miserables . . House of Rothschild)

Presented by Joseph M. Schenck
Directed by Frank Lloyd *(Cavalcade . . Mutiny on the Bounty)*
Associate Producer Raymond Griffith • Based on the novel by Ouida

20th CENTURY FOX



Luise Rainer

As Anna Held, in *The Great Ziegfeld,* Luise Rainer scores one of the outstanding screen triumphs of the year. Her piquant personality and unusual beauty have made her one of the most discussed "discoveries" of all time





Meet the Wife

by

Al Jolson

(As Told to Harry Lang)



One of Hollywood's most devoted husbands tells all about the talented Irish girl whom you know as Ruby Keeler

RUBY?—Look here, now, how can I tell you about her? I don't know what to tell; I don't even know where to begin.

Sure, sure, she's my wife. We've been married nearly eight years now. And happy?—say, I'm the luckiest man in the world! Biggest piece of luck that ever happened to me (and I've had all kinds of good luck, too, as well as bad, in my life!) was when Ruby Keeler stood up there and said the "I do" that made her *my wife* . . . !

But tell you about her?—say, what can I tell? Except that she's sweet. And plain and simple. And lots of times just a great big kid. Never can tell what she's going to do next. Wanna know what she did to me this morning? Listen—

Here we were, up home in Encino in that big house, with all of God's sunshine busting down on us and the birds singing and life stirring in the green hills and all that. And we just wake up and Ruby asks me:

"Al, who's a good lawyer?"

"Whaddayou want a lawyer for, honey? You ain't gonna divorce me now, are you?" I ask her, kidding.

"No," she comes back, "but I want a lawyer. I want to make my will."

Well, it floored me. I nearly fell out of bed.

"Will?" I yelled. "What you talking about a will for? You're not dying yet, are you? Anyway, I've got my will all fixed up and I'm seeing to it that your folks are all taken care of in case something happens to me—you know. . . ."

"I know, Al," she said, "but I have been thinking. I realized that maybe I ought to see that they're all right if something happens to *me*, too."

(She's like that, all the time. Always thinking of her folks—her dad, her mother, her relatives. Nothing's too good or too much for them.)

Well, I didn't tell her any lawyer to go to. I just dragged her out in the solarium—and boy, have we got a solarium! Say, our solarium isn't four white walls and leather chairs and stuff and things. Our solarium is God's sunshine and some grass to lie on . . . ! So I told her to just lie down there in the sun and let it soak in. "That's what you need, honey," I told her, "a good sunbath, not a lawyer." And I came on down to the studio here, and I guess she's still out there, soaking in the sun.



Ruby Keeler, since her marriage to Al Jolson, has skyrocketed to screen stardom—but her home, her husband and her adopted child are the trinity around which her life still revolves



Let me tell you something else—we're happy together. Never mind anything else you may ever hear. Why, listen—every once in a while, she does or says something and I realize, with a kind of surprise and catch of the breath and a jump in my heart that after these eight years, she still likes to be with me better'n anything else.

Two days before last New Year's, I was reading one of these Hollywood chatter-sheets, and there was a prediction by one of these fortune-tellers, about what's gonna happen in 1936. Well, it said that "Ruby Keeler and Al Jolson will be divorced in 1936."

I waved the paper at Ruby. "Look," I say to her, "let's fool this guy. There's still two days left in 1935. Let's you an' me go right downtown now and get a divorce *this* year, and then we can show this mugg he don't know what he's talking about."

Now, listen—all kidding aside, and I'm being serious: I'm not going to say here, or to you, or to anybody, ever, that we'll never be divorced. How can I say that? How can anybody ever say that. Why, we're just human, after all, aren't we? Things like that are liable to happen to anyone. BUT—I will tell you one thing, and don't you ever forget it:

IF ever Ruby and I are divorced, I can tell you two things it WON'T be on account of!—it'll never be on account of any other woman, or any other man! Not for me, ever; I never want any other woman! And Ruby—God knows why—she says she loves me and is satisfied with me. Maybe some day she'll get mad if I have to go make a personal appearance in Black Hills in Dakota, or something, and divorce me for that, but it'll never be on account of another woman! And as to how she feels about me—

Look. The other day, she was tired and kind of worn out and I suggested that she go to Arizona and take a rest cure. Well, she didn't like the idea so much, but I talked her into it. She needed it. So the night came for her to go.

"Al," she says to me, "you needn't go all the way down to the depot with me—if you don't want to." Well, I guess she meant it, but I knew better. Listen, if she had to buy a ticket all by herself, God knows where she'd land. And if she had ten pieces of baggage to check, she'd get one of 'em and the other nine'd be left somewhere else. So I went along, and I bought the ticket and got her baggage attended to, and then, while we were waiting for the train time, she looks at me kind of funny and says: "Al, honey, how'd you like to walk up and down the platform with me?"

So we walked, and she grabbed me kind of tight, and she was quiet, and I asked her: "Whatsa matter, honey? Something wrong?"

She stopped right there, and she looked at me kind of mad and she said:

"Listen—didn't you ever get it in your dumb head that maybe I don't wanna leave you?" And honest, she darned near busted out crying right then and [*Continued on page* 90]

The Road to

THERE was a dull explosion in the distance, as if a shell had found its mark. Then, two more explosions in quick succession—nearer. In front of the weary men in mud-covered, faded, blue French uniforms, the ground ripped apart. Instinctively, they ducked, shielding themselves from the shower of earth and rock and shrapnel. A moment later, they were tensely peering ahead once more, into the low-lying, agitated battle haze, trying to see the shell-torn area across which they soon would be running. As soon as "Lieutenant Dinet" gave the order.

The scene was a "registered area" just behind the Western Front. The time: late 1916. Day and night, night and day, the "Boches" were raining shells on this narrow strip of land—at ten-second intervals. Replacements for the front-line trenches could not reach the front lines without crossing this particular segment of Hell. They could not cross except between the bursting of shells. And shells, with clock-like precision, fell every ten seconds. *Seconds*, not minutes.

The whole platoon could not cross all at the same time. They had to cross in sections, timing their breaks for the other side so perfectly that there would be explosions just ahead of them, then just behind them. The soldiers showed no terror of this race with Death. Young and old, they were battle-hardened, grim, and too well-disciplined to do anything but carry out orders.

The first section started running. On their heels raced the second. Then the third. Into an inferno of acrid, sulphurous smoke, sharp explosions, volcanic earth. The Lieutenant, straining his eyes, saw the third section vanish; where they had been, there was only a crater-like shell hole. The Boches had mistimed one of their shots, had blown them to bits. But the Lieutenant had no time to think about it. He and the fourth section had to take their own chances. They, too, started running. . . .

A moment later, the explosions stopped. The smoke began to clear. Simultaneously, a sharp voice called out: *"Cut!"* The scene was ended. The Lieutenant and his platoon, including the recently destroyed third section, slogged back through the heavy mud. The Lieutenant pulled off his trench helmet, sank into a canvas chair labeled "Mr. March."

. . . And this was my first glimpse of war in the filming, my first glimpse of the most ambitious, most realistic war picture since *All Quiet on the Western Front*. Its title is *The Road to Glory*. Its stars are Fredric March, Warner Baxter, Lionel Barrymore, June Lang, all of whom have unforgetable rôles. Its director is Howard Hawks, who saw action in France



Glory

With war clouds gathering over the world, Hollywood undertakes the greatest of all battlefield dramas, a timely and bitter indictment of war

by James Reid

during the World War and knows whereof he is directing. Its producer is Darryl Zanuck, fast-thinking production chief of 20th Century-Fox Studios, who is already famous for timing pictures with news headlines. The newspapers scream of Europe re-arming, of iron-soled shoes marching toward frontiers, toward which guns and tanks and trucks are rolling. The world has almost forgotten the chaos of 1916, just twenty years ago. The world has almost forgotten what it is like to go to war.

The Road to Glory will be a dramatic reminder. Not just another war picture. Not just another hour's entertainment. Not another propaganda preachment. But a dramatic reminder.

It is based, in part, on the French film, *Wooden Crosses,* famed for its photography of life—and death—at the front. All long shots of troops on the march and of troops in action in *The Road to Glory* will be actual excerpts from the French picture, so realistic that in its filming thirty-seven men met accidental death. Director Hawks, a demon for realism, achieved his own effects without casualties of any kind.

Warner Baxter is *Captain Paul La Roche,* nerve-shocked veteran of months of front-line fighting, who fortifies himself continually with vast quantities of [*Continued on page* 62]



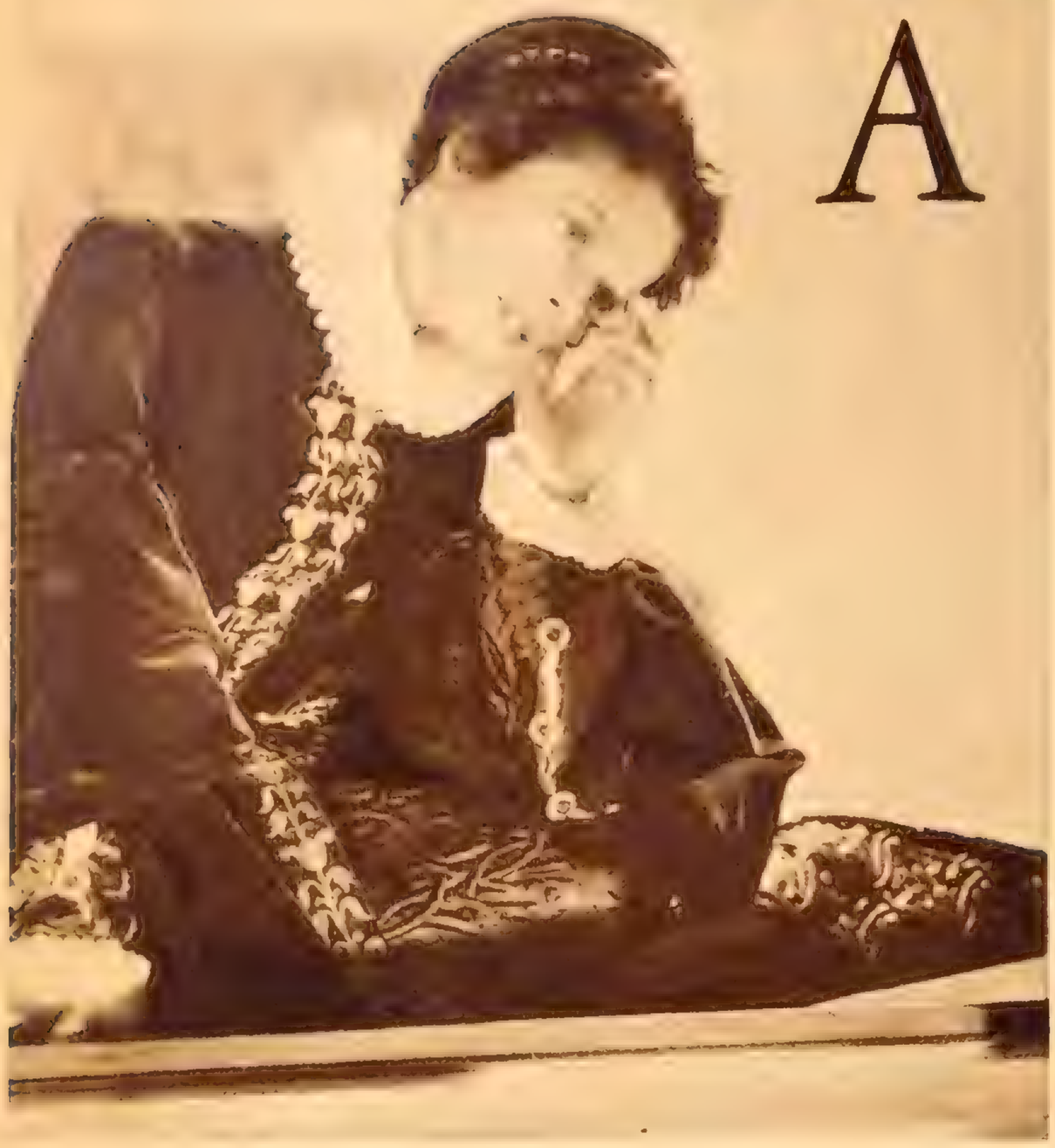


Fredric March and June Lang, in the rôles of a French officer and a Red Cross nurse, are the lovers whose devotion brightens the panorama of hatred and death

KATY *had* A Complex

The never-before-revealed story of the tremendous sacrifices made by Katharine Hepburn in her climb to fame and stardom

by
Virginia Lane



Few great stars have ever surmounted such handicaps as those which faced Katharine Hepburn. Acclaimed today as one of the greatest dramatic stars, she is now starring in *Mary, Queen of Scots*, for Radio Pictures



"KA-KA-KA-KATY! Bee-u-ti-ful Katy!" A large-sized mud pie spun through the air and the teasing voices stopped abruptly.

She had a good aim, had Katy. Her brothers removed the debris carefully and eyed her with fresh respect.

"I'm not beautiful and I don't care. I'm a *funny face*," she shrilled at them, every freckle blazing with her fury, "and I can do anything you can do!"

"No, you can't," loftily. "You're just a little girl. Go play with your dolls, little girl."

Katy bit her lips. You didn't cry. Not at eight. You were *big* then. You did something about it. Katy marched into the house and shook a quarter out of the small china pig that held her Christmas money. Then she marched out. Down to the main section of Hartford and it seemed as if all Connecticut was quaking under her feet. Into the barber shop she went. Men stared. What was Dr. Hepburn's little red-head doing there?

"I want all my hair cut off," she announced imperiously. She had to say it fast because privately, she thought her hair was the nicest thing about her. Much better than her up-tilted nose or her funny green eyes. It curled in crazy little ringlets all over her head and she loved to have Dad brush his hand through it. "Shaved right to the skin," she said firmly and closed her eyes tight . . .

No one saw her steal back into the house. She went directly up to Tom's room and hauled out his corduroy pants. She adored Tom. In secret, of course. If she could just look like him—

Tom was the first to see the strange apparition. He saw his pants walking into the living room and his sweater—and his birthday tie. "Hey!" he yelped. The family turned as one man. As one man they raised the roof off the Hepburn abode. Standing undaunted in the center of the storm Katy said proudly, "I can do anything now that the boys can do!"

. . . But later that night Mrs. Hepburn turned to her husband with something like fear in her eyes. "I wonder what's going to happen to Kate? She's capable of such tremendous sacrifice to gain a goal—even to cutting off her hair!"

What happened was that Katy decided to be the greatest actress on earth.

It wasn't a boldly flaunted decision, an airy illusion. She said it simply, the way you say "I'm going to be a housekeeper or a good secretary." And she might as well have said, "I'm going to be the world's greatest flag-pole sitter" for all the attention producers paid her.

In a little restaurant around the corner of Fifty-fourth street Katy sat thinking it over. New York had never seemed so aloof—and so desirable—as it did that fall evening. She had climbed fifty million steps that day. Or so her feet said. Most of it, she had to confess, had been done searching for the washroom in tall buildings. She'd been too abashed to ask where it was—and once she'd found it she had been so furious at herself that instead of repairing her make-up the way she intended, she'd scrubbed her face clean with green soap. It still smarted. But not quite so much as the producer's words when he saw her. "*You*—an actress? There must be some mistake!"

Blindly she reached for a roll. Home was only a short distance away and she was so lonely it was like a physical ache. But there was her break with her father—he hadn't wanted her to go on the professional stage. Amateur stuff, that was all right for his Kate. But not Broadway. It had cost her more than she cared to admit, that break with him. They had been so close, especially since Tom's death. And now, with a wall between them. . . . She pushed back the tears impatiently and re-read her letter of introduction to Edwin Knopf. He was in Baltimore running a stock company. [*Continued on page* 64]



Gary Cooper, Sandra Shaw and "Slim Talbot" fishing near Ensenada, Mexico and (right) a snapshot of Gary taken during his African hunting expedition

Gary Cooper has been accused of "going high-hat" but to his intimates he is still a

"Homespun" Hero



by Pauline Swanson

THEY told me Gary Cooper had gone high-hat. That he had bought himself a fancy home in Beverly Hills . . . and a houseful of too ornate white furniture . . . and a long, lean Dusenberg to ride around in. And that none of his old friends could see him anymore because he put on his white tie and "tails" every night and stepped out with the Four Hundred.

Now, such talk means fight in my country, for, a long, long time ago, I stood and looked into those deep, blue Cooper eyes and swore a silent vow that G-A-R-Y spelled all that was manly and unspoiled in these Hollywood hills.

So they said he was high-hat!

Well, said I to myself, we'll see about that.

And I went down to see Jeff Davis. Jeff is a westerner of the old school, hailing from Gary's home state of Montana, and he runs a little saddle shop hidden away on Cosmos street in Los Angeles. The saddle business isn't rushing anymore, but Jeff manages to find enough to do to keep busy—and besides, he likes to talk. A lot of people come in and sit for hours and exchange stories of the old West with Jeff, and one of them—and secretly Jeff's favorite—is Gary Cooper.

"Seen Gary lately?" I asked Jeff as soon as I settled myself in the visitor's chair in the back room of his shop.

"He was here yesterday," Jeff beamed, perking up at once. "And full of talk about his new picture.

"Forgot all about a dinner date he had and stayed all evening," he gloated reminiscently. "He said he needed something to 'whittle' on the set, so I gave him a lot of leather strips I'd saved up, and showed him how to make Indian moccasins."

Then Jeff showed *me* how to make moccasins, and I forgot to ask him if he thought Gary had gone high-hat.

Next day I saw "Slim" Talbot, the rangy one-time cowhand from Wyoming who has been Gary's stand-in and double since that day four years ago when he wandered onto a Paramount set and the director stood the two of them up together and declared that they were as like—all twelve and a half feet of them—as two peas in a pod.

Slim and Gary not only look alike. They think alike, and one of the things they are surest of is that hunting and fishing are more fun than anything. Just as soon as one of Gary's pictures is "in the bag," the two of them pack up their guns or their fishing tackle and hike off for the hills. Slim has a trailer camp wagon, with two soft bunks and a fully equipped kitchen. He and Gary roll it up to the side of the stream, and set up housekeeping—they're their own cooks and [*Continued on page* 82]



Joan, shortly after her Hollywood arrival, was Harry Langdon's leading lady



An early portrait, taken soon after the signing of her first screen contract



Do you remember the "hot-cha" girl of *Our Dancing Daughters* days?

Evolution of



It is hard to recognize Joan in this early portrait, for she had not yet learned to accent her eyes and mouth

In which lies pictorial proof that glamour is not always inherent, but can also be acquired—witness these amazing portraits





In *Sally, Irene and Mary,* Constance Bennett and Sally O'Neill were her fellow chorines

Joan Crawford



A famous dramatic star, Joan now takes her place as the screen's most glamorous personality





In *Grand Hotel* (right), she bade farewell to the jazz era and set serious drama as her goal



Will Fonda *Remarry* Margaret Sullavan?

The story of one of Hollywood's amazing love tangles

by
Murphy McHenry



Margaret Sullavan and Henry Fonda, once married and now divorced, are lovers again in *The Moon's Our Home*. Will they again be lovers in private, off-screen life?

THERE'S little use in trying to "understand" Margaret Sullavan. She isn't the type that can be "understood." Her life history has been a series of unprecedented, unpredictable, unexpected happenings, usually self-engineered. To date her batting average in the league of love has been practically nil and, as the saying goes, "she has two strikes on her."

Hollywood was surprised that Sunday morning, a couple of years ago, when Margaret and Director Willie Wyler, a nephew of Carl Laemmle, Sr., hired a fifteen-passenger airplane, flew to Yuma, Arizona, and were married before the famous Justice of the Peace Freeman—Yuma's marrying judge.

Hollywood was just as surprised to learn that Margaret and Willie had definitely separated—for a second time—and that Margaret, in very business-like fashion, had secured a divorce at Juarez, Mexico. It was all very matter-of-fact. Some called it "cold blooded."

The explanation is that Margaret Sullavan considers her private life her very own and doesn't particualrly care what the rest of the world thinks. Yet, underneath the surface, she is very much the feminine type and has a deep sense of domesticity. Which brings up to the fact that she and Henry Fonda, her first husband, may remarry.

No, they haven't said so. Neither Margaret nor Henry is the kind to make any such announcement. One has to draw one's own conclusions from the evidence at hand. But, as they argue in the courts, the circumstantial evidence is strong enough to warrant the suspicion that they will make a second try of matrimony.

And, under their new and different circumstances, it is entirely likely that their remarriage would be lasting and happy. In all Hollywood, they seem the only ones who are fitted for each other.

But first, let's look back to the first romance. They were both very young. Both were seeking success on the stage. They had no home life. There was a sort of professional rivalry—to see which one would be the first to attain a measure of lasting success. The cards were stacked against them.

Henry Fonda had given up the stage in his home town of Omaha to seek fame and fortune in the East. He went to Falmouth, a Cape Cod resort, joining a dramatic company which provided entertainment for the vacationers. There, wearing his costume for *The Devil in the Cheese,* he met the girl they all called Peggy. On the program she was billed as Margaret Sullavan.

Henry Fonda was—and still is—a very shy individual. One can hardly picture him having an easy time getting acquainted with a girl. He is a great deal like the personality he portrayed in *The Farmer Takes a Wife.* His shyness could easily be mistaken for stubbornness.

Peggy was also shy. Tutored in exclusive private schools, reared within the confining limits of an aristocratic Southern family, she was far from being a "flirt."

Happy days followed. The afternoons they didn't have to give matinee performance, Hank and Peggy romped along the Cape Cod beaches. Some days they would go fishing. They fell madly in love with each other. Then came the

[*Continued on page* 86]



The Fairbankses, *pere et fils,* are in competition with their film plans. Doug Senior will bring "Marco Polo" to the screen; Junior will produce and star in a series of pictures to be made alternately in England and in Hollywood for United Artists

Behind the scenes with *Romeo and Juliet*—the greatest love drama ever filmed



The Immortal

"HAVE you been on the *Romeo and Juliet* set?" "They say Mercutio died today—it was marvelous." . . . "Look—there goes one of the ladies in the ballroom scene." . . . "They've got pigeons drinking out of the fountains, and peacocks strutting around on the balconies." . . . "I sneaked into Juliet's bedroom when no one was looking—you've never seen anything like it, I give you my word." . . . "Did you get a peek at the *Romeo and Juliet* set?—you lucky devil!"

So it goes today on the ordinarily blasé M-G-M lot. Wherever you see two or more people gathered together, eyes blazing, words tumbling from their lips, you can take a ten-to-one shot that they're talking about the glories of *Romeo and Juliet*. Or, more accurately, one is doing the talking—the lucky devil hereinbefore mentioned—while the others open wide their ears to absorb whatever exciting tidbits he may offer.

For *Romeo and Juliet* is one of those productions touched with the magic which makes its every detail exciting. And because you who read are invisible, you are granted a privilege denied to the solid flesh—that of slipping through the iron door, past the Cerberus on guard, and in among the lights and shadows, the cables and cameras, the grips and actors, whose good fortune it is to be here by right and not on sufferance.

Standing at the edge of the set, you peer into a shadowy chamber whose dim gray vaults seem to recede mysteriously to infinite distances—the tomb of the Capulets. In the foreground stands the carved stone bier of Juliet, with four thick ivory candles in their tall, gray wrought-iron holders, like four sentinels at the corners, strangely suggestive of the child's prayer: "Matthew, Mark, Luke and John, guard the bed that I lie on." Gray,





Leslie Howard (upper left) as Romeo had to practice fencing for hours before playing his rôle. John Barrymore (left) as Mercutio, has an outstanding part in the picture



Romance

by Ida Zeitlin

Leslie Howard and Norma Shearer in one of the dramatic sequences of Shakespeare's greatest play. The sets for the picture are lavish beyond comparison

shading to black, is the keynote of the scene, highlighted only by the emerald-green garb of Paris, lying dead in Romeo's arms at the foot of the bier, and by the gaily-colored flowers banked about it—not the conventional stiff flowers of death, but simple, innocent little blooms, with something pathetic in their vigil, as though they wondered what they were doing here, far from the sunlit fields where they belong.

Romeo, who has just killed Paris in the duel he couldn't avoid, is in somber black, his white face so haggard with grief and despair as to recall inevitably Friar Laurence's earlier words:

"Affliction is enamour'd of thy parts,
And thou are wedded to calamity."

George Cukor, whose *Little Women* and *David Copperfield* forever bear judgment to his flawless taste, stands beside the cameraman, directing the scene. His voice is quiet, his gestures quiet—only the brilliance of his eyes behind their glasses, the involuntary movements of his body as they follow the actors' movements, betray the intensity of his absorption.

Romeo drags the body of Paris to a stone recess in the wall. "Cut!" calls Mr. Cukor. Paris jumps up and becomes Ralph Forbes. Romeo relaxes and is Leslie Howard.

Juliet has not yet appeared. But the knowledge of her presence in her dressing room, a few feet away, lends an added glamor to the occasion. For if Juliet means to you what she does to most people—the essence of all the color and light and warmth in Shakespeare's greatest romance—then you won't be able to suppress a throb of excitement at the prospect of your first glimpse of her in the person of Norma Shearer.

Here, while they make ready for the next scene, is your chance to look about. Genial Reginald Denny, playing "Benvolio," enters with a towel draped shawl-like round his head, as though he were emerging from a Turkish bath. Actually he is emerging from strenuous fencing practice for his fight with Basil Rathbone as "Tybalt."

A small figure, whose straight fair hair swings in what used to be known as a Dutch cut, has taken over the wardrobe man's job for the nonce, and is vigorously applying a whiskbroom to Mr. Howard's doublet and hose. Now that you think of it, wasn't that same figure perched on the bier a moment ago, eyes glued to her father's face as he mourned over Paris! For if you fail to recognize her as [*Continued on page* 58]



Norma Shearer, absent from the screen for more than a year, gratifies a lifelong ambition by playing Juliet. She studied the rôle for months before production started

My DAD

A famous daughter writes a very revealing article about her famous father



Fred Stone and his daughter, Paula, are still inseparable pals

IN EVERYONE'S life there must be a someone with whom to share your hopes, your ambitions, your dreams—a person to understand your failures and mistakes, and more important than all, someone to counsel you in the event of success.

It is probably natural that my father should have been the one on whom I showered not only child-worship, but an even greater devotion as I've grown up and entered the career scheme of things in Hollywood. The reason is most distinctly no lack of love and affection toward my mother. The fact that I was the wrong answer to my father's prayers is solely responsible.

A great lover of the outdoors, an all-round champion of sports, my father longed for a son to enjoy with him the many pastimes he loved so well. So determined was he that I should be a Junior, that he had chosen my name—it was to be Montgomery after the partner with whom he gained international recognition on the stage.

Despite all the expressed preference for a son, my arrival was not the disappointment my mother feared. Promptly Daddie changed my name to Paula, after his brother Paul, and it wasn't until I had reached the toddling stage that my Mother discovered why Dad had never spoken of that disappointment. One day during her absence from the house he bundled me up and drove to the nearest barber-shop. There my long curls were neatly snipped off, and the remainder of my locks closely shorn in boyish fashion. Dad made no explanation, no apologies, as we returned home to face mother's horrified exclamations. He merely grinned broadly and said with real pleasure. *"Now,* doesn't *he* look swell!"

From the time I was able to toddle, I was his constant companion. While he was working on the stage, I sat in the wings of the theatre and watched him. For a few breath-taking moments before the curtain went up, I would be out there with him, spinning about in his arms.

Professionally, he is a great artist. Personally, he is a greater father. His devotion and constant attention to all of us has always been of primary importance. There were always gifts, surprises, lovely toys, but it was his interest in them, *with us,* that made them prized possessions. He never said, "Now there are your toys—go play with them." He joined us in our fun.

A typical example of his enthusiasm in this respect took place on my sixth birthday. Mother invited a number of children to celebrate. Shortly after all had arrived, she called me aside. "We are having little Sally Jones from New York to our party," she said.

I didn't know any Sally Jones, and told mother I didn't want a stranger at my party. But she insisted Sally was a nice little girl—and come she did. None of us saw her enter. She appeared first at the top of the stairs, eating a large red apple. Done up in a curled blond wig, short frilled dress and a baby bonnet MY DAD finished his apple—curtsey'd and came boompity-pump down the long stairway in one of his funniest falls! We screamed with laughter—and Sally Jones was the belle of the party from that moment on.

It is impossible to think of Dad without Will Rogers. They were closer than brothers and their families shared their friendship. I remember Will Rogers from as early a time as I remember my father. Will, Dad, and my uncle, Rex Beach, were our three musketeers.

One of the earliest thrills of my life was riding on Will's lap, in full Indian regalia, in a Long Island "Wild West" parade when I was two.

In 1916, while Dad was scoring in *Chin-Chin* on Broadway, the Rogers family moved next door to us in Amityville, Long Island. Will, Jr., Jimmie and Mary Rogers were as much our brothers and our sisters as our very own. The "community horse," on which we learned to ride as soon as we learned to walk, was "Dopey," a Shetland pony who was like his name—a gentle, lazy poke. One by one, as we were graduated from "Dopey" we were placed on livelier mounts. There were no limits to Dad's and Will's determination that we would all ride—and ride well. When we were thrown, a daily occurrence for some one of us, we were told "get right back on there."

No effort, no amount of exertion was too much when it came to interesting us in horses. On my seventh birthday, in one of the coldest Januarys in years, the family noses were flattened tightly against the window watching for Dad. At the familiar honk of the horn we ran to greet him. He had driven the eighteen miles from New York with a Shetland pony—in the *back seat* of our large new sedan! A birthday gift for me. My own mount! And that little pony dumped me into more mud puddles and brambles before he became an ex-member of our family.

Dad entertained no notions whatsoever that his daughters should follow in his footsteps. Our childhood ambitions "to someday be a great actress" he noted only casually. He revered his profession as the greatest in the world, but he wanted us to have a home. As a little boy he had joined the circus. He had never known from the time he was nine years old what "home" was, so he wanted us to enjoy all he had missed. It was his wish that we be "just kids"—without worry of careers.

But one day he returned home after several weeks absence on the road, to discover Dorothy giving an imitation of him

Fred Stone

by
Paula Stone



as he appeared in his current show and me imitating Dorothy imitating Dad. Recognizing our determination, he set about our training. It has always been his belief that those who aspire to the profession should be better than good. That they should be highly specialized artists. His own earnest efforts for perfection were proof on this point. The accomplishments, some almost unbelievable, for which he was famous, were no chance ideas leisurely worked out. Months of patient practice for improvement were behind each of his amazing stunts. He has worked as long as eight hours a day for nearly a year on a single routine before he ever thought of *suggesting* that it should become part of a show.

The grounds of our home resembled a tumbler's nightmare. There were see-saws, ladders, wooden horses, and wide spring boards. Will Rogers supplied the monotony-relief. When Will arrived on the scene, Dad would stop his tumblings and the two of them would indulge in roping calves on the front lawn. Passing motorists by the carload were attracted to these impromptu exhibitions, and soon the Sunday afternoon slogan among the town folk became, "Let's go out to Stone's place and see the show."

Dad never tired of the strenuous demands of his work, probably because of the fact that he always had a hobby to absorb his interest during his rare hours of leisure. You could always tell what his current hobby was by the people in his dressing room. When he became interested in boxing, Jim Corbett became one of his close friends. In fact, Daddie went in so strongly for boxing that he became Corbett's sparring partner, and had Jim not talked him out of it just in time, he might have given up the stage and pursued boxing as a career. While making *The Red Mill* Dad's hobby was baseball. He organized his own team and plunged enthusiastically into the "diamond business." Connie Mack, Manager of the Philadelphia Club, and many other prominent figures in that field of sport became his buddies.

The sport which Daddie loved the most, and the one he was allowed to enjoy for the briefest time, was flying. I had gone with him to the field the day of his near-fatal airplane crash. I was so proud watching him from the ground, flying his own plane. Then a horrible eternity—sensing first that something was wrong—suddenly realizing that the machine which bore my Dad was spinning, reeling, roaring down, down—



Despite his own loyalty to the theatre, Fred Stone didn't want Dorothy and Paula, his talented daughters, to go on the stage

I was the first to reach his side. I held his head in my arms as he regained consciousness. I bent to hear his whispered words. "You can fly up—you can fly side-ways, but I'll be gosh-danged—you can't fly down."

Wise cracking!

Almost every bone in his body was broken. Physicians despaired of his life and told us he would never walk again. We had to tell him.

"Shucks," he said, when he saw us crying, "Dontchu believe 'em."

He was still wise cracking when Will Rogers was allowed his first visit. "You know, Will," he grinned, "Lindy and I have a great deal in common. He knows aviation from the ground up, and I know it from the sky down."

IT WAS two long years after the accident before Dad could resume his stage work—and then he returned to Broadway in *Ripples,* which also marked my New York debut. *Jayhawker,* his next show, was a great personal success and resulted in his first motion picture [*Continued on page* 81]

Rochelle Hudson's LOVE HOAX

How four imaginary lovers were used by a clever youngster in her campaign for stardom

by Katharine Hartley

MRS. HUDSON pulled a small square box out of her bag. "Darling, will you please take my ring to the jewelers to be cleaned? It's been stuck away in safety deposit vaults for so long. . . ."

Rochelle laughed. "And a good thing, too, or the pawn broker would have fallen heir to it long ago!"

"Maybe he did," said the mother softly. "I didn't say *whose* safe deposit vault it had been stuck away in!"

Rochelle turned her blue eyes direct on the older woman's face. For a moment only they were sober, sorry eyes. Then they suddenly came to life again. "Well, I know one thing!" she said cheerily. *"It'll never happen again!"*

But several noons later Rochelle was wondering if her promise hadn't been a rash one. She was so blue and so discouraged and it wasn't right for a seventeen-year-old to feel like that! Other girls didn't. Why just that morning at the beauty parlor she had overheard two girls in the next booth discussing their greatest problem in life . . . who would ask whom to the prom Saturday night! Rochelle had sighed as she listened. What a cinch life must be for some people! No contracts to be worried about. No parts to be turned down for! No directors, supervisors and producers to please.

Yes, that would be the life. The glorious, giddy gay life every girl was entitled to in her teens. Suddenly Rochelle wanted to give up struggling and striving for a movie career; she wanted to stop worrying about parts.

But then suddenly, too, she remembered the ring—her mother's engagement ring—all sparkling and shiny now. She took it out of her bag and put it on and looked at it adoringly. No, because of the ring, and all it stood for, she couldn't quit now. No matter how discouraged she was, she'd have to keep on!

Across the way at a nearby table an extra nudged her companion. "Look, Rochelle's got a ring!" And that was all that was needed to set the machinery in motion. "But she's so young to get married!" "That child . . . why it's impossible!" "Who do you suppose he is?" The word spread like wildfire. Soon everybody knew it. Even producers who didn't know Rochelle knew it. "Humph!" said one of the directors, "and I thought she was still wet behind the ears!"

The whole place was turning, staring, pointing, but Rochelle was completely oblivious. Ironically, she was, at that moment, in a deep brown study, wondering how she might attract some attention.

"Rochelle, darling, do tell me who he is!"

Rochelle looked up, recognized Grace Brown, crack newspaperwoman, and nearly fell off her chair. "Why . . . what . . . I . . . are you talking to me?"

Grace Brown laughed. "The blushing bride-to-be! Don't be embarrassed . . . you'll get used to it. Who's the man?"

Rochelle stammered, flushed and squirmed. How to tell the truth when it would be such a let down?

Miss Brown saved her the trouble. "Oh," she said sympathetically. "Oh, I understand. If he's still married, then, of course, an announcement would be premature. But be sure to let me know the minute he gets his divorce, and I'll give you a lot of nice publicity."

Rochelle had taken a big breath and was just about to make a clean breast of the whole matter when the word "publicity" struck home. It slowed her down. Made her stop and think. Publicity. . . .

She took another big breath, but for a different purpose. "He's *not* married," she spoke up boldly.

"Well, then," said the press woman, "why can't you tell me?"

"Because," said Rochelle lamely, "because it's a secret."

But as you know and I know, there's no such thing in Hollywood! Grace Brown knew it too—most of all.

"At least you can tell me where he lives . . . what he does!" she wheedled.

"He's a writer and he lives in New York!"—picking the furthest away place she could think of.

And that, it seems, ended the conversation, but fortunately not the echo. The next morning the Hollywood gossip columns were full of Rochelle's engagement to "one of New York's most successful young authors!" Rochelle clipped all the items neatly and then went out and bought herself a scrap book. It was the first one she had ever owned—or needed.

After that, around the lot, people began to look at her differently. She was no longer just "that little kid, Rochelle Hudson." She was grown up now—arrived. A girl with a beau. A



very serious beau. Practically a husband.

He was the first of Rochelle Hudson's unknown lovers! And he did more to help her career than a dozen interviews with a dozen of the town's best directors!

But because nobody lets anyone have a secret in this town, Grace Brown and a few others began to do a little figuring. Since Rochelle hadn't been to New York, then her author-fiance must have been out here, and he must have gone back only recently. The list of departures, "From L. A. to New York," were scanned, and one Barry Trivers seemed to fill the bill. When Rochelle was asked, quite casually, if she knew him, she said yes, she did. That clinched it. Barry Trivers was the man. The papers said so.

There was only one person more surprised than Rochelle. And that was Barry Trivers!

She received a wire: "What is this stop Im flattered of course stop but is there a law against being engaged to two girls at the same time stop look it up and let me know stop." The wire was from Barry Trivers of course, Rochelle took one look at it and crumbled completely. What a mess! Here were the papers saying she was engaged to Barry Trivers and he was already engaged to somebody else!

That was what brought about the most untimely demise of Rochelle Hudson's first unknown lover. And the introduction of his successor.

When Rochelle appeared on the Fox lot without her ring, heads turned and tongues wagged aplenty! But somehow or other [*Continued on page* 60]

Virginia Bruce writes An Open Letter To A Beau

Another of Hollywood's most popular girls tells her requirements for romance



". . . you simply must be a good dancer . . . and, please, don't be too tall"

DEAR Mr. Question-Mark:

I must call you that, since so far—worse luck!—we've never met.

But at least I can hum the song once in awhile, you know: "Someday you'll come along, ta-da ta-dum . . ." And if you should, don't fear I won't recognize you.

For, you see, I have such definite ideas about what a beau should be like. Some of them, I grant, may sound a bit arbitrary, but a girl is entitled to a few foolish notions about what a beau should be.

First of all, my dear Mr. Question-Mark, you must be amusing. I think a sense of humor is the most essential quality I could name. Do you know how to laugh—and make me laugh—at the funny things in life? I'll look for little crinkles around your eyes, or about your mouth, to prove that you smile often. Or maybe there will be a lurking grin in your eyes. And your eyes will be blue.

Oh, I'll admit that's a silly requirement, right off the reel. There's absolutely no reason why I should like a beau with blue eyes except—I do. Perhaps it dates back to when I was a little girl, and my father said, "Never marry a man with brown eyes." His reason for that escapes me now, but you understand how little girls look up to their fathers, and are tremendously impressed by them? Probably a girl's first ideal is her father.

Then. you must, simply *must* be a good dancer.

I suppose by this time you are sure I am frivolous and all that, but perhaps I'm just feminine. I love to dance. Sorry—I can't help it, but you must dance, and dance well.

That brings up another requirement. Will you please arrange it so that you are not *too* much taller than I am? Oh, I know most girls want tall men, but did you ever dance with one? Pardon me, of course you *didn't*. But a tall man—that is one who is four or five inches taller than the girl—is not suited for a dancing partner because he'll just about break one's back in two!

I'm five feet, six and a half inches, tall. Add two inches for my high heels and that makes me—goodness, that makes me five feet, eight and a half! So I want you to be five feet, ten or eleven if you please.

I might stretch a point if you insist, and let you be six feet tall, but you'll have to be perfect in all my other requirements, silly ones included. I have danced several times with Cesar Romero (you know him: tall, dark and handsome) and although he must be six feet tall, he is such an accomplished dancer that height doesn't matter.

Then I want curly hair. Please, please don't throw up your hands in disgust with me, but that's another childish ideal. To defend myself, you must realize that it's instinctive with women to regard their beaus as possible husbands—and every girl secretly wants babies with curly hair. [*Continued on page* 84]

'DOWN to the SEA'
in Swimming Suits

Hollywood's younger set establish
new styles in beach wear for 1936





Elaine Johnson (above) of "Goldwyn Girl" fame, and (right) Jinx Falkenberg are among the first to inaugurate the swimming season at beautiful Malibu

Suits through the courtesy of Gantner & Mattern

Continuing the real life
the screen's



In *Quest* of Romance

SYNOPSIS: Errol Flynn, expelled from school in Australia, decided to go fortune-hunting in the still savage wilds of Papua—a decision which was aided by the fact that his father, a well-known naturalist, was at the moment "somewhere in the South Seas," collecting rare flora and fauna.

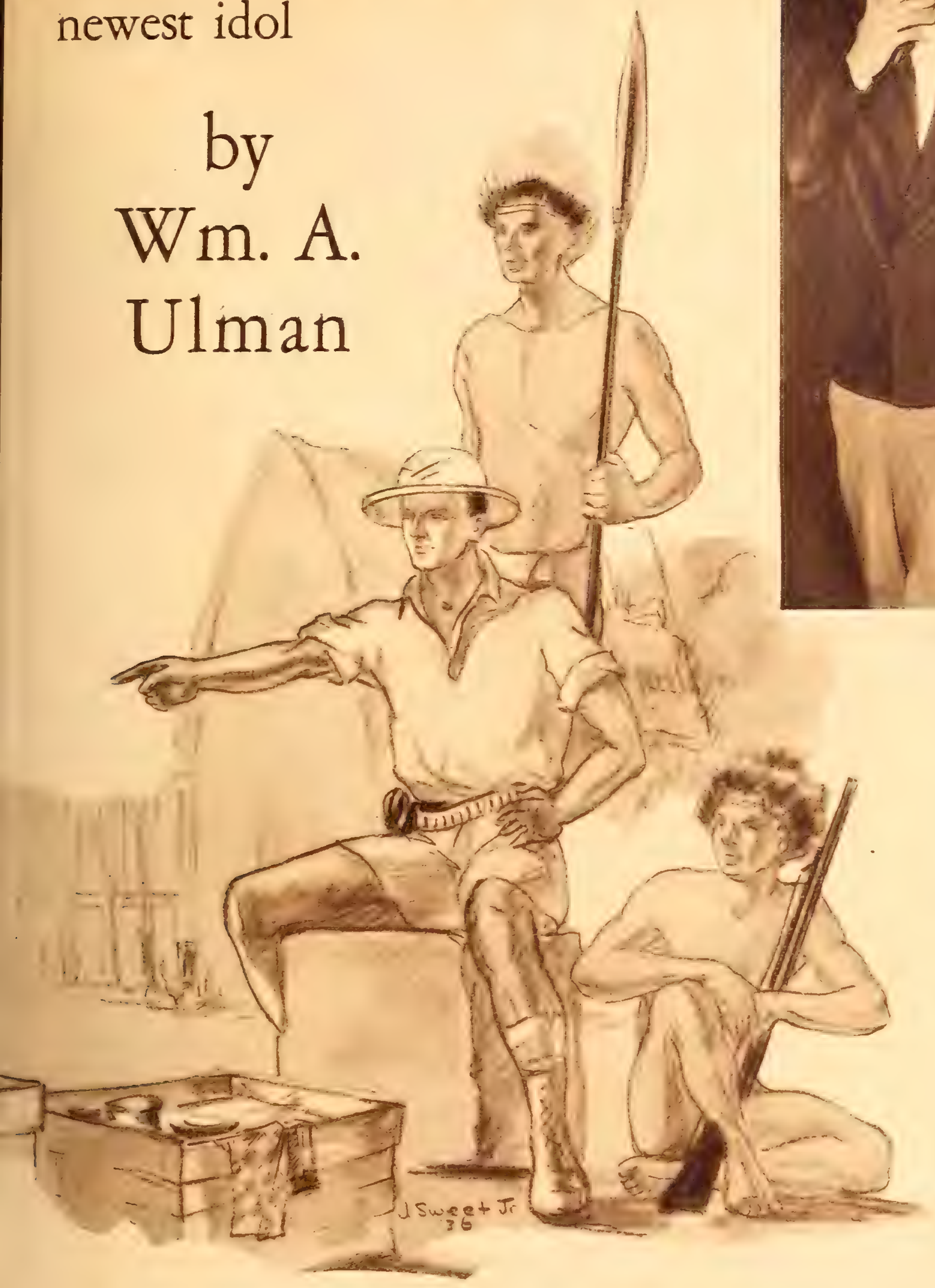
"On his own," Errol found himself marooned in Raboul. He spent his nights on the beach and his days trying to discover some means of earning a living. One afternoon, in a waterfront saloon, he clashed with a stoker, the bully of a tramp freighter, and by winning the resultant fight, found an influential friend in a certain Dr. Biennsen who was prospecting for gold in the wild jungle country of the interior. Through his interest, Errol was appointed a member of the Constabulary, maintained principally to suppress cannibalism among the savage head-hunters of the interior. One day he received orders for an unusually dangerous expedition. . . .

"CONSTABLE FLYNN, you will proceed immediately with your men up into territory one hundred twenty miles from Moriai, or the village or villages in that vicinity. Trouble with unfriendly natives has been reported. The purpose of the expedition is punitive. Proceed at your own discretion."

Errol Flynn was lying prone in his hut, a cool drink at his elbow, clad only in shorts. The mosquito netting was ineffectual and the thermometer had long since burst. His house boy stood stiffly at attention while Flynn quickly re-read the official communication from the District Commissioner. He was interrupted by a violent explosion, looked up in time to see the boy calmly slipping a revolver back into its holster, his eyes gleaming on the slithering, headless body of a deadly snake.

adventures of Errol Flynn
newest idol

by Wm. A. Ulman





Errol Flynn, recruited for the screen from a life of romantic adventure, married Lily Damita after a brief but exciting courtship. He skyrocketed to stardom with his first American-made picture, *Captain Blood,* and is now playing the stellar rôle in *Charge of the Light Brigade* which will be one of Warner Brothers' most lavish films this year

Illustration by Jay Sweet

"Him fellow in rafter. Me savvy shoot 'em."

Just that. A calm, casual statement, but young Flynn was beginning to look upon such happenings with the same nonchalance, himself. Snakes in the rafters? Naturally!

"Call 'em boys! Go Moriai! Savvy?"

The boy savvied. He was a good boy, best gun-boy on the island, but the very mention of Moriai country was enough to make his eyes bug out in terror. His vast mop of wool, a full six inches straight out from the scalp, seemed to quiver.

While his boys were stocking the launch with supplies and ample ammunition down at the river bank, Erroll proceeded to learn everything he could of the situation "deep in." A tribe, fairly large, that had never really been brought under control had recently been making vicious raids on smaller villages—out after heads for souvenirs and human flesh for food.

Frankly, it was nothing to get excited about. Such things happen still in the deadly green depths of Papua. The savages there are really savage, but, strangely, there is nothing consciously vicious about them—no more than a tiger or a baboon is conscious of his deadliness. But, "the Govamin" has found that by patience and firm handling even the worst can be tamed and held down to the simplest of murders—without the following taint of cannibalism. Head-hunting? Of course it's sternly dealt with wherever possible, but the natives naively reply that if it 'becomes necessary' to remove an enemy why not keep his head? It's no use to the deceased and certainly makes an attractive souvenir!

It is no wonder that his eyes were chill as young Mr. Flynn set out for the interior with six native police, themselves sons of the same savages he was in search of, and three months' supply of food and ammunition. The launch, a stout thirty-two footer, seemed suddenly small as he boarded her. If anything happened to the boat—a submerged log, a sharp rock, the rending crash of rapids—well, that would be just too bad. If the gray-green maw of a crocodile didn't drag a man down to drown and rot under a submerged log till ready for mastication, the head-hunters or the deadly insects of the [*Continued on page* 66]

Meet Vic McLaglen, screen roughneck and ex-soldier of fortune, who is here betrayed by an intimate associate



Vic McLaglen, wearing the uniform of colonel of his Lighthorse Troop, receives the congratulations of Edmund Lowe, after the Troop's parade on Hollywood Boulevard

THE BIGGEST



Victor McLaglen's charities and expenditures on civic enterprizes amount to a staggering sum each year and he asks no dividends beyond the joy of bringing happiness to others

WHAT is going to be said here doesn't meet the heartiest approval of Victor McLaglen and while he doesn't protest the writing, he fears the possibility that the statements made will embarrass him, perhaps make him appear "sappy."

There is no intention of making a sap of Victor McLaglen, and for obvious reasons. This preeminent soldier of the screen once fought Jack Johnson for the heavyweight championship of the world, and earned a draw. Against a man like that you can't lead with your chin. Besides, he's a grand guy.

But this natural objection of Vic's to having his good deeds spread before the world is understandable in a man of his extreme modesty. You ask him about it and a blush seeps through his make-up and he squirms like a college squirt about to propose.

So you don't ask Vic about his great heart. You pass him up on that particular subject and instead canvass his friends, people like the grand old-time fighter, Frank Moran, who can spout Vic's praises for five continuous hours without pausing for breath.

The picture revealed by this source and a dozen others gives one this brief thumbnail sketch of the actor's tremendous one-man charity organization. In the past year he has expended close to $70,000 on non-profit projects for the benefit of others. And we don't mean stage money. His current expenditure for the maintenance and promotion of benefits averages $2,000 a month, not including the one and five-dollar bills he lavishes on out-of-work actors and extras.

During the past year he has engineered the marriage of five couples and given them a liberal financial start; he outfitted a Boy Scout troop of 120 youngsters, complete from uniforms to whistles and bugles; he supported, and still does, a forty-piece band, a cavalry unit of 600 men and women, a motorcycle corps of forty-two men, twenty-five aviators—and last Christmas he presented $9,000 worth of unsolicited food baskets to the Assistance League. Twelve thousand of Los Angeles' poor owe their unexpected turkey dinners to this man's epic generosity.

No actor who ever came to Hollywood has even remotely approached his wholesale charity and civic-minded achievement. When it is considered that a typical star will give $250 a year to the Motion Picture Relief Fund and glow with pride and that last year Vic distributed $70,000, one gets an idea of how big is this heart that hides within the gruff, mountainous frame of the man.

This rich saga of giving without thought of personal return began without ostentation a year ago when Vic came to the rescue of the "California Lighthorse," a score of riding clubmen who were being evicted from their headquarters for failure to





Bela Lugosi presents a trophy to the champion junior soccer team supported by Victor McLaglen. The team won the championship of the Los Angeles junior soccer league last year

HEART *in Town*

by JOHN RENTNER

pay back rent. Vic heard of this, paid the $120 necessary to save the organization and two weeks later it was renamed the "VictorMcLaglen Lighthorse Troop."

From this beginning grew what is now considered to be the largest one-man military organization in American history. The story of this growth is tied-up with Victor McLaglen's big heart and his unprecedented charities.

As soon as the McLaglen Lighthorse came into being, Vic moved it to a site he had leased. He paid for and built five headquarters offices and clubrooms, then, when his membership jumped suddenly to 300 men, he leased five adjoining acres. This latest addition was the worst eyesore in the city of Los Angeles. River bottom land, covered with giant boulders and a rank growth, it was as uninviting a tract as is to be found anywhere.

But Vic wasn't to be discouraged. Allotting $8,000 to the project, he filled the bottom with rich loam, had five tractors level it off and then planted it to flowers and shrubs. This rehabilitated eyesore became the drill ground for the Troop, which by then was costing him at least $800 a month to maintain.

With the completion of this improvement, Boris Karloff suggested that the drill ground be enlarged so as to provide a playing field for soccer and Vic consented readily enough. But again he surpassed all expectations. He not only enlarged the field, but spent $30,000 of his own money erecting a stadium about the field.

By now the actor had an institution a bit too large for his 300 followers, so he set out to fill it. First he staged a parade of his Troop on Hollywood Boulevard and as a result of this spectacular stunt, added 500 additional members within a period of five months.

This Troop is unique and it is a wonder so few have really discovered it. It boasts a Boy Scout patrol of 120 youngsters; a mounted corps of 200 girls trained in Red Cross practices; a brass band of forty-two members (and guess who paid for those instruments); a bugle and drum corps of sixty girls; a company of forty-two motorcyclists; twenty-five fliers and forty aviation students; six modern airplanes; a student flying field at which youngsters are taught piloting for two dollars a month—and in the courses of formation at this time is an amateur radio signal division with fifteen members. For this last group Vic has erected a clubhouse and laboratory, and donated $700 in equipment.

At this point the cynic wonders what hidden purposes underlie this tremendous undertaking. Certainly there is no profit in an organization which nets only $423 in dues from the grown-ups. The electric light bill alone comes to an average of $350 a month. The salaries of watchmen, [*Continued on page* 69]



The huge Flintridge estate of Victor McLaglen is one of the show places of Southern California. Rare birds, blooded horses and dogs and exotic plants are hobbies of its owner

Dance with Shirley

Hollywood's favorite danseuse illustrates another of her famous dances---and challenges imitation



HERE is the second in a series of specially-posed dance lessons in Movie Classic, wherein Shirley Temple herself shows how she does the various dances she knows.

By following Shirley's instructions and the series of photographs wherein she shows how each step should be done, any youngster can learn to do Shirley's dances.

In her first lesson, Shirley showed how to do the hula-hula which she learned while vacationing in Hawaii. This month, she tells you how to do the "Airplane Dance." Here it is:

My AIRPLANE DANCE

by

Shirley Temple

One of the easiest and prettiest dances Jack Donohue taught me is the one we call the "Airplane Dance." We call it that because so many of the steps in it are slide steps and glide steps, and there is even one step where you can make believe you're an airplane doing a Figure-8 in the sky . . . !

I usually do this dance to the tune of the song *When I Grow Up*, which I sang in *Curly Top*. However, it can be done just as easily to almost any other tune to which you can fit a "one-AND-two" count. This count goes: "One AND two, one AND two, one AND two," and so on, with the accent-beat on each "AND." If it seems hard to catch at first, try it again, and don't let it worry you, because all of a sudden you'll "catch on" and from then on it will be easy.

Remember that on the "AND" beat of each count, you slide or glide your foot, like this—

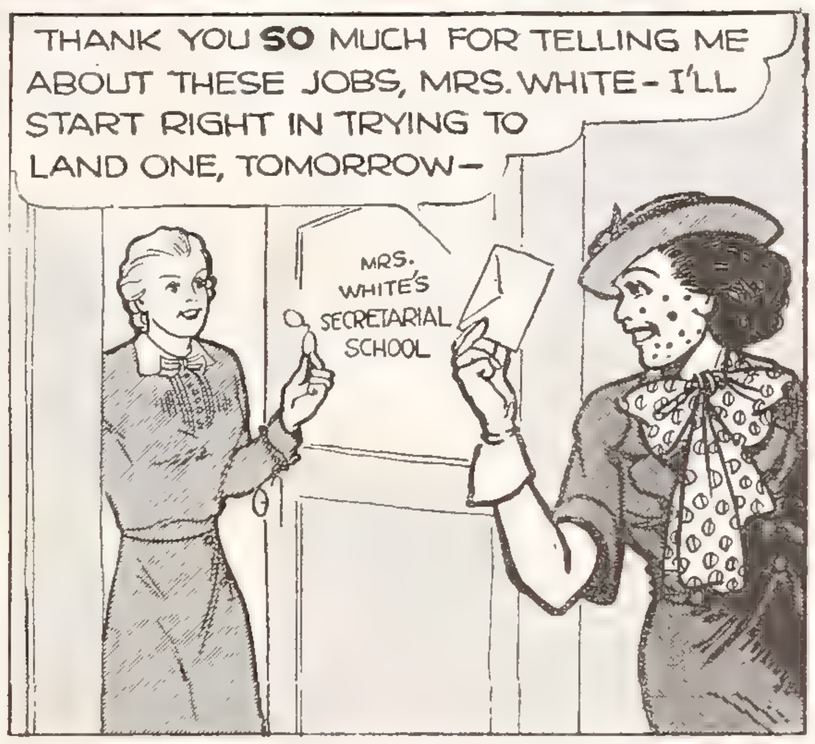
FIRST STEP

COUNT "ONE"—Step out on your left foot—

COUNT "AND"—Slide your right foot forward to meet [*Continued on page* 69]



-BUT THAT WASN'T THE REAL REASON SHE COULDN'T GET A JOB













—clears the skin

by clearing skin irritants out of the blood

Copyright, 1936, Standard Brands Incorporated

Don't let Adolescent Pimples be a handicap to YOU

AFTER the beginning of adolescence—from about 13 to 25, or even longer—many young people are troubled by pimples.

During these years, important glands develop and final growth takes place. This causes disturbances throughout the body. The skin gets oversensitive. Waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin and pimples break out.

Fleischmann's fresh Yeast is often prescribed to help get rid of adolescent pimples. It clears these skin irritants out of the blood. Then—pimples go!

Eat 3 cakes daily—one about ½ hour before each meal. Eat it *regularly*—plain, or in a little water—until your skin clears. Start today!



ROSINA LAWRENCE
20TH CENTURY FOX STAR

Choose one of Duart's Hollywood Hairstyles and your hair can be as lovely and alluring as that of any star

It's the truth! A screen star's coiffure is her ONE personal feature that you can copy exactly. First, send for the FREE book of Duart's screen star coiffures. Then, take it to your hairdresser and do just as the lovely stars themselves do—demand a genuine Duart Permanent Wave. Duart is the only wave endorsed by the MOTION PICTURE HAIRSTYLISTS GUILD. The distinguished members of the Guild are responsible for the beauty care of each and every star in all Hollywood Studios. Their highly prized beauty advice has brought glamour and allure to many a star. No matter what type or color hair you have, a Duart Permanent Wave will bring you new and radiant loveliness.

Remember to ask for *your* SEALED package of Duart waving pads for your next permanent.

DEMAND THIS SEALED PACKAGE FOR A GENUINE DUART WAVE



Brighten Your Hair with Duart Rinse

Choose from 12 beautiful shades. No dye—no bleach. Rinses the hair "squeaky clean" and adds a touch of sunlight. Send 10 cents for a full 2-rinse package and the FREE book of Duart's Screen Star Coiffures. See coupon.

DUART

PERMANENT WAVES

☐ Dark Brown ☐ Henna ☐ Black ☐ Medium Brown
☐ Chestnut Brown ☐ Golden Brown ☐ White or Gray (Platinum) ☐ Golden Blonde
☐ Titian Reddish Brown ☐ Titian Reddish Blonde ☐ Ash Blonde ☐ Light Golden Blonde

SEND 10c FOR HAIR RINSE AND FREE BOOKLET

DUART, 984 Folsom Street, San Francisco, Calif. Enclosed find 10c; send me shade of rinse marked and copy of your booklet, "Hollywood Coiffures for 1936."

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... *State* .....

6

DUART WAVES ARE THE CHOICE OF THE HOLLYWOOD STARS

NEW TYPE CREME OVERNIGHT

by DORIS DUMONT

HELP! I'm becoming hysterical. Phones ring, photographers dash in and out, mail pours in by the bagful, four secretaries work at racing speed to keep up. Who would have thought the introduction of this new type creme made from milk would have caused such a tidal wave of interest. Excuse me if I sound breathless and confused. The magazine has just wired, "Where is your article—you are late," so I'm writing this and eating a three o'clock sandwich at the same time (no lunch today), for this copy must make the next air mail.

BEAUTY editors of famous magazines and newspapers all over the country are writing, wiring and telephoning for information to give their readers on this, the first beauty creme ever made from milk. At the same time, stars, social celebrities, and hundreds of others just like yourself, dear reader, are writing in to say that never in all their lives have they used any creme, lotion or soap, that produced such marvelous results—and so quickly. I'm not good at astrology or fortune telling but I predict right here and



ABOVE: *Gilda Grey, soon to be seen in "The Great Ziegfeld," says, "Every beauty-wise woman knows that nothing can replace milk on the skin."*

BELOW: *Kathleen Burke, famed "Panther Woman" of the screen, removing her makeup with Creme of Milk.*



now that Creme of Milk—that's the name of this new type creme, will revolutionize the whole face creme industry. As you perhaps know there are thousands of brands of face creme, but never before in all the world has anyone succeeded in making a face creme from pure, fresh, dairy milk. Let me pause here and give you briefly the reasons why Creme of Milk is such an overnight sensation.

MILK has been famous as the Number 1 skin beautifier for thousands (yes, thousands!) of years. Scientists have now found out why. Milk contains certain delicate oils that are very closely related to the natural oils of the human skin. You see both the milk oils and the skin's own oil are produced by the same natural process—glandular secretion.

THESE milk oils can penetrate the outer skin tissue and the pores more quickly and

BEAUTY IS SENSATION!



BELOW: *Maxine Jennings, star of "The Witness Chair," RKO Radio picture, marvels at the quick, easy cleansing effected by Creme of Milk.*



ABOVE: *Edith Hubner, Guild member and head of the Hairstyling Department at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, says: "Even blase Hollywood has never seen any creme to equal Creme of Milk."*

more deeply than any face creme ever known before. Besides, the milk oils have a revitalizing effect on the skin and bothersome blackheads, clogged pores, dryness, roughness, oiliness and other skin surface troubles are quickly banished.

THE skin specialist explains it this way. Ordinary cremes, lotions or soaps *remove* the natural oil from the skin at the same time the dirt and makeup are removed. Thus, almost every woman today is bringing on skin trouble by actually *starving* her skin for natural oil. Prove this to yourself, the specialist says, by comparing the skin on your face with the skin on other parts of your own body.

REPLACE the lost natural oil and you will quickly win back the natural beauty of your complexion. It's as simple and easy as that. But then, aren't all the best things really simple?

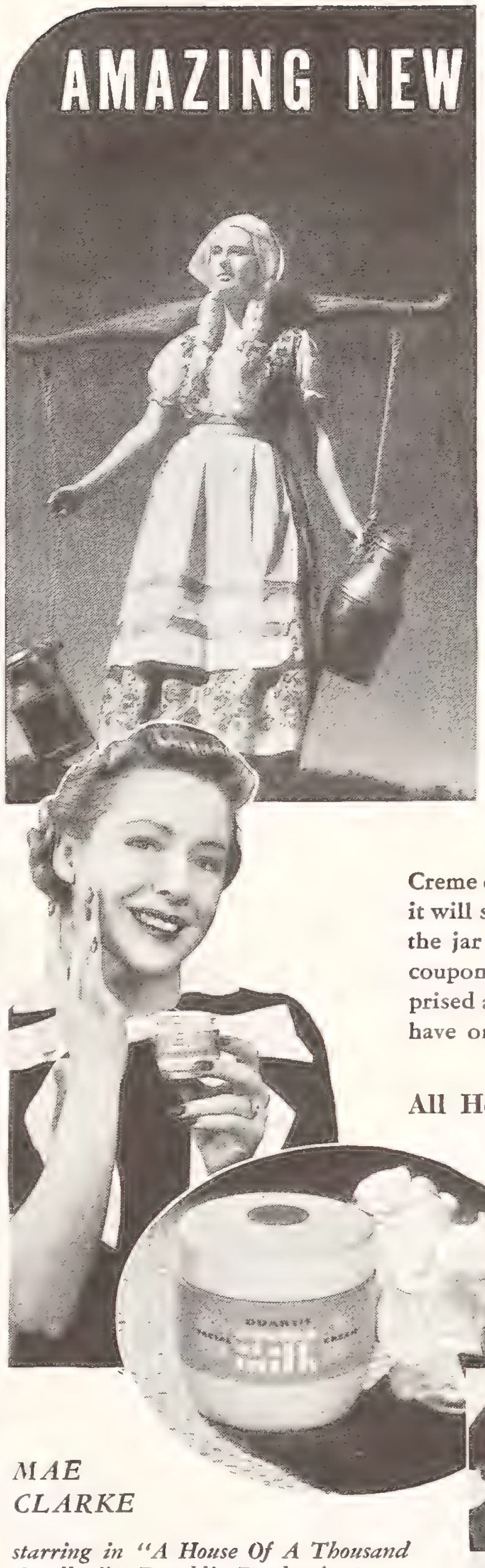
STORES everywhere are being supplied with Creme of Milk as fast as possible but production is far behind. Best thing to do is write direct to me (I'll hire four more secretaries if I have to) and you'll get your first jar of Creme of Milk by return mail—postage paid. Send fifty cents for regular size jar or $1 for large economy size. Address your letter to Doris Dumont, Hollywood, Calif. P.S.—Creme of Milk will stay sweet and fresh practically forever.



ABOVE: *Joan Marsh, fascinating young RKO star, snapped while opening her first jar of Creme of Milk.*

BELOW: *Mrs. Peverell Marley, Hollywood socialite and lovely wife of camera expert Marley, snapped at headquarters of the Motion Picture Hairstylists Guild.*





BEAUTY CREME made from Milk

Milk replaces lost natural oils of the skin—then dryness, blackheads, coarse pores and other blemishes are banished.

No ordinary creme, lotion or soap has ever been able to duplicate the amazing effects of milk on the skin. And now all the beauty benefits of pure fresh dairy milk have been made into a delightful and entirely new type of face creme—Duart's Creme of Milk. This is the quickest, simplest, easiest and most effective beauty treatment ever. Just a minute morning and night. You can almost feel your skin drinking it in. Creme of Milk positively will not grow hair and it will stay sweet and fresh no matter how long the jar sits on your dressing table. Mail our coupon now. You will be delighted and surprised at the thrilling effects Creme of Milk will have on your skin from the very first day.

All Hollywood Praises Creme of Milk

Hollywood's "Supreme Court" of beauty is officially known as the Motion Picture Hairstylists Guild. They are responsible for the beauty care of EVERY STAR in every studio in Hollywood. All 85 of their official members ENDORSE CREME OF MILK, the *only* face creme they have *ever* endorsed.

MAE CLARKE

starring in "A House Of A Thousand Candles," a Republic Production, says: "Milk has been the finest of all skin beautifiers since the beginning of civilization—and now that science has discovered how to make a beauty creme from milk—every woman can easily enjoy its marvelous effects on the skin."

LENORE SABINE, President of the Motion Picture Hairstylists Guild and Head Hairstylist of Paramount Studios says: "Creme of Milk is truly a NEW TYPE of creme. There is nothing else like it—every star I know is using it to protect the beauty of her skin."



NINA ROBERTS, Vice President of the Motion Picture Hairstylists Guild and Head Hairstylist at United Artists Studio says: "Creme of Milk is the greatest cosmetic discovery of our time. Use it just once and you'll never go back to ordinary cremes."

DUART'S
creme of milk
ALL-PURPOSE FACIAL CREME

In 50c and $1 sizes at your favorite Cosmetic Counter

TRY CREME OF MILK *for only* 10c

Mail Coupon Today to DUART, 984 Folsom St. San Francisco, Calif.

I enclose 10c for which please send me ONE regular 20 cent size jar of Creme of Milk.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....*State*.....6

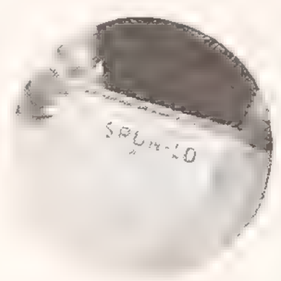


"I ask for garments made of Spun-lo"

It's Stabilized to Resist Runs . . . Shrinking and Fading

PUT an end to guesswork in buying undergarments! A new, finer rayon fabric has been developed. It is called Spun-lo. And it is stabilized! Made of finest rayon yarns, scientifically controlled to assure absolute evenness of texture and uniform tensile strength. No weak spots to break into runs. And a special process gives it a permanently dull lustre. Get Spun-lo stabilized rayon in all your undergarments. It costs no more. As always, the price depends on styling and workmanship. You'll be amazed to find how long it wears . . . how beautifully it fits after washing. Also available in men's undergarments.

INDUSTRIAL RAYON CORP.
Cleveland, Ohio



LOOK FOR THIS LABEL WHEN YOU BUY UNDERGARMENTS . . *In addition to the brand name of the maker, look for this label which identifies the Spun-lo fabric in underthings.*

Spun-lo
The Stabilized Rayon Fabric
Guaranteed AS ADVERTISED IN GOOD HOUSEKEEPING MAGAZINE

Gospels of *for* June Brides

A famous beauty technician analyzes the secrets of correct make-up and beauty care

by Frances Kellum



Claire Trevor, one of Hollywood's most beautiful girls, demonstrates the use of a powder brush, one of the most important beauty accessories

SHE was a slim, eager little blonde and she was going to be married.

Sitting there in the special make-up Test Room for blondes she turned and looked at Max Factor hopefully. "Could you make me beautiful—for just this one time?"

But the man who has a positive genius for turning ugly ducklings into the proverbial swans, did a surprising thing. He shook his head. "No, not for just this one time. I'd rather teach you how to be beautiful forever after!"

Forever after . . . All love stories are supposed to end that way, I remembered. And come to think of it, it *isn't* so sporting for us girls to turn on a full-powered charm just for the wedding ceremony. Not if we want to get the right ending!

"Marriage," Max Factor told me after the bride-to-be had gone happily on her way, "should be only the beginning of a woman's real beauty, not the climax. Of course the majority of girls promise themselves they'll always keep at their best . . . but once they get caught up in household routine, they forget. What they need is to know the five gospels of beauty—and follow them!

"If one keeps those beauty gospels there is no need to spend hours at any one time 'fixing up.' The very first gospel takes care of that. It's—*Don't be careless!*

"You know the old saying, 'Don't be careless about little things—and the big ones will take care of themselves.' There are times, for instance, when a neat hairline is more effective than the most expensive Parisian gown . . . And in the matter of well-groomed hands; if the nails are filed and shaped every morning the weekly manicure can be done in short order. It's the same with your face. Give it the daily care it requires and you won't be going to skin doctors for expensive treatments to regain your good looks. You won't be spending hours having elaborate facials. And as for make-up . . . Take the matter of rouging alone, for example. One mistake in selecting the right shade or in applying it and a girl throws away a large part of her attractiveness. Be sure it's correct. Don't be careless . . ."

A typically modern bride, Max Factor pointed out, prepares her skin for make-up on her wedding day just as she does every other day of her life. Just as Claire Trevor does (and there's rumor *she* is going to be a bride before long!)

Claire begins by using a cream that cleanses deeply and melts as it is applied so it doesn't have to be rubbed in. And she uses it thoroughly. By that I mean she applies it all over her face, not only to the cheeks and chin, and to her neck—(why do girls ever forget the importance of a lovely, smooth throat?) After she has removed it with tissues, she pats on a cool freshener to close the pores and tone up the skin.

Then comes the foundation cream—boon to the bride and every girl's best bet in acquiring a perfect complexion . . . (In a recent beauty survey, the ten

Beauty

young brides chosen as the loveliest all admitted they depended on a good foundation cream to give their make-up that smooth look) . . . You see, it seems to blend in the rouge and the powder so there are no tell-tale lines. And it keeps you fresh looking for hours.

Claire merely touches her cheekbones with the rouge, then blends it in with her fingertips. Afterwards she powders lightly over the skin but instead of rubbing the powder into the pores, she dusts it on, lets it remain for an instant, and removes the surplus with a powder brush.

That's the secret of the satiny look men admire so much.

And there's the little matter of the eyes. Of all the features, says Max Factor, they're the first to show carelessness. After all, it takes only a light touch of eyelash make-up to transform even scanty lashes into a healthy fringe. It takes careful application to deepen the color of the iris with a faint shadow on the lids.

Now what about your hands and arms —especially the elbows? If you're in the habit of rubbing skin and tissue cream into them every night you don't have to worry. They'll be soft enough. But if you want an added touch of glamour at the last moment, rub a make-up blender on them. Smooth it right into the skin . . . and the hand you hold out to the groom will be the kind he'll want to keep forever!

GOSPEL Number Two insures a tender remembrance . . . *Don't forget to keep the shadowy fragrance of perfume about you.*

Psychologists say there's nothing to bring back a mental image more quickly than some pleasing fragrance we associate with it. It's a clever wife whose husband thinks of her every time he catches the sweet scent of spring violets or honeysuckle or some other lovely perfume! But remember we said "shadowy" fragrance . . . The moment a perfume is too obvious the effect is spoiled.

The *third gospel* is the one most often forgotten. Just because you're young and vital *don't forget that because you are a housekeeper your skin needs extra pampering.* Standing over hot water and bearing the brunt of oven heat can dry it up rapidly if you don't take precautions. Here's where your foundation cream again comes in handy. Put it on as a safety measure the first thing in the morning. It protects the pores, retains the natural oils of the skin. And in the evening, before it's time to get dinner, treat yourself to a two-minute facial. Cleansing cream to take away the accumulation of dust particles. Freshener, or astringent if your skin is the oily type, to give you that wide-awake feeling. And another application of your foundation [*Continued on page 72*]

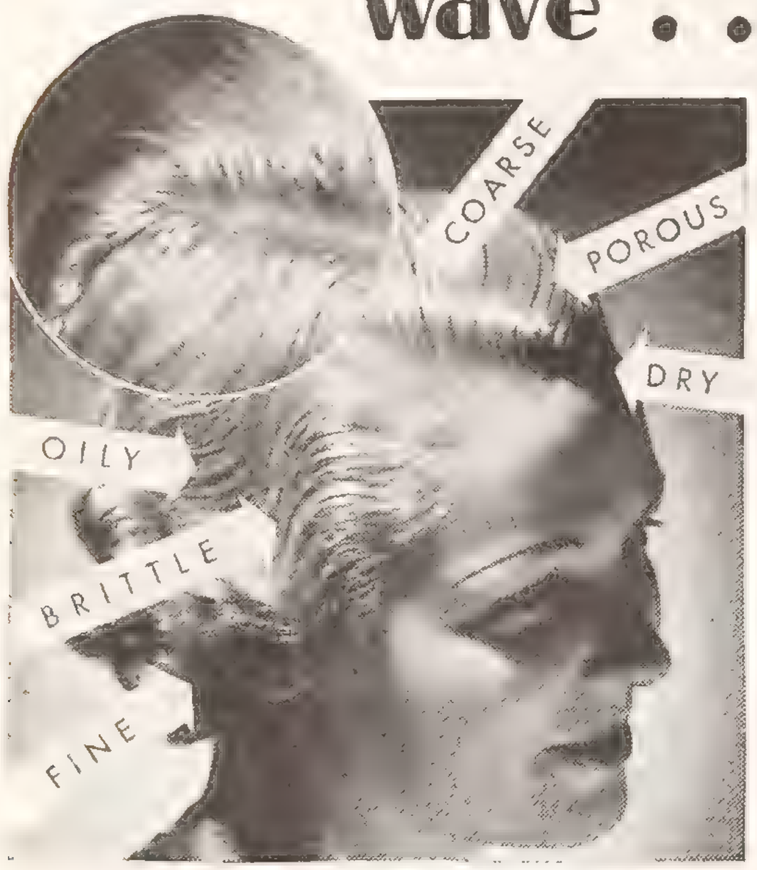


Most Bad Breath Begins with the Teeth!

REMEMBER this important fact—and take the *sure* way to avoid bad breath! Use Colgate Dental Cream. Its special penetrating foam removes decaying food deposits lodged between the teeth, along the gums, and around the tongue—which dentists agree *cause* most bad breath. At the same time, a unique, grit-free ingredient polishes the enamel—makes teeth sparkle.

Try Colgate Dental Cream—today! Brush your teeth . . . your gums . . . your tongue . . . with Colgate's. If you are not entirely satisfied after using one tube, send the empty tube to COLGATE, Jersey City, N. J. We will refund TWICE what you paid.

Take the *Guesswork* out of your permanent wave . .



Did you ever stop to think that your hair is just as individual as your fingerprint? You know, of course, that some hair is oily—other hair dry; that there is elastic—porous—brittle—coarse—fine—strong and weak hair, as well as many other types.

And to insure absolute success of your Permanent Wave . . . the material used must be scientifically correct for your particular type of hair.

Would you like to take the guesswork out of your next Permanent? Of course, you would. And now for the first time you can be sure before you enter your favorite beauty shop that—

1. Your hair has been scientifically and microscopically tested for tensile strength, quality and texture.

2. The material used for your wave is exactly right for your type of hair.

3. The solution and pads used on your head are your own personal property—fresh and clean.

4. That you have taken every precaution to insure perfect satisfaction with your next Permanent.

HAIR SERVICE, INC. offers you, FREE . . . this scientific test of your hair. Simply cut a small strand of your hair, and send it to us. We agree to diagnose and analyze your hair and will send you a personal permanent wave unit, consisting of the proper solution for your hair and 36 permanent wave pads! More than enough for most heads. Take them to your favorite beauty shop and be assured that the materials used are comparable with those used in giving most $10.00 permanents—that they are hygienically safe, and can be used with practically any permanent wave machine.

Remember . . . you pay only $1.00 for the solution and pads. The personal scientific analysis is FREE. You may pay postman if you prefer.

HAIR SERVICE, INC.
521 Fifth Avenue, New York City.
Please scientifically analyze enclosed strand of my hair.
☐ Enclosed find $1.00 for personal permanent wave material.
☐ I will pay postman $1.00, plus postage, on receipt of personal permanent wave material.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

My hair is ☐ Bobbed ☐ Long ☐ Dyed ☐ Bleached ☐ Natural Shade

Commencement



For the youthful graduate, Frances Drake favors this pale yellow organdie with its ruffled skirt and flattering Bertha. A taffeta sash ties in a girlish bow in back

Betty Furness gains unusual effectiveness in a severely tailored white chiffon frock. The only trimming is a wide gold leather belt

Time

Graduation Day is almost here! The stars offer their suggestions in smart youthful styles

By

Sally Martin

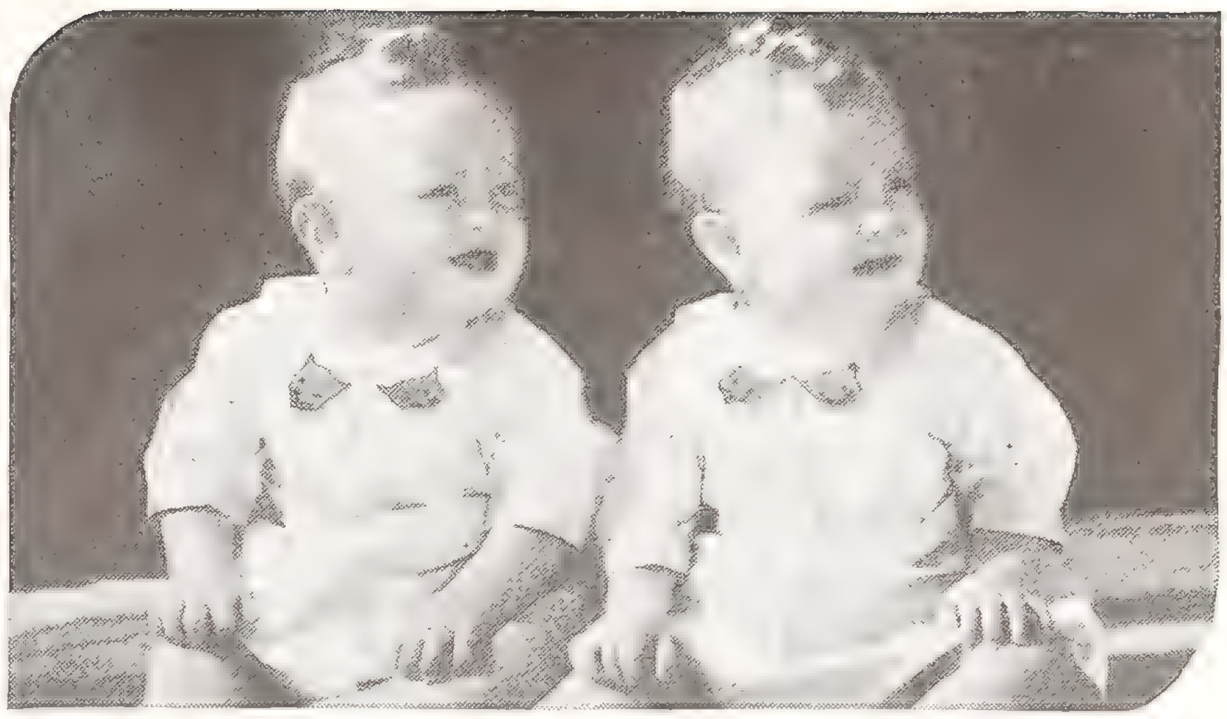
"SCHOOL days, school days, good old golden rule days" soon will be just a sweet memory, a song sung in the delightful days preceding that ultimate goal—graduation!

For many, graduation from high school will be followed by college, while others will go out into the world in hopes of amazing their elders with pent up theories and new philosophies on life. Whatever your hopes and ambitions might be, we wish you luck but our job isn't to help you after that fatal day but before. We want to pass on to you some "do's" and "don'ts" in selecting your graduation wardrobe.

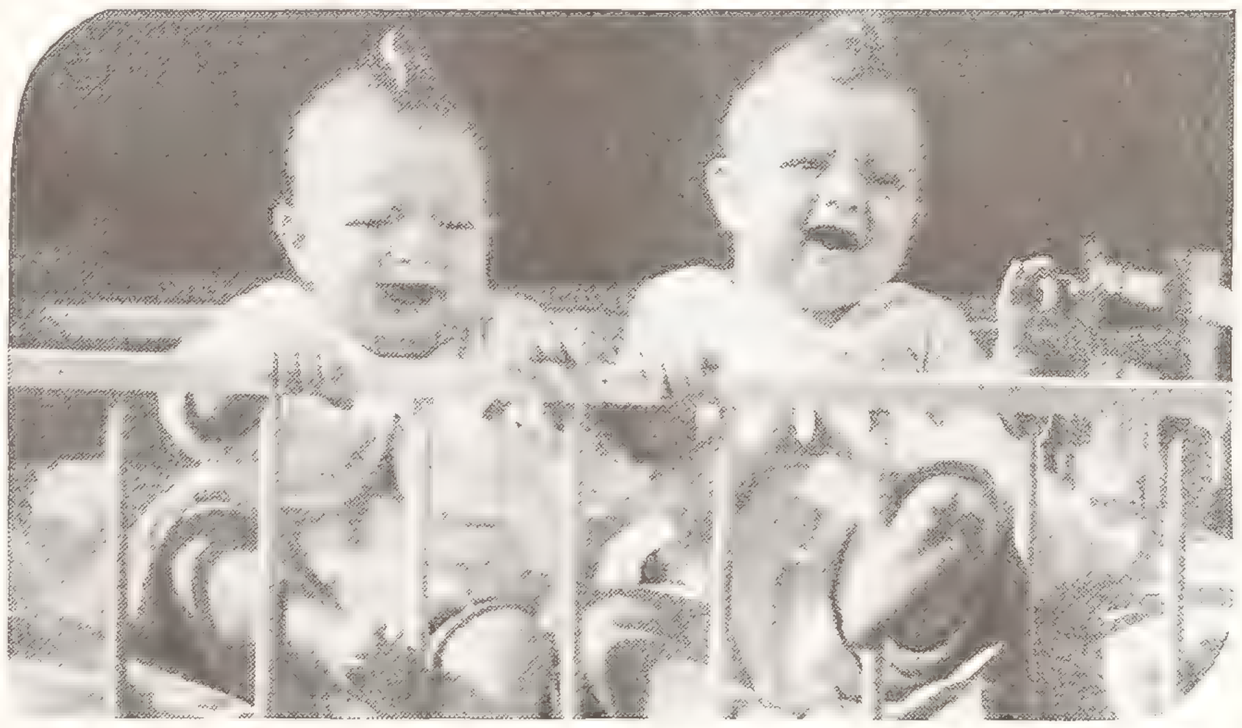
The first thing to take into consideration is whether the exercises are to be held in the afternoon or evening. Usually private schools choose the afternoon while public institutions hold their functions at night. Time of day becomes an important factor in choosing the length and type gown that is to be worn. Long dresses invariably should be the thing for evening while frocks either long or short are equally correct for afternoon year.

The type of dress depends largely on the school one is attending. In many of the smaller towns a price is set, and while your dress may cost less than estimated, it must not exceed the limit decided upon. In that case, many prefer the short, dressy type of sports outfit, for it is always practical where more formal attire is wasted. However, very attractive models may be made on long, tailored lines for a small sum. Smart patterns offer such a grand assortment of various styles, and this year cotton materials are very stylish.

In picking out the style of dress to be worn, be sure it is a becoming model. If you look better in tailored clothes choose the type Joan Crawford and Greta Garbo have made so popular. If fussier things become you, pick Joan Bennett or Anita Louise as good criterions to follow. Personally we prefer the tailored type made in organdie with short sleeves and [*Continued on page* 61]



"What! Go to bed? . . . Well, that's a dirty trick! We let you get us dressed up, and we did stunts for your old company . . . and now your dinner's ready, you pack us off to bed!"



"We won't lie down and go to sleep! Not one eye will we close all night long . . . you'll see how much noise twins can make! Our feelings are hurt—and we're prickly and cross!"



"Ah-h . . . ! She's getting the Johnson's Baby Powder! (Good teamwork, eh?) When we get rubbed with that silky-slick powder, we'll purr like kittens. Mother—we forgive you!"

• • •



"I'm Johnson's Baby Powder—the comfort and joy of millions of babies, because I soothe away prickly heat and all the little chafes and irritations that make them cross. The talc I'm made of is the finest, rarest Italian kind—no gritty particles and no orris-root. And I have three helpers in taking care of babies' skins—Johnson's Baby Soap, Baby Cream and Baby Oil. Try them, too!"

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"No more 'tired,' 'let-down feeling' for me."



"I reasoned that my red blood corpuscle strength was low and I simply took a course of S.S.S. Tonic and built it back."

IT is all so simple and reasonable. If your physical let-down is caused by lowered red blood corpuscles—which is all too frequent—then S.S.S. Tonic is waiting to help you...and will, unless you have a serious organic trouble that demands a physician or surgeon.

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This two-fold purpose is important. Digestion is improved...food is better utilized ...and thus you are enabled to better "carry on" without exhaustion—as you should.

You may have the will-power to be "up and doing" but unless your blood is in top notch form you are not fully yourself and you may remark, "I wonder why I tire so easily."

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SSS TONIC

Makes you feel like yourself again



The Romance Immortal

[*Continued from page* 39]

Leslie Howard's daughter from the resemblance between the two finely-chiseled faces, there's something indefinable in his attitude which leaves no room for doubt—a protective tenderness in his arm round her shoulders, a swift stooping to kiss her hair in a caress of which he's almost unconscious.

"Hello, Leslie." The voice has a familiar ring, and your heart jumps a little as you realize it's the voice you last heard speaking the lines of Elizabeth Barrett—that you have only to turn your head to see the Juliet who is bound to make screen history—the first Juliet of the talking films.

You turn, and your eyes are met by a radiant vision in shimmering white. A chaplet of gold leaves binds the smooth crown of her head, and from under it a cascade of dark curls escapes, framing the face and lying softly along the nape of the neck. An antique chain and pendant seem almost too heavy for the delicate throat they clasp. The bodice and filmy sleeve puffs are banded with exquisitely tiny leaves, and the arms from band to wrist are sheathed in chiffon.

Decked though she is in the bridal finery in which they buried her, she remains for the moment a merry Juliet—the laughing girl whose tenderest love passages were threaded with a vein of delicious humor. She holds the shining folds of her gown well above her silver-shod feet, to keep them from the dust of the floor, and her lips part and her eyes crinkle in the brilliantly sweet Shearer smile as she holds out her hand to the little Howard girl who comes running toward her.

"I'm so glad to see you," says Miss Shearer. "I've been wanting to congratulate you on your work the other night."

It seems that Leslie—named after her father—took part with him in a recent radio sketch. Her face lights up. "I was so terribly nervous," she confides earnestly. "My legs wobbled, and the paper shook in my hand—till I said the first word. Then suddenly I wasn't nervous any longer."

Miss Shearer nods in sympathy. "I know that feeling—I've had it so often myself." There is no hint of that offending patronage affected by so many people in their dealings with children. She speaks, not as an adult to a child, but as one self-respecting actress to another.

"Yes," she replies, in answer to a question. "There *is* a difference between playing a Shakespearean rôle and any other—if I can judge from my single experience. First, you've got to be letter-perfect. Changing or forgetting a word isn't ordinarily a tragedy, but you can't take any chances with Shakespeare. That may not seem an important difference on the face of it, but knowing the lines so well makes them a part of you, and they change from beautiful verse into the real talk of a real girl. Which is very important. Because unless you read the lines sincerely, better for you if you never read them at all. Just *because* it's poetry—an artificial form of speech to us—the feeling behind it *has* to be sincere, or else you're lost. And I've noticed another difference," she says, smiling a little. "I've kept my enthusiasm. No matter how much you like a part, there always come moments when you're tired and discouraged and feel it's not all you hoped it would be. But the longer I stay with Juliet, the more I love her."

Bill Daniels, magician among cameramen, comes over for a word. Daniels is the man of whom John Barrymore once said: "He could make me look like Jackie Cooper's grandson—if I wanted to look like Jackie Cooper's grandson—which I don't." He is as sought after as any star—he *is* a star in his field. But to work on this Shearer picture is as much a labor of love with him as of duty—not only because he thinks she'll make "the loveliest Juliet of them all"—not only because she'll stand uncomplainingly all day, if need be, experimenting with makeups and costumes till he gets what he wants—but because she's been a prime favorite with him ever since the time when he had to hustle back and forth between her and Garbo, doing retakes on *The Barretts* while he started shooting *The Painted Veil.* "She knew what a stew I was in," he tells me later, "and she did her best to hurry things up for me. I'll never forget how she looked at me, sort of teasing, and smiled and said, 'Now you can run along back to your sweetheart' ".

In a corner yonder, waiting to be called, sits Friar Laurence, hood thrown back from his tonsured pate with its fringe of white hair—hands emerging from the wide sleeves of his habit and crossed placidly over what would have been a paunch if he'd been a fat instead of a lean monk—on his face a look of supreme benignity. For this production has spelled a little romance of his own to Henry Kolker.

Assigned first to the part of old Montague, Mr. Kolker was pleased. An experienced Shakespearean actor, he asked nothing better than to be associated in whatever capacity with this stirring adventure on the screen, to take any part in it, however small. "Of course," he was heard to remark one day, "the part I'd really like to play is Friar Laurence. Oh, I know I'm not the type—they'll probably use a round-faced man for the friar—." And though a note of wistfulness may have crept into his voice, his disclaimer was



Louise Latimer, cast for the feminine lead in Radio's *His Majesty, Bunker Bean,* finds her St. Bernard a great aid when spring's blustery winds are blowing

obviously sincere as he launched into an enthusiastic description of how this same imaginary round faced man should look and act in the coveted role of the friar.

A few days later the telephone rang. "We want to test you for Friar Laurence," he heard or thought he heard Mr. Cukor say, though it sounded more like one of those things that happen in a waking dream. "Think you'd like to try it?"

Tonsured and clothed in the habit of a Franciscan monk, he made his tests. And when he saw them, even the scrupulous Mr. Kolker was forced to agree that there might be something in the theory of a lean faced monk. But he still refused to believe the best. "Well, anyway," he comforted himself, "I'm still old Montague." Till the telephone rang again. "You're it, Henry," Mr. Cukor told him. Miracles do happen. And that, in case you should be curious about it, is why the friar sits in his chair, looking as though everything were for the best.

You've probably been wondering about the white-smocked little man, standing unobtrusively at his easel, a palette in one hand, a bouquet of brushes in the other, intent on the picture of the tomb scene he's transferring to canvas. In the formality of his wing collar and bow tie against the informality of his smock, topped by his face of a wise, shy, lovable gnome, he looks like a character out of Dickens. "He must be somebody," you decide. He is somebody—Sir John Lavery, eminent English artist, lover and creator of beauty, drawn here by the already far-famed loveliness of the Cedric Gibbons sets.

He tiptoes over and whispers in Miss Shearer's ear, eyeing her half hopefully, half anxiously meantime, as a troubled boy might eye his ever-helpful mother. They both glance toward the set, hidden from view now by tall black screens. Miss Shearer gives him a conspiratorial nod and vanishes behind the screens. Two minutes later they're removed. The fairy god mother's eyelid droops in a solemn wink at Sir John who, beaming like a cherub, returns to his canvas.

Only once more this afternoon is his work interrupted. Once more the screens obstruct his view and yours, but when they are parted this time, they reveal a loveliness worth waiting for.

The chill of the tomb has been warmed to life. A lustrous pall of palest gold satin, from which the lamps strike subtle lights and shadows, covers the harshness of the bier. The candles burn. Juliet lies under a gossamer web, weighted with pearls to keep it from floating away. Her dark head in its coronet of leaves rests on a gold-stitched pillow, her palms meet as if in prayer. And though the semblance of death has closed her merry brown eyes, you feel an impulse to cry with Romeo:

"For here lies Juliet, and her beauty makes
This vault a feasting presence full of light."

The profile turned toward you is so pure, so young, so innocent—the attitude so moving, the whole poignant picture so magically what it ought to be, that suddenly Juliet and Norma Shearer melt into one, and you long to see her dancing at the Capulet ball, leaning over a balcony to tell a strange young man how much she loves him, losing patience with the nurse, defying her father to marry her to the count. All the beautiful scenes Shakespeare has written for her pass before your mind's eye. Today you saw Juliet dead. And the sight has sent your heart leaping ahead to the day that will bring her to life for you in all her gayety and graciousness, on the screen.



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Rochelle Hudson's Love Hoax

[*Continued from page 43*]

Rochelle, with her blue eyes twinkling didn't look like a jilted damsel. Nobody could believe that anyone could be thrown over and still look like that! No, it was much easier to believe that she had done the throwing—and probably for somebody else. Finally curiosity got the cat and someone asked her frankly if that was the case. Whereupon Rochelle smiled. She couldn't help it. The whole situation was so absurd. And for a second time as she was just about to wipe the slate clean, the opportunity was lost. Her blush lost it for her the first time. Her smile lost it for her now.

That smile meant only one thing to her questioner. It was such a happy smug smile . . . without doubt the smile of accedance.

Again the word spread like wildfire. Rochelle Hudson had a second man dangling on a string!

Her stock soared to the skies. That very afternoon the publicity department called her and begged her to come in and make some publicity stills. They shot her in black chiffon, in pink satin, and in almost nothing at all. And those pictures were plastered all over town . . . on the desk of gossip writers, magazine editors and most important of all, on the desks of *casting directors.* Within a week Rochelle was called for a part, the first part she'd had in many moons!

Rochelle, even at seventeen, was no fool. Maybe she hadn't started these romances intentionally, but now that they were started, she saw quite plainly that the thing to do was to keep them rolling. True, it might cost a little to send herself flowers, and buy herself bracelets—still, just the same, as long as the romance paid dividends. . . .

It's goofy of course . . . the whole thing. As goofy as any big romantic lie cooked up by any boarding school girl would be. But Hollywood is easily fooled, and Rochelle wasn't foolish enough to feel any scruples about that. The only concern she felt at all was about Barry Trivers. She didn't mind what happened to her; she only hoped that she hadn't caused him any trouble! In the future she'd be more careful.

After that when anyone asked Rochelle about her "new" fiancé, she'd wink and look wise and say, "He's a big movie magnate! No, let me see . . . he's a millionaire sportsman . . ." and pretend that she was trying so hard to throw them off the track, when what she really was doing was intriguing them all the more. It got to be quite a game, after a while . . . what with trying to remember where they went the night before, whose music they danced to, what kind of flowers he sent her, and what she wore—all of which information was sought daily by the publicity department.

Pretty soon Rochelle figured she'd better send this second lover away before he got shopworn and before people stopped wondering about him. It was no sooner said than done. The poor fellow went to London, I believe.

The third was as unintentional as the first two. Only he was patterned after a real person. One of Rochelle's ex-high school mates had come to work in the publicity department at the studio. For years ever since Rochelle was fifteen and he was seventeen, they had been calling each other "Husband" and "Wifey"—just in fun. On the lot they continued to do so—just a gag that all kids indulge in. But what seems normal in the rest of the world, bears strict watching in Hollywood. Gossipers passed it up for a week, for a month. But it finally got them. Yes, *but definitely,* Rochelle and this boy had been secretly married for three years!

Rochelle's fourth lover was probably the most influential of all. And the most unexpected. He came into being some time after Rochelle's phantom marriage had blown over . . . on the same day her dog died, as a matter of fact. Rochelle appeared on the lot that day with her face and her eyes all swollen and red from tears. She was so forlorn-looking that no one even dared ask her "what causes that?" They didn't have to ask. They just knew that it was the tragic end of a beautiful young love! So really, Rochelle's fourth unknown lover was both born and buried all in the same day!

He was influential in this respect. It was just shortly after that Rochelle won an important rôle in the Universal picture, *Imitation of Life.* It was the first really heavy, tragic, disappointed-in-love part that she had ever played! No one had thought her suitable before! And with that picture, and ever since, Rochelle's career has been on the up-wing!

A lot of careers have been started on hoaxes. One actress won attention by posing as an English star . . . another by pretending to be a famous heiress . . . still another by claiming a title to a throne . . . and so on and on . . . but Rochelle's was really the most original . . . most unpremeditated . . . and, judging from results, the most successful.



Eleanor Whitney, famous dancer and budding screen star, wears the new Jantzen "Kerchief," a two piece swimming suit which is taking Hollywood by storm. The kerchief tucks under the belt in front and leaves the back exposed for sun bathing

Commencement Time

[*Continued from page 57*]

neat, high collar to the more frivolous ones all bedecked with ruffles. However, if you are a small blonde a dress of that ruffly type is suitable.

Materials are, oh so important, and should be chosen carefully and in keeping with the mode gown. Organdie, organza, tulle, chiffon and taffeta all make up well in the fluffier types, while crepes, satins, clocky, brizette and other similar fabrics are more adapted to tailored lines. Colors also play a part in the choice of a graduation dress. Many schools allow only white to be worn while others suggest pastel shades as being in order for a picturesque effect. Naturally, dark colors are never worn and would be decidedly out of place. Because of the many parties planned after the exercises, pick a dress that will look attractive for any date that you happen to have, but remember—nothing is smart that is too formal for a girl of graduation age.

In closing, here are a few very definite "don'ts" to follow: First—*don't* wear a wrist watch. Granted, it might have been a graduation present and it is probably very lovely, but nevertheless it will spoil your smart appearance and there will be many other days to enjoy the gift, so for this one night lay it aside and don't let it mar that essence of good style that you want to prevail.

Be very careful about jewelry. If the neck of your gown is high, ruffled or otherwise trimmed, *don't* wear a necklace or beads of any kind. Too many bracelets and rings are also poor taste. If a ring or bracelet must be worn, let one suffice. Never, never permit it to be said that you were the one sore thumb in the whole parade because you wore earrings. At best, the style of baubles on the ears is a poor one and should be left to the natives of darkest Africa.

Hair ornaments belong in the list of don'ts. If they are becoming and do something for your gown put them on after graduation and wear them to the party, but *don't* be caught trying to look like your favorite movie star while reaching for a diploma.

Flowers pinned on the dress is another *don't*. Usually one carries a bouquet; if so, the extra flowers are lost, if not, it looks decidedly out of place to be the only one out of perhaps twenty to wear a corsage. And, another point, always be sure that your corsage, if you must wear one, is in keeping with your dress.

Remember just one thing—the essence of good taste is expressed through the medium of the clothes that we wear—make them simple yet smart and keep in mind the fact that it is always better to be underdressed than overdressed.



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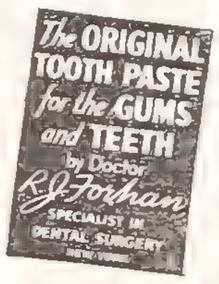
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The Road to Glory

[*Continued from page* 31]

aspirin and huge glasses of cognac, shutting out the images of the men who have died in carrying out his orders. He lives only to return to *Monique,* sweet young nurse, played by June Lang, whose admiration and affection for him almost cross the borderline into love. His few brief hours with her between trips to the front, and his memories of those peaceful hours, are all that keep him going . . . with the aspirin and the cognac. He is not a sentimentalist. He will not let himself think of love or speak of love while there is a war.

Fredric March is *Lieutenant Michel Dinet,* flippant, daring, new to trench warfare, who joins *La Roche's* outfit just before it moves back into the front lines. Before he ever meets *La Roche,* however, he meets *Monique.* There is an air raid over the town in which the troops are quartered. She takes shelter in the doorway of a house in whose cellar he has found a battered old piano, on which he is pounding out an improvised symphony when he sees her pretty ankles. He persuades her to come inside, there attempts to make love to her in the fast military manner; she rebuffs him cleverly, leaves without telling him her name. He does not know that she is his superior officer's reason for living. He determines to know her better—later.

Lionel Barrymore, who once played another memorable war father in *I Killed a Man,* is *Papa La Roche*—who fought in the War of 1870, blew the bugle calling for the cavalry charge at Sedan, and has a low opinion of modern soldiers, fighting like grubworms in holes in the ground. He has his hair dyed, lies about his age, and calls himself *Morain,* determined to fight again in the 39th Battalion, which Napoleon had founded and in which his son is now a captain. He also has just joined *Capt. La Roche's* outfit—and he does not want the captain to learn his identity . . . Gregory Ratoff is *Private Bouffiou,* buffoon of the company, who can whistle only two tunes, both out of key—who is tricked by *Papa La Roche* into destroying the order sending the old man home—and who later meets a tragic end, when the old man, insane with terror in a shell hole, mistakes three French soldiers for Germans and throws a hand grenade . . . Victor Killian is *Sergeant Regnier,* contact man between the officers and the privates, who gives the soldiers his own respect for the captain's courage.

Before they start for the front, *Lieut. Dinet* tells *Capt. La Roche* that he is a murderer because of the men he sacrifices, the replacements he needs. He changes his mind after he sees the sector that *La Roche's* company has been holding.

THE setting for the scene was in a far corner of the spacious and spotless 20th Century-Fox lot—and it was much larger than the usual handmade outdoor set. It was easily three hundred feet wide, a hundred feet deep. High above the entire set was stretched sheeting, to diffuse the brilliant California sunlight. Around three sides of the set, rising from the ground to the cloth ceiling, was bleached canvas painted with faint ripples of gray to simulate a smoke-clouded horizon. Raised off the ground about six feet, "No Man's Land" had been constructed on a foundation of wooden platforms, crisscrossed with a labyrinth of trenches and barbed wire entanglements. Here and there stood a scarred and barren tree, bullet-shattered. And underfoot, everywhere, there was earth—earth so thick that a heavy wetting had converted it into soggy mud. The trenches did not look as if they had been manufactured by studio carpenters and plasterers.

Only one small section of the set was devoted to the "registered area" across which the troops had to run. This particular section was devoid of any trench, but was pockmarked with imitation shell holes. It was not easy ground to run across, even though the distance was only a few feet.

When you see that particular scene in the picture, you will swear that the ground is exploding under the very feet of the soldiers; you will swear that you see great pieces of rock hurtled into the air, along with dirt. But the movies do not risk lives like that. I'll tell you how that explosive effect was managed—harmlessly.

In the "registered area" were imbedded approximately a dozen shallow iron cans, two feet in diameter. In each of these was placed a charge of powder, with wires leading to a central switchboard; over the powder were laid great chunks of lightweight, brown-and-black cork; over the cork was spread several inches of dirt. At a given signal from someone near the camera, the charges were set off in a prearranged sequence, producing an illusion that the section was being blasted to pieces by shellfire, with soldiers in the thick of it. The "smoke" overspreading the ground was produced by releasing a fine powder in front of a large wind machine, just out of camera range. Both effects were planned by effects-man Louis Witte, who saw the real thing in France. Fascinating fakery? You will be swept away by the realism of it when you see it on the screen!

The set was used again, later in the picture, for a scene in which Barrymore deliberately falls on an unexploded shell in the mud, covering it with his body, preventing its explosion, saving himself and his comrades with his heroism. And there is no mistaking the fact that it is mud into which he drops! Barrymore's agility in this scene will surprise you. Perhaps you do not know that, despite his years, he trains like an athlete, keeping fit constantly. This is a holdover from the days when wrestling was one of his hobbies. . . . He gives a magnificent performance as the tall, painfully erect old man who was once a soldier and longs to be a soldier again, fighting side by side with his son . . . the old man who wants to be brave, to make his son proud of him, and who knows terror—stark, raving terror—for the first time in his life . . . the old man who comes to a glorious end.

Baxter, himself, has one of the finest rôles of his career as the captain who must keep up his courage, who takes refuge in aspirin and cognac and wistful, fragmentary thoughts about a pretty girl who idolizes him. One of his most memorable scenes occurs after the outfit arrives back in the trenches and the nerves of all the men are shattered by the cries of a wounded *Poilu,* caught on barbed wire out in No Man's Land, who cannot be rescued . . . and Baxter has to end the man's misery, and the torture of his troops, with his revolver.

I talked with Baxter on the set of a dugout scene. (The dugout, by the way, was built indoors—just behind a French courtyard scene that lacked only the aroma to make it real.) "I certainly have run the

gamut of characters in my last few pictures," he ruminated, with a thoughtful smile. He counted off the rôles on his fingers. "First, an Early California bandit in *Robin Hood of El Dorado*—an amiable hombre with a mania for murder. Then, a tough Broadway producer in *The King of Burlesque*. Then, a Civil War doctor and victim of injustice in *The Prisoner of Shark Island*. I enjoyed doing that. I'd like to do more little-known characters out of American history; it's a field that has hardly been touched. And now, this French captain who is as hard as nails, thanks to aspirin and cognac.

"Sure, I like the variety. I hope it keeps up. If I never have to wear another dress suit, and play another millionaire, the rest of my life, I'll be happy. I don't think I could get into a dress suit now anyway. Playing in two costume pictures in a row I haven't had to watch my waistline, and I've been having orgies, eating whatever I liked. . . . You know, I'm hoping to be around a long time yet. That's why I like these character parts. They don't kill an actor's popularity as straight hero rôles can. There's more variety to them. And these last four rôles are helping me to bridge that gap between straight hero rôles and character rôles. It's not an easy gap to get across."

Fredric March has a less serious rôle, but a highly dramatic one, as the young lieutenant who has the conceit knocked out of him by contact with a man who has seen months of war, and then, unknowingly, steals away the girl whom the other man loves. Freddie, fresh from *Anthony Adverse*, told me: "This rôle is gay, light, amusing—different from anything I have done recently. I like it. It gives me a nice change of pace after *Adverse*. But, God, are these uniforms hot! . . . I'm enjoying working with Baxter, Lionel Barrymore and Howard Hawks. Watch Hawks in action. It's an education."

EVERYONE working on the picture is excited by it. But the most excited of all is little June Lang, who has the opportunity of a lifetime—the only feminine rôle in the biggest war picture in years. "I'm so excited that I can't sit still," she told me, "even though I've been working on the picture now for weeks. I can't sleep at night, thinking about it." She added, naïvely, "And my mother is even worse than I am. I brought her to the studio to see some rushes with me, and she came out crying. 'Why, Mama,' I said, 'what's the matter? Those scenes weren't sad.' And she said, 'I'm crying because I never dreamed my little girl could be such an actress.' I hope she's right—about the acting part."

She is very young, very slight, with merry blue eyes and darkish-blond hair. You wonder, meeting her, if she is not too young for so emotional a part. Then you see her before the camera—and you understand her mother's reaction. The girl can act. Darryl Zanuck gave her the rôle, which many a star would have coveted, because he had a hunch that she could play it in the starry manner. And the fact that she was not replaced after the first few scenes, when a change would not have been expensive, was the tip-off that June was doing all right.

Fredric March told me, "This picture has a great script, with a swell ending. It's about time the movies stopped being fantastic and namby-pamby about war and told a few of the facts. This picture does that. And it ends with me chewing the aspirin, and drinking the cognac that Baxter had needed—and the war goes on. People are going to remember it."

And I don't think Freddie is mistaken.

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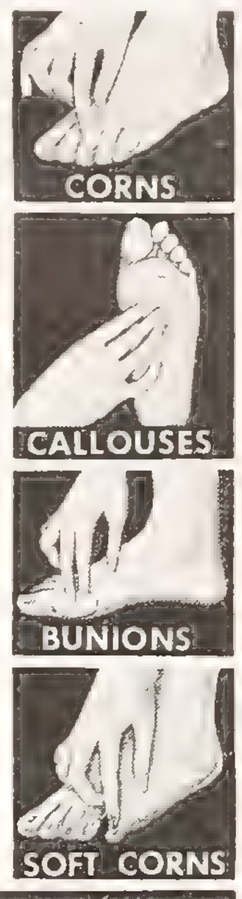
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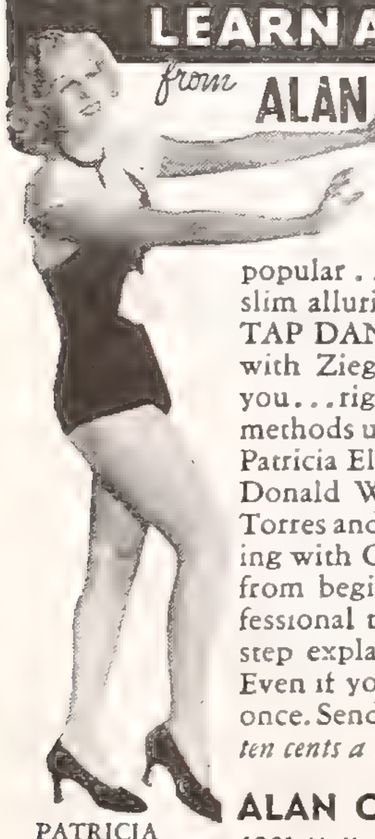
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Katy Had a Complex

[*Continued from page 32*]

Should she take the train there—or back to Hartford and admit defeat?

"Baltimore," said Katy, and the roll dropped to the floor. . . .

Knopf engaged her. No one could say why. Not even Knopf. But he gave her a small part in *The Czarine.*

Kenneth MacKenna was guest star. In the wings one afternoon a girl approached him. She was obviously well-bred, well-educated, and so shy that even her freckles were dyed scarlet. "What's wrong with me,—As an actress, I mean?'

"What's wrong with you? *Everything!"* he assured her gently. She was guilty of all the professional sins in the catalogue . . . running her words together at express train rate, walking heavily, "mugging."

Katy drew in a sharp breath but she took it standing because MacKenna added constructive advice. That night, however, was the last straw. One of the dressing room doors was ajar as she came down the hall. She heard girls' voices giggling. *"Hepburn!* My dear, can you imagine HER a STAR? That gawky creature! I tell you she's 95 per cent legs and 5 per cent temper!"

Katy thrust her head in. "Right you are—" she shouted. "But at least I don't *giggle!"* And she slammed the door.

IT HURT, though. She *was* gawky. Katy returned to New York. She went straight to Frances Robinson Duff's studio and stood before the famous dramatic coach with feet planted firmly together, lips set. "I-want-to-act—I-want-desperately-to-be-a-good-actress—Can-you-oh-*w o u l d-you*-help-me?"

Miss Duff smiled. "Do you speak as fast as that ordinarily?"

"I guess so. But that's only one of the things that are wrong with me."

The Duff smile deepened. "Well, you have plenty of zeal, anyway. I believe we can do something."

Now, the "something" meant five hours of strenuous work a day. Vocal scales. Reading aloud until Katy was so tired of her own voice she'd turn on the loudest jazz record and yell. It meant astonishing facial exercises. It meant toeing a white chalk mark for half an hour at a stretch. Still she was unsatisfied. Someone told her the Russian ballet is the finest thing in the world to make one graceful. But Katy wasn't thinking of that. She went to Michael Mordkin, past master of the art, for instruction. . . .

One, two, three, *on your toes.* . . . One, two, three, *ache-ache-ache.* . . . Her back was breaking. Her feet were points of fire that she seemed to view through the wrong end of a telescope.

"It's killing me," she told Miss Duff, "but I'm going through with it."

And she did. *For one entire year.*

Within sight and sound of Broadway she worked, keeping her eyes fastened on its bright lights. There was no leisure. Katy was twenty and it's difficult to sacrifice all your fun at that age. Her telephone would ring and it would be for some houseparty up in the Adirondacks or a week-end at Annapolis or possibly for the Harvard regatta. Hard to say "No" so consistently. Especially to a certain quiet young man by the name of Ludlow Smith. But he understood better than the rest. Sometimes at night they'd drive around Central Park in an ancient hansom cab, her head on his shoulder. "I'm so tired, Lud."

He only nodded. He knew better than to urge her to give it up.

They were married, those two. And as plain Kate Smith she was pretty sure she had a private lease on Paradise. As Katharine Hepburn she plunged determinedly on with her career. He made no attempt to interrupt. Her voice was exquisitely modulated now; she knew how to walk, balancing on the balls of her feet, so that she seemed to glide. Her movements had an ease and grace that belied her excitement. *If she had given up the best year of her life to master all that—well, it was worth it.*



Bing Crosby and Bob Burns (right) take time out for a bit of clowning during rehearsals in the new N. B. C. studios. Burns, already a reigning radio favorite, will also play an important role in Bing's next motion picture

But Katharine was to give up more. So much more than she alone knows the price.

In the star dressing room there was laughter and confusion and the heavy fragrance of flowers. Still in her costume of armor, Katy accepted the homage of an audience gone a little mad. *The Warrior's Husband was more than a success.* It was her personal triumph and everyone was crowding in to tell her so. Someone shoved in front of Ludlow Smith just as he was reaching out to take her in his arms. He dropped them hurriedly. A presentiment? A symbolic shadow falling between them?

Five months later Katharine was in Hollywood making *A Bill of Divorcement.* And from the moment she walked into the studio her success in the movies was a challenge. George Cukor, the director, had fought tooth and nail to get the part for her. He believed in her. But as she came into the commissary that first noon, looking like no movie star ever looked before, even his faith faltered.

It took every ounce of energy Katharine had—that challenge. Hepburn, glamorous? The snickers grew into loud guffaws heard around the entire place. Her face, they said, was impossible to photograph. Her voice, the hardest to record. . . .

The word announcing her success didn't find her relaxing at home. It found her in the Austrian Tyrol just in from a twelve mile bicycle ride which she'd taken to try and stem her fears. It mentioned stardom awaiting her and a fabulous contract.

"Okeh, baby," she cabled back irrelevantly and packed her bag.

But stardom for Katharine Hepburn meant the highest sacrifice. You cannot keep love alive when two people walk along separate roads. She was forced to surrender that. She surrendered friendships, close friendships. Even Garbo has a coterie of people she mingles with in Hollywood. Hepburn has none.

A station wagon came banging down Melrose Avenue. The kid on the curb thumbed towards Vine street. There was a screech of brakes and the red-headed girl at the wheel called, "Hop in, Boy!" Once inside, he surveyed her with interest. "Gee, you got make-up on. In movies?"

She couldn't be doing so well though, he figured. Not with those patched overalls she was wearing! The Kid had no way of knowing that within the hour she'd exchange them for a queen's soft robes. . . . "Getting tough breaks?" he sympathized.

"No," said the girl at the wheel. "I can't complain. I've been working pretty steadily now for some time." She sliced through traffic, missed a truck by a hair's breadth, skimmed under a red light. "Gosh," he said, "you sure can drive!"

For an instant there was a strange look in the girl's eyes. *"You have to,"* she said simply, *"if you want to get where you're headed for!"*

Sacrifice . . . Katharine Hepburn knows the full meaning of the word. Perhaps that is why she understands the rôle of Mary Queen of Scots, as few actresses have understood it. Mary knew sacrifice too. Giving up her beloved France—relinquishing love—even giving up her throne to an Ideal. . . .

Katharine Hepburn's *Mary* will be something to remember.

Watch July MOVIE CLASSIC for an announcement of the Prize-Winners in the Pickford-Lasky Trademark Contest!



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In Quest of Romance

[*Continued from page 47*]

jungle would finish him on land . . . But then, risks like that are the white man's job . . .

Despite the appalling heat, despite the cloud of infinitesimal gnats that swarmed about his head, Errol Flynn looked a dashing figure as he stood in the bow and gave the order to cast off. The District Officer smiled as he watched. He remembered his own first trip "deep in."

There is little to be gained in describing the horrid, fascinating beauty of that long trip up river, the magnificence of gigantic, flame colored poinciannas against the brilliant green, the whole framed by a blue so intense that it hurt the unaccustomed eyes. Time after time they were stopped by swarms of native canoes which materialized suddenly from the shadow of brush covered banks. In each case it was the signal for forced bartering, trade knives and beads for cured heads and amazingly carved wooden objects—just to keep the natives friendly, not that that meant any insurance against treachery on the down voyage. Especially in view of the fact that the whole river would have been warned by the silent ju-ju wireless that "Govamin" had prisoners.

Errol was distinctly worried by one ominous demonstration—or lack of it. In the entire run he never saw a single native woman or child. When the women are sent into the deep brush on the arrival of a white—well, it may mean anything, and usually does.

He lost all track of time, knew nothing but the unending twists of the river as fever wracked his body. He consumed incredible amounts of quinine and forced himself and his reluctant boys on. Even they were no safer than he in this hostile country. At length the boat scraped bottom far up in the headwater. A day's rest and then on through the brush—the nerve shattering, deadly brush.

In the midst of a gloriously quiet clearing his advance gun boy gave a gurgling scream and fell, an arrow shaft neatly splitting his throat . . . and there wasn't a sound or a movement anywhere. They called a halt—and in five minutes another silent arrow pierced a native soldier. The terrified boys cast appealing glances at their leader and began edging along the back trail. If he was ever to amount to anything in the service, now was the time to show that brilliance and resourcefulness that characterizes a leader. He summoned his Number One boy and gave brief instructions. The boy, desperately trying to cover his fear, stepped forward alone, firmly grasping a green palm frond in the universal signal of peace. His arms wide to the silent jungle he began his chant-like exhortation.

"Master fellah him savvy great ju-ju. Master fellah make ju-ju kill all pig, all boy-child. Master fellah say come out bush savvy bow down."

He illustrated by crawling around on all fours, but still the jungle wall was silent and brooding. With a recurrence of fear the boy looked back at Flynn who gave him a tight little nod. After all, everything depended on this trick.

Maru, the boy, continued with a notable lessening of confidence, "Master fellah him make great ju-ju now. Kai-kai man no come after, Master fellah savvy kill 'em pig, boy." With this, his duty done, he turned and incontinently fled. Panic swept the other boys like a flame and they, too, dropped their burdens and scrambled into the brush leaving young Flynn alone in the depths of the jungle—knowing himself to be surrounded by unspeakable perils. Calmly he stepped forward and pulled a magnesium, three-colored flare from his pack and jammed the point deep in the soft turf as many a boy has done on the Fourth of July. He felt in his pocket for a match, hid it in his hand with just the tip free.

"Master fellah," he declaimed loudly, feeling a bit silly without being able to see his audience, "make fire in finger!" With a great show of mumbo-jumbo, he snicked the match and it burst into flame. "Master fellah make stick burn many colors much smoke!" He touched the fuse with his "burning finger" and the flare burned gorgeously for three minutes, first red, then yellow and then green and withal accompanied by a weird hopping dance to the tune of "Yes, we have no bananas!" sung like a Gregorian chant. Long before Errol "told the light to go out," the border of the jungle stirred and half-a-hundred naked, clay-painted head hunters crawled dismally forth in complete and piteous submission.

Those same fear-striken cannibals were the very men who went to the next village



Ex-Olympic athlete and firm believer in physical fitness, Errol Flynn keeps in the pink of condition via the daily workout route, usually squeezing a few sets of tennis into every day's schedule

and themselves hailed forth the tribal chief and his two sons who had started the rampage, while Mr. Flynn did his best to emulate a great white God in his clearing, surrounded by his now confident and joking boys.

But, on his return to the Kaviang District Office, the boy had grown into a fever-ridden man. It wasn't just the loss of two stone in weight, it was the burning light in the eyes of him that told the story of fever and horror in the long jungle nights. On the whole he'd done well—only lost three boys! One more joined his forefathers by carelessly stepping on a small green snake with a coral, flower-like head that even the naturalists have no name for. . . . But the bushmen know that its victims' eyes pop clear of their sockets before death's slow but merciful wings close about the tortured body . . .

Such is the country "deep in."

There followed more of such expeditions until Flynn became known throughout the Islands as man of supreme endurance—and luck! But to the childlike natives that luck meant but one thing—great and all-powerful ju-ju.

For example, there is the tale of the Spring Bed. Errol likes his comfort, so he saved his pay until he had enough to send to Port Moresby in southeastern Papua for a woven spring bed. It was installed under his mosquito netting in his high-stilted house. The houses there are all stilted for sanitary reasons and protection against wild beasts and snakes; the flooring is, of course, just slats of loosely woven black bamboo to allow good air circulation.

Constable Flynn was enjoying a brief respite after having brought another murderer, this time a poison ju-ju man, to book. He was sleeping the sleep of the just when he heard a sudden loud commotion beneath the house and the howls of an infuriated Ferguson Islander. He leapt down the stairs, electric torch in hand, there to confront the native dancing in a towering rage. It seems that the friendly laddy was a relation of the imprisoned poisoner and had trailed the party out of the brush in an effort to get Errol. He had waited until Errol was asleep in his bed, having carefully watched through a chink in the floor. And then, with great care, had inserted his spear point through the chink and given it a mighty thrust, thinking to impale this White-Man on the poisoned barb. Imagine his consternation when the point of his spear not only didn't get the intended victim but stuck in the coils of the spring!

The bushboy was sobbing in rage. What kind of a man was this, he wanted to know, who set traps to actually steal spears from their rightful owners? He wanted his spear back at once and damages as well! It probably was no longer any good for anything bigger than a pig and nothing short of a present would set things right again!

With a grin Errol repaired to his al fresco bedroom, disentangled the spear, taking care not to touch the poisonous barb, returned it to its owner with a warning—and a swift kick where his pants should have been by the way of "damages"!

Not long after that he left the Constabulary for a better paying job recruiting native labor for a friendly plantation owner. He made two trips into the brush and by dint of hard work and the distribution of trade-goods brought out small parties of boys to be indentured for three years' work in the cane fields. Boys who had worked before were easy to get, knowing full well the safety, food and Medicine-Parade care [*Continued on page* 68]

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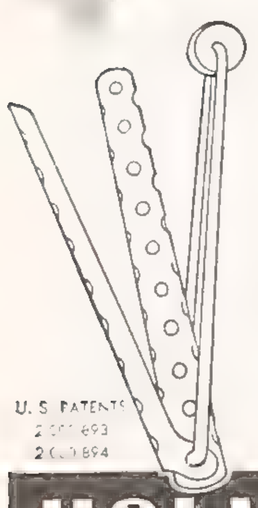
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In Quest of Romance

[*Continued from page 67*]

they got in addition to accumulated wages, but the others, always as suspicious as untamed beasts, were another matter!

The first trip "deep in" passed without incident as such things go. The territory cannot be mentioned for obvious reasons—among these the fact that a certain district officer of Flynn's acquaintance had, through a smooth approach, demanded what was, in effect, graft to allow Flynn to operate as labor recruiter. This, knowing Flynn as you do by now, was bluntly refused—perhaps too bluntly for the bush country where white men need every possible friend. But Errol was Irish and had the quick temper as well as the ready wit of his people.

On his second trip "deep in" for another batch of husky boys he doubtfully accepted one huge head-hunter who was obviously in a bad way from dysentery. But he finally decided to take him from humanitarian motives, knowing that the boy could be cured by white man's medicine . . . What he wasn't told by the crafty village chief was that the boy was *gai-foo*—crazy and homicidal, to boot.

So it was that on the third day of the return trip that the boy leapt wildly from his noonday meal, seized a huge, razor-like bush knife and tried to decapitate Flynn's Number One boy. He would have succeeded—Number One was sleeping—had Flynn not drawn his pistol and fired offhand from thirty yards, dropping the blood-crazed savage like a pole-axed bullock.

Within two days he passed the residence of the unfriendly District Officer, a day's march off his course, for the express purpose of making the usual report. The word "usual" is used advisedly; such things are not infrequent occurrences in a savage and barbaric country where self-preservation is paramount.

The District Officer seemed pleased when Errol made out his perfunctory report of the incident. Young Mr. Flynn, however, thought no more of it—sure the man was slightly daft anyway—and proceeded on down to the comparatively large coast settlement.

He was utterly nonplussed to be met there by a squad of native soldiers and a reluctant white officer who placed him under arrest! The District Officer had telegraphed formal charges of willful and deliberate murder against him! To say nothing of the additional charge of suppressing vital evidence, perjury and half a dozen other counts making him appear a black-birder of the worst order!

And, from his own experience as a D.C., Flynn knew that His Majesty's "Govamin" is even more severe with white offenders than with natives in an effort to maintain that impartial justice so necessary when handling large hordes of natives going through the process of civilizing.

He was in a bad mess and he knew it as he made his way to the "Govamin" building until arrest. Witnesses? Just his own crew of native boys—and native boys aren't considered very good witnesses in Papua!

Flynn somberly remembered the fate of a black-birder he, himself, had helped to bring to justice.

His body had dangled on a length of hemp down in Sydney . . . . .

(To be continued)

The Secret of Her BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION

and her popularity



A CLEAR, naturally lovely skin—radiant health—sparkling eyes! These are the things that attract and hold men.

Nature intended you to have these natural charms. If you don't have them, something is wrong; but perhaps nothing more serious than the ordinary fault of sluggish elimination. The system becomes clogged with poisonous wastes which often cause dull or broken-out skin, loss of energy, headache run-down condition.

Thousands of women find relief for these troubles in Stuart's Calcium Wafers. These marvelous little wafers gently help the system eliminate waste products. In a very few days you should feel and see a change. Your skin clearer! Your eyes brighter! Your energy renewed! Stuart's Calcium Wafers are 10c and 60c at all drug stores. Try them—results should delight you!

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BEGINNERS TAP Elementary steps and 2 easy routines.

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and Get All Your Own Dresses Without a Penny of Cost

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To relieve the torturing pain of Rheumatism, Neuritis, Neuralgia or Lumbago in 9 minutes, get the Doctor's Prescription **NURITO.** Absolutely safe. No opiates, no narcotics. Does the work quickly—and must relieve your pain in nine minutes or money back at Druggist's. Don't suffer. Use guaranteed **NURITO** today.

The Biggest Heart In Town

[*Continued from page* 49]

private police and office workers reaches another $1,200. Telephone bills, water and a hundred what-nots boost the monthly overhead to an easy $2,000.

VIC dismisses this cynical questioning of his motives with an easy answer. "I get a lot of fun watching kids having a good time," he says.

Ask him if he hopes for a financial return and he dodges the issue. To complete the answer one has to contact Frank Moran, Vic's second hand and manager of stadium and Troop activities.

"Vic's a big kid," says Moran, "I don't know of a bigger-hearted guy in the country. Every now and then I ask him why he doesn't cut down on expenses and he says that he's getting his money's worth.

"I do know that he gets a lot of fun out of drilling his troops and I suppose $500 a week isn't too much if you're enjoying yourself and helping people to happier and healthier lives. The boss gets a lot of fun out of matchmaking," Frank whispers, "and I guess he feels that gives him all his money's worth."

Burly Victor McLaglen in the rôle of Cupid is something. His method isn't as subtle as some would like, but it is effective and maybe that is what counts. The procedure is direct and to the point. He spots a couple pairing off after maneuvers and the minute he gets the chance, singles the girl out for a little talk.

"That boy you were with is a swell kid," he tells her. "I'm very fond of him. He'd make a nice husband for some girl."

"You two kids look lonesome," he tells the youth. "Look, I've got a couple of theater tickets and they owe me two swell dinners at so-and-so. Why don't you take her there?"

And so, in a few months' time two shy youngsters apply at the marriage registration bureau and when they marry it is with a fanfare of drums and the clanking of sabres. Within the past year five couples have been shown the path to marriage by these tactics.

This matchmaking business appears to be his first love. His second is the stadium and connected with this is another story proving that Vic isn't sneaking up on an ulterior motive. The stadium is capable of seating 8,000 persons, which means that the structure is a source of potential profit. With two good months he could wipe out his deficit. He not only doesn't want to do that, but has repeatedly fought the idea.

During the season just past a professional football team approached with a proposition for renting the field. The offer was something like $750 for the afternoon, plus a percentage. But he turned it down, and for a quixotic reason. The professionals didn't care to let his troopers and their families in free and so the deal was off.

Following this, and presumably for the purpose of promoting soccer football, he induced the Stanford and University of California teams to journey South to Los Angeles to play U.C.L.A. at the stadium. To do this he had to guarantee all transportation and expenses. The games were played and some 1,500 troopers and relatives attended. That night Vic gave a sumptuous banquet for the collegians.

[*Continued on page* 70]





At Last!

The Perfected CREAM MASCARA -by Maybelline

After long and intensive research to formulate a cream mascara that would be worthy of the name Maybelline, we are proud to announce the finest of all cream form mascaras! We know you will be delighted with the new MAYBELLINE CREAM MASCARA the first time you try it, because it is:

1. Easily applied—without water.
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4. The quickest and easiest way to achieve the *NATURAL* appearance of long dark lustrous lashes.
5. Beneficial to your lashes, keeps them soft and silky.
6. Makes the lashes curl upward.

If you have been disappointed or dissatisfied with other cream mascaras upon discovering they are waxy, gummy or stinging to your eyes—try MAYBELLINE'S perfect and harmless cream form mascara for really delightful eye beauty. The generous introductory size in a specially constructed dainty gold-metal tube, complete with exclusively molded brush, is obtainable NOW at all leading ten cent stores. Colors: Black, Brown and Blue. For perfect eye make-up in good taste—

INSIST on Quality—INSIST on genuine MAYBELLINE

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Tested and Approved 4847 by Good Housekeeping Bureau — GOOD HOUSEKEEPING MAGAZINE

The Biggest Heart in Town

[*Continued from page 69*]

That cost a lot of money.

Along toward the middle of the football season, "Cotton" Warburton and "Inky" Watkins, two U.S.C. immortals, suggested to Vic that he sponsor a professional football club. Twenty minutes later the idea became a reality. He hired a coach, bought uniforms and the team used up fifteen dollars worth of electricity a night for ten days getting into shape. They won their first three games then lost to the redoubtable Green Bay Packers.

And then when the Los Angeles Junior College came to him with a plea for the stadium and field, he charged them but fifty dollars—hardly enough to pay for the janitor service.

A member of his Troop came to him with an invention. The boy was short the money to patent a dual-action carburetor which permitted the use of gasoline or crude oil, interchangeably.

"How much do you need?" asked Vic. "One hundred dollars," replied the inventor. He got the check. Several months later he gave Vic a third interest in the enterprise and it now seems that several large automobile companies are bidding for its exclusive use.

"And that is the only tangible return he has received from his flair for helping others," remarks Frank Moran.

But big Vic McLaglen disputes that.

"My wife and children are well fixed," he says. "I have one of the largest homes in Southern California, and it is mortgage free. I have established a fund to keep this place in taxes and repairs for the next twenty years.

"I've worked steadily for the past twelve years at a top salary and I never threw any of that money away. The way I figure things out now, I've got all the money my family will ever need and I can't think of a better way of spending my surplus than by creating something I'm proud of, something that will give others pleasure.

"You can bet that I'm proud of the stadium and the Lighthorse activities. If I weren't I wouldn't be spending at least thirty hours there every week. Some day the place may pay me back all I've put into it, but I'm not thinking of that now. All I want is the fun I get out of running it. I enjoy the headaches it produces. It keeps me active and gives me a place to play in.

"What more can you ask for?"



The fans are eagerly waiting to see Marion Davies and Dick Powell, who have been teamed once more in *Hearts Divided.*

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YOU can now make at home a better gray hair remedy than you can buy, by following this simple recipe: To half pint of water add one ounce bay rum, a small box of Barbo Compound and one-fourth ounce of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it yourself at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. Barbo imparts color to streaked, faded, or gray hair, makes it soft and glossy and takes years off your looks. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off.



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HAPPY RELIEF FROM PAINFUL BACKACHE

Caused by Tired Kidneys

Many of those gnawing, nagging, painful backaches people blame on colds or strains are often caused by tired kidneys — and may be relieved when treated in the right way.

The kidneys are one of Nature's chief ways of taking acids and wastes out of the blood. A healthy person should pass about 3 pints a day and so get rid of more than 3 pounds of waste matter.

If the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters don't work well, this waste stays in the body and may become poisonous. It may start nagging backaches, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Don't let it lay you up.

Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills — used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help to flush out the 15 miles of kidney tubes. Get Doan's Pills.

Shopping Guide

For store in your city featuring Catalina swim suits.

Birmingham, Alabama
Burger Phillips Co.
Mobile, Alabama
L. Hammel Dry Gds. Co.
Phoenix, Arizona
Diamond Dry Gds. Co., Inc.
Tucson, Arizona
Albert Steinfeld & Co., Inc.
Yuma, Arizona
E. F. Sauguinetti
Little Rock, Arkansas
Pfeifer Bros., Inc.
Berkeley, California
J. F. Hink & Son, Inc.
Fresno, California
E. Gottschalk & Co., Inc.
Hollywood, California
Hollywood Knit Shop
Long Beach, California
Buffum's, Inc.
Los Angeles, California
Broadway Dept. Store, Inc.
Oakland, California
H. C. Capwell Co.
Pasadena, California
F. C. Nash & Co., Inc.
San Bernardino, California
Harris Company, Inc.
San Diego, California
Lion Clothing Co., Inc.
San Francisco, California
Emporium, Inc.
Santa Cruz, California
Samuel Leask & Sons, Inc.
Santa Monica, California
Sponberg's, Inc.
Stockton, California
Katten & Marengo, Inc.
Denver, Colorado
The May Company
Bridgeport, Connecticut
Meigs & Co., Inc.
New London, Connecticut
Blair's
Stamford, Connecticut
The C. O. Miller Co.
Wilmington, Delaware
Kennard Pyle & Co.
Washington, D. C.
Palais Royal, Inc.
Jacksonville, Florida
Akra Bros. (3 stores)
Miami, Florida
Burdines, Inc.
Miami Beach, Florida
Nelsons Dept. Store
Orlando, Florida
Yowell-Drew Co.
St. Petersburg, Florida
Willson-Chase Co.
Tampa, Florida
O. Falk's Dept. Store, Inc.
Atlanta, Georgia
Regenstein's Peachtree Stores
Macon, Georgia
The Union Dry Gds. Co.
Rome, Georgia
The Fahy Store
Boise, Idaho
Falk Mercantile Co., Ltd.
Aurora, Illinois
Alshuler Bros. Co.
Belleville, Illinois
Fellner-Ratheim D. G. Co.
Champaign, Illinois
G. C. Willis Dept. Store
Chicago, Illinois
Marshall Field & Co.
Decatur, Illinois
Gebhart-Gushard Co.
Elgin, Illinois
Ackerman Bros.
Evanston, Illinois
Lord's, Inc.
Peoria, Illinois
B. & M., Inc.
Rockford, Illinois
D. J. Stewart & Co.
Springfield, Illinois
Myers Bros.
Evansville, Indiana
Salm Bros.
Fort Wayne, Indiana
Patterson Fletcher Co., Inc.
Lafayette, Indiana
Loeb & Hene Company
Michigan City, Indiana
Hirsch's
Muncie, Indiana
Ball Stores, Inc.
South Bend, Indiana
Robertson Bros. Dept. Store, Inc.
Terre Haute, Indiana
Root Dry Goods Co.
Vincennes, Indiana
H. Brokhage & Sons
Burlington, Iowa
D. W. Klein Co., Inc.
Des Moines, Iowa
Younker Bros.
Sioux City, Iowa
Davidson Bros. Co.
Waterloo, Iowa
Lauerman Bros. Co.
Hutchinson, Kansas
Levinsons Dept. Store
Leavenworth, Kansas
Ettenson Dry Goods Co.
Topeka, Kansas
Palace Clothing Co.
Wichita, Kansas
Rorabaugh Dry Gds. Co.
Covington, Kentucky
The John R. Coppin Co.
Alexandria, Louisiana
Weiss & Goldring Co.
Baton Rouge, Louisiana
Rosenfield Dry Gds. Co., Ltd.
Lake Charles, Louisiana
Wallace & Walter Hebert Company
Monroe, Louisiana
Masur Bros.
New Orleans, Louisiana
Leon Godchaux Clo. Co., Ltd.
Baltimore, Maryland
The May Company
Cumberland, Maryland
Rosenbaum Bros., Inc.
Springfield, Massachusetts
Albert Steiger, Inc.
Worcester, Massachusetts
Denholm & McKay Co.
Detroit, Michigan
J. L. Hudson Company
Flint, Michigan
Smith Bridgeman & Co.
Grand Rapids, Michigan
Wurzburg Dry Gds. Co.
Jackson, Michigan
L. H. Field Company
Lansing, Michigan
J. W. Knapp Co.
Minneapolis, Minnesota
John W. Thomas & Co.
St. Paul, Minnesota
Schuneman's & Manheimer's
Biloxi, Mississippi
The Specialty Store
Gulfport, Mississippi
George E. Northrop Co.
Columbia, Missouri
Suzanne's, Inc.
Kansas City, Missouri
Kline's
St. Joseph, Missouri
Plymouth Clo. Co., Inc.
St. Louis, Missouri
Famous Barr Company
Missoula, Montana
Missoula Merc. Co.
Grand Island, Nebraska
S. N. Wolbach Sons, Inc.
Lincoln, Nebraska
Miller & Paine, Inc.
Omaha, Nebraska
Herzberg's, Inc.
Reno, Nevada
The Wonder Millinery & Dress Shop, Inc.
Manchester, N. Hamp.
Pariseau's, Inc.
Asbury Park, New Jersey
Tepper Bros., Inc.
Newark, New Jersey
Hahne & Company
New Brunswick, N. J.
P. J. Young D. G. Co. (Nevius Bros. Co.)
Buffalo, New York
J. N. Adam & Company
Niagara Falls, New York
McLeod-Johnson Co., Inc.
Rochester, New York
E. W. Edwards & Sons, Inc.
Yonkers, New York
Fertig's Specialty Shops, Inc.
Asheville, North Carolina
M. V. Moore & Company
Charlotte, North Carolina
J. B. Ivey & Company
Durham, North Carolina
The Ellis Stone Co., Inc.
Greensboro, North Carolina
Vanstory Clothing Co., Inc.
Raleigh, North Carolina
E. J. Ellisberg
Winston-Salem, N. C.
Anchor Co., Inc.
Akron, Ohio
M. O'Neil Company
Cincinnati, Ohio
John Shillito & Co.
Cleveland, Ohio
May Company
Dayton, Ohio
Johnston-Shelton Co.
Steubenville, Ohio
Cooper Kline Co.
Toledo, Ohio
The Lion Dry Goods Co.
Youngstown, Ohio
Strouss Hirshberg Co.
Muskogee, Oklahoma
Calhoun Dry Goods Co.
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma
John A. Brown D. G. Co.
Tulsa, Oklahoma
Brown Dunkin Co., Inc.
Portland, Oregon
Lipman, Wolfe & Co.
McKeesport, Pennsylvania
The Famous Co., Inc.
New Castle, Pennsylvania
Fisher Bros. D. G. Co.
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
Jas. S. Jones & Co., Inc.
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania
Joseph Horne Company
Providence, Rhode Island
Irving Nager
Greenville, South Carolina
Ivey-Keith Company
Spartanburg, S. C.
August W. Smith Co.
Knoxville, Tennessee
Anderson Dulin-Varnell Co.
Memphis, Tennessee
B. Lowenstein & Bros., Inc.
Nashville, Tennessee
Armstrong's
Abilene, Texas
Ernest Grissom, Inc.
Amarillo, Texas
Blackburn Bros., Inc.
Beaumont, Texas
White House D. G. Co.
Corpus Christi, Texas
Smart Shop
Dallas, Texas
A. Harris & Company
El Paso, Texas
Popular Dry Gds. Co.
Fort Worth, Texas
W. C. Stripling Co.
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Robert I. Cohen, Inc.
Houston, Texas
Foley Bros. D. G. Co.
San Antonio, Texas
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Ben F. Smith D. G. Co.
Waco, Texas
Goldstein Migel Co.
Salt Lake City, Utah
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Belk-Leggett Co., Inc.
Norfolk, Virginia
Rices Fashion Corner, Inc.
Richmond, Virginia
Berry-Burk Co.
Bellingham, Washington
J. B. Wahl
Everett, Washington
Grand Leader D. G. Co.
Seattle, Washington
Frederick & Nelson
Spokane, Washington
Palace Kemp & Hebert, Inc.
Charleston West Virginia
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TEN months TO PAY BALANCE

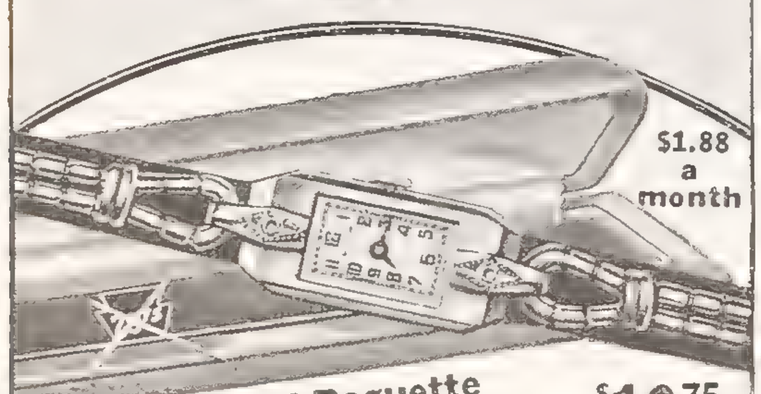
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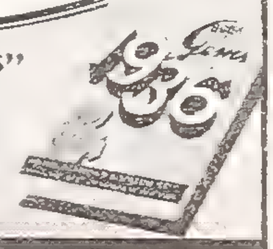
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Gospels of Beauty for June Brides

[*Continued from page* 55]

cream so your make-up will look glowing all evening . . .

Then, before retiring, after your face is thoroughly clean, apply the special cream that nourishes the skin and tissue and works a small miracle in softening them during the night.

Gospel No. 4: Avoid nervous mannerisms. They not only spoil beauty; they're apt to spoil homelife. Nothing is likely to make a man more irritable. Drumming on the arms of a chair—hasn't it nearly driven you insane at times? Yet any number of girls thoughtlessly fall into the habit. Or they keep swinging their feet or playing with a bunch of keys or—and this is the most common—fumbling with their hair. If you find yourself doing anything like that, fold your hands in your lap and keep them there for five minutes. *Don't* get into jerky, nervous ways.

Watch out for such awkwardness—it ruins the effect of a lovely face . . .

The last gospel on Max Factor's list has a special import. It's the most abused of all—yet it has a strong bearing on a couple's happiness. For a wife who *makes up before breakfast is likely to start the day right for her husband!*

Don't send him off with a picture of you all frizzled headed and still asleep. All right once in a while perhaps, but not as a habit! See that he has a good breakfast. More important still, see that you look as fresh as the morning itself. Lips nicely made up, nose powdered, cheeks a-glow—and, above all, be carefully and attractively dressed. Show him that you *care*.

Five gospels of beauty that any bride can practice to hold a husband . . . . .



Anita Louise, currently featured in *The Story of Louis Pasteur,* is an all around athlete—a champion fencer, an expert swimmer and a skillful tennis player

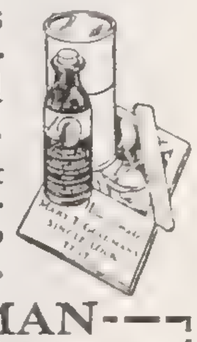


GRAY HAIR

takes on new color

(FREE Test Shows Way)

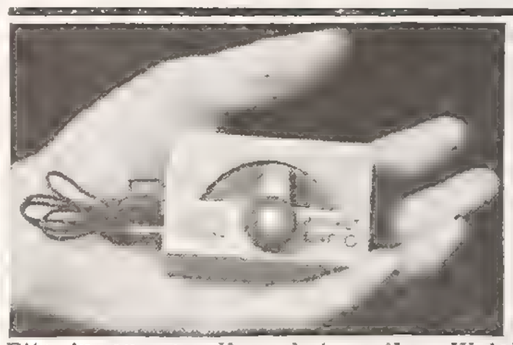
No matter whether your hair is all gray or only streaked with gray, you can transform it with new radiance. And it is so easy. Merely comb Mary T. Goldman's clear, water-white liquid through your hair. Gray strands take on new color: black, brown, auburn, blonde. Will not wash or rub off on clothing . . . Hair stays soft, lustrous —takes wave or curl. This way SAFE. Sold on money-back guarantee at drug and department stores everywhere.



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Fits in any small pocket easily. Weighs only 4 ozs. as shown. Comes in four beautiful colors (Black, Green, Brown, White). No tubes, batteries, or electrical connections needed! Nothing to wear or need replacement—will last for years—only one moving part! Separates and receives broadcast stations with beautiful clear tone. Range up to 50 miles—MUCH GREATER under good conditions—very little static or interference! Can be used by ANYONE ANYWHERE! NO CRYSTALS TO ADJUST! Absolutely complete with midget phone and instructions to use while in bed, hotels, at home, autos, offices, camps, on bicycles or any place you may be. No complicated or messy hookups—takes only a second to connect! THOUSANDS OF SATISFIED OWNERS. THESE ARE FACTS! Send only $1.00 and pay postman $1.99 plus postage on arrival or send $2.99 (Cash, M. O. Check). Ideal Gift. Guaranteed. ORDER NOW! State Color. Foreign orders 65c extra.

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. . . STOPPED IN ONE MINUTE . . .

Are you tormented with the itching tortures of eczema, rashes, athlete's foot, eruptions, or other skin afflictions? For quick and happy relief, use cooling, antiseptic, liquid **D.D.D. PRESCRIPTION.** Its gentle oils soothe the irritated skin. Clear, greaseless and stainless—dries fast. Stops the most intense itching instantly. A 35c trial bottle, at drug stores, proves it—or money back!

MILLIONS USE

"HUSH" *for* **BODY ODORS**

10c SIZE AT 10c STORES





The summer vacationist, facing the hazards of wind, heat and sun which play havoc with complexions unless unusual care is used, will find the several beauty aids illustrated above of great benefit. Alison Alden recommends *Ada Allan's Cleo 3-D All Purpose Cream, DuBarry's Rose Mask Cream, Richard Hudnut's Marvelous Matched Make-up, Luxor's Dusting Powder, Lucky Tiger Hair Tonic* and *Glazo Nail Polishes*

Vacation Beauty Problems

[*Continued from page* 12]

beneficial sunshine vitamin without chancing a fatal case of sunburn or tan.

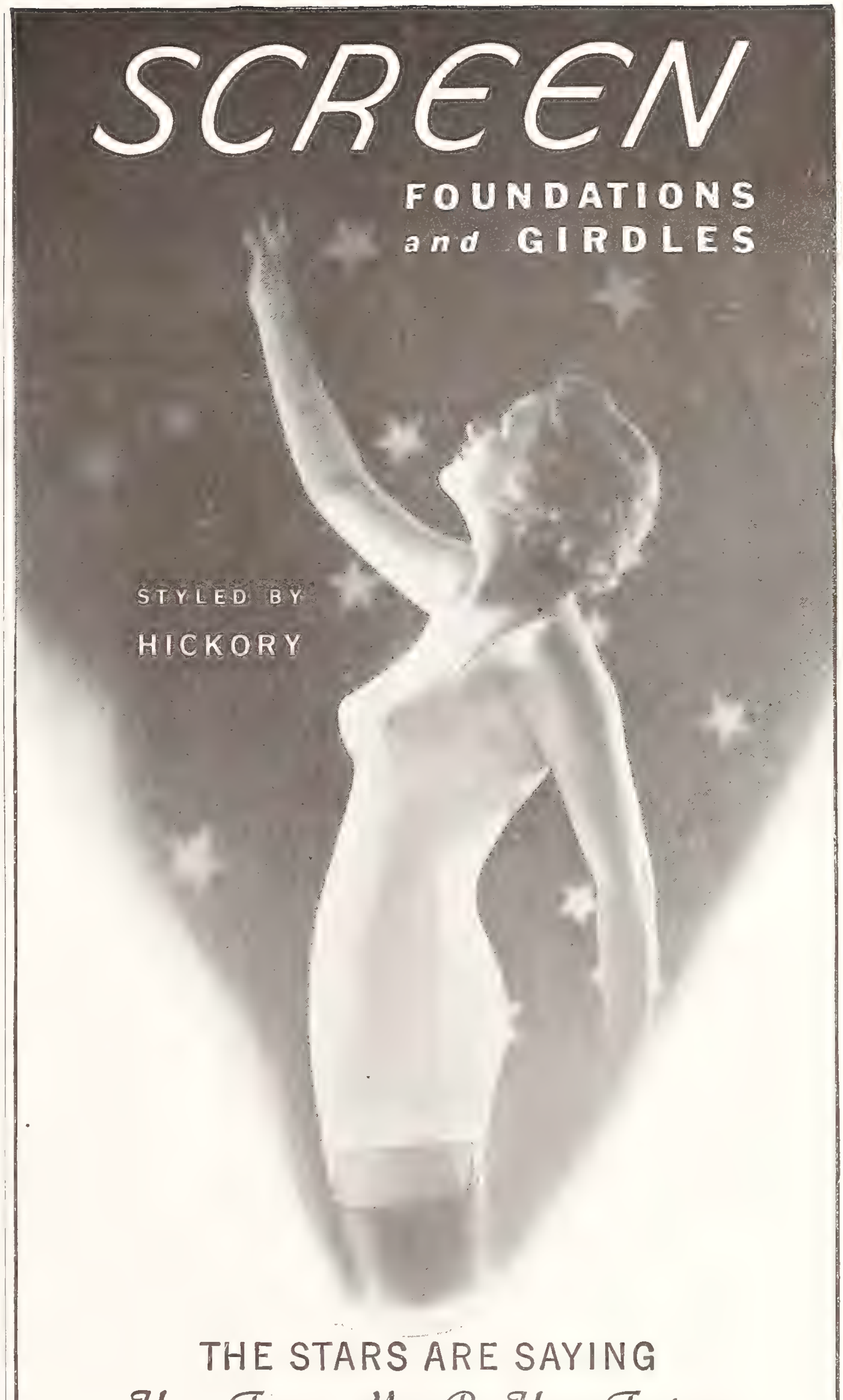
A skin "affliction" that most of the world takes more seriously than I, is *freckles.* It may be *small comfort* to suggest that only the finest, most sensitive skins freckle, and yet it's strictly true. The youthful, piquant blemishes are pigmentary discolorations of the skin. They are not formed on the outer tissues, but at the border between the true skin and the epidermis, which explains the uselessness of simple home freckle remedies of lemon juice, cucumber and sour cream.

Certain bleaching creams make a balanced treatment that will noticeably lighten sun-kisses and improve the skin at the same time. Here is where I can wholeheartedly recommend *Stillman's Freckle Cream.* This cream will tone your skin and—when used according to the manufacturer's directions—bleach your freckles beyond your own comprehension. The simple but generous size jar is priced at only fifty cents—a meager sum for a cream that will do so much for your beauty this summer.

A delightful surprise of real complexion beauty lies behind a mask application which does the work of ten professional fingers on your skin.

DuBARRY'S Rose Mask Cream, which you see illustrated, is a new treatment to tighten loose skin, refine and normalize enlarged pores and stimulate circulation. After you use this cream look into your mirror. You will behold your skin fresher, with a petal-softness and cool firmness. For the sum of $1.00 you may purchase an attractive jar which contains enough cream

[*Continued on page* 74]



THE STARS ARE SAYING

Your Figure May Be Your Fortune

You'll make a fortunate discovery in figure control with the new "Screen" Foundation.

Lovely to look at! Delightful to wear! It's so porous, cool and comfortably controlling. Made of two-way stretch preshrunk and runproof mesh Lastex. Exercises stern control over wayward bulges. Lace uplift bra is specially designed to effect a beautiful bustline. $5

"Screen" Girdle and Pantie of the same porous Lastex, $3.50

You should find "Screen" and other beautiful Foundations, Girdles and Brassieres Styled by Hickory at your favorite Corset Department. If not—write for FREE descriptive brochure illustrating the newest in two-way stretch Lastex Creations. Address 1143 West Congress Street, Chicago, Illinois

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Now . . . for lips . . . TATTOO instead of lipstick! Vibrant, exciting South Sea color . . . luscious and appealing instead of "just red!" Transparent and pasteless instead of opaque and pasty. Chap-proof . . . actually makes lips smoother . . . younger . . . much more desirable! TATTOO! Put it on . . . let it set . . . wipe it off. Only the color stays . . . and it really stays . . . regardless. Test all five of TATTOO's thrilling shades on your own skin at the Tattoo Color Selector displayed in your favorite store. Then . . . tattoo your lips! TATTOO, $1 everywhere.

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SOUTH SEA COLOR FOR LIPS



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NOT ONLY *THAT*, THEY GIVE ADDED PROTECTION, AND ARE SO CONVENIENT AND DEPENDABLE."

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Sound reasoning and common sense recommended the form, the convenience, and the dependability of PAR-I-O-GEN Tablets, features which are often so difficult adequately to describe.

They are neatly packaged in tubes, each tube containing twelve convenient tablets which are immediately effective and dependable. PAR-I-O-GEN Tablets have been available for years and are sold by progressive drug stores nearly everywhere.

A tablet dissolves in a few moments and the solution thus formed has been found by thousands to be entirely adequate and dependable without the use of water or other accessories.

PAR-I-O-GEN Tablets are non-caustic, stainless, greaseless. They provide an effective deodorant although practically odorless. It is a long-acknowledged fact that they offer the practical, common-sense answer to the problem of

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AMERICAN DRUG & CHEMICAL CO.
Dept. 196 420 S. Sixth Street, Minneapolis, Minn.

Vacation Beauty Problems

[*Continued from page 73*]

for several bracing and refreshing quick "pick-up" facials.

These mask facials should be used immediately following a strenuous day of active sports—to get you in trim for your evening's social engagement.

How many times have you sat at a ringside table in your favorite supper club and made the comment: "Doesn't that girl look ghastly without make-up under the electric lights!"

True—she does look ghastly—but it isn't the absence of make-up—it's the wrong make-up!

Every woman knows that, if her eyes are blue, she can wear just the right shade of blue and make them appear deeper, more beautiful.

If her eyes are brown, her whole personality quickens when she flings an orange scarf around her neck. And so it is with make-up.

Movie and stage stars are enthusiastic about *Richard Hudnut's Marvelous Matched Make-up* which was recently created to match the color of eyes! The unusual value you see pictured is a tricky little kit which contains harmonizing shades of face powder, rouge, lipstick, mascara and eyeshadow. The price is fifty-five cents. Isn't it a bargain? And such a grand little kit to tuck away in one corner of your dressing table or your weekend bag. This make-up will reveal your true beauty.

There is nothing quite as refreshing after a plunge in the ocean as a cool shower and an application of fragrant dusting powder. *Luxor's Dusting Powder* is scented with an enticing perfume aimed to play tag with the heart of a "stand-offish" male. The smooth, soft texture of this bath powder will leave your whole body cool, refreshed and "velvety." The box (illustrated) is a lovely summer green—and with it comes a large puff to simplify the application. All for only fifty five cents.

Your hair is the next consideration for your summer beauty. This is important, especially if you like to swim. Of course, weekly shampoos, daily brushing and hot oil treatments are beneficial—but, too, a good hair tonic used frequently will overcome sticky and "hair-raising" problems of salt water contact.

Lucky Tiger Hair Tonic is an excellent preparation for the elimination of dandruff and other bugaboos to hair beauty. This tonic should be masaged into the scalp with your finger tips until your scalp tingles with vitality. The professional size bottle, pictured here, costs but $1.00.

Your hands will not be gloved this summer so care of the nails is imperative.

GLAZO NAIL LOTION is a feather in the cap of its creator. This new lotion is simple to use—quickly applied—and keeps nails and cuticles in excellent condition. It's surprising how this boon to beauty costs the amazingly low sum of twenty cents. I advise you to purchase a supply of this lotion as precaution against brittle, dry nails.

There is nothing like being different, you know—and I want to remind you that it can be done easily and economically with nail polishes. The *Glazo* polishes are in several beautiful and flattering shades, priced at twenty cents too. So, harmonize your nails with new ensembles. Whether your choice is a vivid or conservative tint—you'll find it in *Glazo* polishes.

HAPPINESS



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Few women can be glamorously attractive and win their heart's desire if they are disfigured by psoriasis lesions. Siroil removes these crusts and scales of psoriasis and relieves other of its discomforts. It is applied externally, does not stain clothing or bed linen, and is offered on a strict money-back guarantee. Write for interesting booklet on Psoriasis and Siroil. It will be sent you free on request.

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STANDARD ART STUDIOS
104 S. Jefferson St. Dept. 226-G CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Party Line in Hollywood

[*Continued from page* 15]

Outlaw, in which fact there is small room for astonishment, since every studio at this moment is doing the same. Westerns are again decidedly the style. But the cast of *The Last Outlaw* is another matter. Harry Carey, Hoot Gibson, William Farnum and the one and only William S. Hart are to be co-starred. When one thinks of the amount that it would have cost to assemble such a quartette of cowboy stars a few years ago when they were in their hey-day, it is to gasp. Farnum, broke today, is said to have received the biggest salary ever paid a screen star.

Rural Bliss

Clara Bow breezed into town recently from the wilds of the Bow-Bell Ranch, called on a few of her best pals, and sped back to Nevada with the cryptic remark that she wouldn't return to the screen if some producer offered her a quit-claim deed to Hollywood Boulevard. As a matter of fact no one offered her a cent to return to the screen, but it's interesting—and gratifying—to know that Clara, who never found any real happiness as a star, has found amazing contentment as "just Mrs. Rex Bell of Nevada." It's odd to think of the "It Girl," who was the life of every party, sitting on the front stoop of a ranch in the wilderness, listening to the coyotes—and loving it!

Love Interest

The Party Line's Number One Snoop phoned in from Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer t'other day and informed us that Elaine Barrie, who won first page standing by playing Ariel to John Barrymore's Caliban, will probably make her screen debut as a screenster before long. It seems that "Caliban" demanded a screen test for his lady and aided her cause by working with her in some very torrid love scenes. A most realistic bit of acting, according to our scout, who claims to be an authority.

Up the Ladder

We take pardonable (we hope) pride in the fact that we were among the first to predict great screen success for Harriet Hilliard, the radio songbird who made such an auspicious debut in *Follow the Fleet.* For, here's Harriet, back in Hollywood, with a brand new contract which will make her a full-fledged star. Her first two vehicles have already been purchased and you will be seeing the first picture, *Make a Wish,* in the early fall. Radio Pictures executives are so excited about her abilities and charm that they wouldn't trade her for the Kimberley diamond mines. And the ironical fact is that Harriet doesn't give a hang about screen success; she would be perfectly satisfied to be just Mrs. "Ozzie" Nelson, private housewife.

A New Cycle

Pat O'Brien was on the Party Line a little while ago with some interesting news. Says he's patched up his quarrel with Warner Brothers, has been excused from playing the role in *Stage Struck* which occasioned his rebellion, and has been assigned the lead in *China Clipper,* a meller-drammer depicting the conquest of the Pacific by air. And there, in all probability,

[*Continued on page* 76]

She has what it takes *except one thing*



She's pretty . . . .

She's lively . . . .

She's a snappy dresser . . . .

She has plenty of what it takes . . .

And yet the men "side-step" her. The other girls ignore her. For the best reason in the world!

A girl can have everything else it takes to be a favorite, but if perspiration odor makes her unpleasant to be with, she cannot hope for popularity.

It's unpardonable, these days, for any girl to carry the ugly odor of underarm perspiration on her person and her clothing. For it's so easy to prevent!

It takes just half a minute to make your underarms fresh, free from odor *all day long.* With Mum.

That's the nice thing about Mum. It's so quick and easy to use, and you can use it any time—before dressing or afterwards. For it's harmless to clothing.

And it's soothing to the skin. You can shave your underarms and use Mum at once.

Another thing about Mum — it doesn't prevent natural perspiration. It prevents only the disagreeable part of perspiration —*the odor.*

Don't risk letting this fault shut you out of popularity. Get the daily Mum habit, then you'll always be safe! Bristol-Myers, Inc., 630 Fifth Ave., New York.

MUM



ON SANITARY NAPKINS. This is another way Mum can keep you from offending. Rely on its help for this and you'll never need to worry.

takes the odor out of perspiration



● If you have tried to lose fat and failed, read these letters and take heart! "I tried to reduce, yet nothing worked. I was desperate. Then I tried RE-DUCE-OIDS and **lost 63 lbs.! I look and feel like a new person!"** writes Mrs. A. Wood, 101 Burns St., Reno. This lady's experience is typical of hundreds of others, as shown by letters in our files.

● You can trust a Nurse to know the safe, easy way to lose fat. Mrs. G. L. Ryer, Reg. Nurse, Dayton, Ohio, writes: "I lost 47 lbs. with RE-DUCE-OIDS, though I did not diet." Thousands of delighted women have acquired lovely figures this proven way. Millions of packages sold. Why not start to reduce today?

REDUCED 50 LBS.: Mrs. J. Schafer, 1029 Jackson St., Kansas City, Mo., writes: "I lost 50 lbs. My doctor pronounces me in better health than for years and I feel better in every way." Others write of reducing as much as 80 lbs., and report feeling better right from the start. **For your SAFETY**—RE-DUCE-OIDS absolutely **DO NOT CONTAIN** the dangerous drug, dinitrophenol. They are easy to take . . . tasteless.

FAT GOES...or Money Back!

Your money back in full if not delighted . . . you are the judge. No risk, so don't delay, fat is dangerous! At drug or dep't stores. Or send $2 for 1 package; or $5 for 3 packages direct to us, Currency, Money Order, or stamps. (10c fee must accompany C.O.D. orders only.) **Plain wrapper, no embarrassment.**

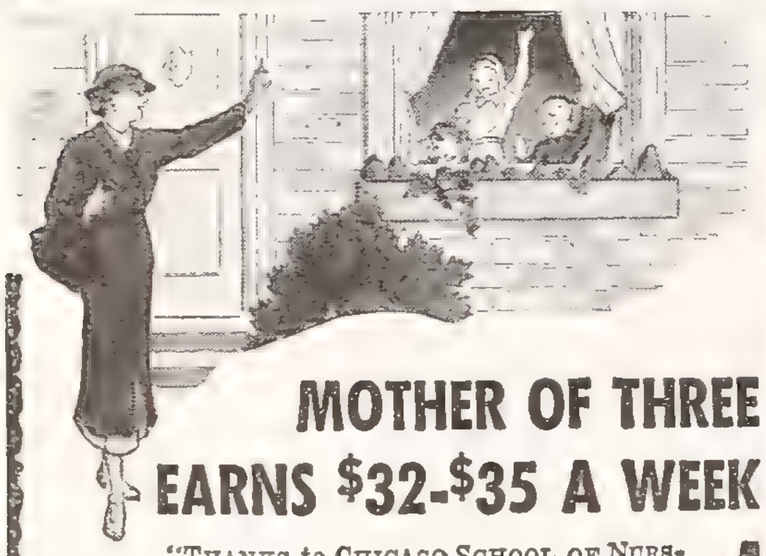
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746 Sansome Street, San Francisco, Calif.

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"THANKS to CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING, I have been able to support my three children and keep my home together," writes Mrs. A. E., Waterbury, Conn. And Mrs. E. is only one of thousands of men and women who have found that C.S.N. training opens the way to a well-paid dignified profession!

C.S.N.-trained practical nurses all over the country are earning as much as $25 to $35 a week in private practice, in hospitals and sanitariums. Others, like Miss C. H., own nursing-homes. This easy-to-understand course—endorsed by physicians—enables men and women 18 to 60 to prepare themselves at home and in their spare time, for any type of practical nursing. Best of all, it is possible to earn while learning—Mrs. F. McE. took her first case before completing the 7th lesson and earned $400 in three months!

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Decide *now* to send for "SPLENDID OPPORTUNITIES IN NURSING," which shows you how you can win success as a nurse!

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Please send booklet and 32 sample lesson pages.

Name_____

City_____State_____Age____

Party Line in Hollywood

[*Continued from page 75*]

you have the start of a new cycle. Pictures hinging on the trans-Pacific flights of the clipper ships will be as common as flies in the studios this summer.

Stellar Sea Dogs

Speaking of summer, reminds us that we're going to need water taxis if we continue giving you the news this vacation-time. This village has become yacht conscious in a large way. If one hasn't a boat, one simply doesn't BELONG. Just mention the word salt at any Hollywood party, and instantly every guest starts sparring for an opening in order to tell about the cruise he has planned for the summer. Take Lee Tracy, for instance. In his *Adoree,* which is just about the snappiest schooner-rigged sailing boat in these waters, he's going to scud southward along the coast of Mexico. And, recalling that famous episode in Mexico City, he'll probably sneer every time he sights land.

Temperamental

At M-G-M, they're chuckling. And all because a certain day laborer turned the tables on Leslie Howard.

As the story goes, this laborer, who had never worked in a studio before, dropped his shovel at the noon hour and sauntered over to the great sound stage where Norma Shearer and Leslie are co-starring in *Romeo and Juliet.* Spying Leslie, who was just leaving the stage, the man requested permission to step inside and watch the filming of a few scenes.

"I'm sorry," said Leslie, "but you can't do that. It makes Miss Shearer very nervous."

An hour later, Leslie was walking past the construction job where the workman was wielding his spade. He stopped and watched—but not for long. For the shovel-swinger looked up and said:

"I'm sorry, old man, but you can't stand there, it makes me nervous to have an audience."



Meet the winners of the academy Awards! Bette Davis and Victor McLaglen are obviously proud and happy over the honor



Down here in Maryland where
THE HORSE IS KING

FLYING hoofs roll out a fast tattoo that quickens the pulse of the wildly cheering throng on tip-toe in its excitement. Maryland's racing season is on!—And your home in Baltimore is ready for you.

Your car is taken at the door by an expert garage attendant. Yours is one of 700 comfortable rooms—each with bath or shower, running ice water, full length mirror and bed head reading lamp. You're at the center of Baltimore's business and social activities. You enjoy characteristic Maryland cuisine in any of three distinct restaurants. And the rate—from $3.00 single.

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Don't Take Drastic Drugs

Your Kidneys contain 9 million tiny tubes or filters which may be endangered by neglect or drastic, irritating drugs. Be careful. If functional Kidney or Bladder disorders make you suffer from Getting Up Nights, Nervousness, Loss of Pep, Leg Pains, Rheumatic Pains, Dizziness, Circles Under Eyes, Neuralgia, Acidity, Burning, Smarting or Itching, you don't need to take chances. All druggists now have the most modern advanced treatment for these troubles—a Doctor's prescription called Cystex (Siss-Tex). Works fast—safe and sure. In 48 hours it must bring new vitality and is guaranteed to make you feel years younger in one week or money back on return of empty package. Cystex costs only 3c a dose at druggists and the guarantee protects you.

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A CONCENTRATED OINTMENT

Hollywood Highlights

[*Continued from page 25*]

just to be inside of a studio. He went to call on Shirley Temple the other day and she showed him her rabbits, which he admired, and Shirley graciously said, "Well, pick out the one you want." He had a mental picture of the glint in Laura Cobb's eye if he walked in with a rabbit under his arm, so he quickly asked, "How many have you, Shirley?" "Sixteen," was the answer. Irvin, with a smile, said, "Thank you, darling, but I wouldn't want to spoil your set." Shirley looked up quickly, "That's all right, Mr. Cobb, there'll be lots more coming right along," said she.

Industry-Savers

Mickey Mouse saved the industry a few years ago. Now Shirley is doing her bit for Twentieth Century-Fox, and the Quints aren't doing so badly. But never once has that company commented on the loss to them of Will Rogers and, as you all know, he, with Shirley, was their biggest asset.

Garbo Wouldn't Know It

Wish you could all see how becoming Greta Garbo's old house is to Cobb. He's knocked a wall out here and there, put in windows, cut down a few trees to let in the sunlight and provide a view. It's really beautiful, and the meeting place for all the arts and artists.

A New Star

Also saw the preview of Fred Stone's picture, *The Farmer in the Dell*. I don't know how you feel, but I love it . . . so simple and real. And so is he. He's a combination of Will Rogers and George M. Cohan, and I predict he'll be one of the reigning screen favorites of all time. . . . he's got that certain quality. I'll never forget the telegram he sent when my son was born. "Well, I'm damned." You see, he's the father of three daughters, and always wanted a son. Dorothy has made a big reputation on the stage, Paula is doing likewise on the screen. My son, Wolfe, has just signed a contract at Paramount, so keep your fingers crossed. That's what I'm doing. He's going to support this old lady yet.

Hollywood Youngsters

Patricia Ziegfeld is writing a snappy column for young Will Rogers' newspaper; Helen Broderick's son is on his way out here to go into pictures and Owen Davis, Jr., is doing all right for himself at RKO. The younger generation is coming into its own.

Roland Young gave a cocktail party for *Florence Nightingale*, to about 200 intimate friends. Roland phoned personally, and the comments his friends made about Florence are going into a new book, with a lot of his drawings. Kay Francis, who will play the famous nurse in the Warner Brothers picture, came dressed in her *"Nightingale"* costume.

Roaming With Romeo

There's a great deal of secrecy about shooting *Romeo and Juliet* at Metro. What a play Shakespeare could write if he sat in on all the conferences, rehearsals and the shooting of the picture. They've scoured the four corners of the earth for talent, and the most human of the lot is Professor Strunk, from Cornell University, who is

[*Continued on page 78*]



But now she's the most popular girl in town



Thousands gaining 5 to 15 lbs. with new "7-power" yeast tablets

IT certainly seems a crime against yourself to remain "skinny" and unable to attract friends when thousands have gained pounds of solid, naturally good-looking flesh this new easy way—*in just a few weeks!*

Doctors now know that the real reason why many find it hard to gain weight is that they do not get enough Vitamin B and iron in their daily food. Now with this new "7-power" discovery, which combines these two vital elements in little concentrated tablets, hosts of people have put on 5 to 15 pounds, normal curves—*in a very short time.*

Not only are thousands quickly gaining normally attractive pounds, but also naturally clear skin, freedom from miserable indigestion and constipation, new pep.

7 times more powerful

This amazing new product, Ironized Yeast, is made from special cultured ale yeast imported from Europe, the richest known source of Vitamin B. By a new process this yeast is concentrated 7 times—*made 7 times more powerful.* Then it is ironized with 3 kinds of strengthening iron.

If you, too, need Vitamin B and iron to build you up, get these new Ironized Yeast tablets from your druggist at once. Then, day after day, as you take them, watch skinny limbs and flat chest round out to normal attractiveness, skin clear to natural beauty—you're an entirely new person.

Money-back guarantee

No matter how skinny and rundown you may be from lack of enough Vitamin B and iron, this marvelous new Ironized Yeast should build you up in a few short weeks as it has thousands. If not delighted with the results of the very first package, your money instantly refunded.

Special FREE offer!

To start you building up your health right away, we make this FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tablets at once, cut out seal on box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body." Remember, results with very first package—or money refunded. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 286, Atlanta, Ga.



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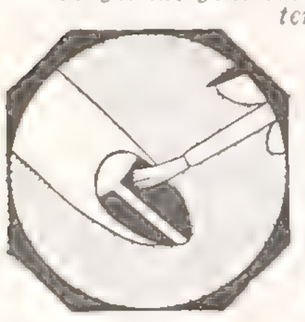
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BLONDEX THE BLONDE HAIR SHAMPOO-RINSE



Dr. Burris A. Jenkins calls on Cecil B. De Mille who once occupied the pastor's pulpit in Kansas City for an evening.

Hollywood Highlights

[*Continued from page 77*]

having himself an elegant time. There's a rumor floating about that Oliver Messell from London, who designed some of the costumes, made six gowns for Norma Shearer's ballroom sequence. Adrian made one. And when the scene was shot, Norma was wearing Adrian's costume.

A Greater Ziegfeld

But wait until you see *The Great Ziegfeld*. I saw the last sequence being shot, which alone cost $200,000 . . . as much as Ziggy paid for his entire Follies. It looked like a gorified wedding cake, made on the Taj Mahal plan, only more showy. Billie Burke was watching the scene; Otto Klemperer, the director of our symphony orchestra, just couldn't take it in, and by the look in Cole Porter's eyes, I'm certain he got plenty of inspiration for a new number.

Desert Sold

Adrian is just back from Palm Springs, and while motoring there, he saw a sign, "Salton Sea . . . 60 miles." He kept right on going and discovered a sea fourteen miles long, in the heart of the desert. So he went there daily to bake and bathe and ended by buying 500 acres on the shore line. Fresh water will have to be hauled in to his property. He's already planning to build a house and will give an acre or two of land to his friends who would like to build there also.

An Actress Author

Mrs. Pat Campbell has gone off alone to a cabin in the high mountains, is writing her memoirs, and is happy as a bug in a rug. Understand six installments have already been sold to an English publication.

Pay Dirt

Jimmy Fidler, who goes on the airways weekly with his gossip, has been harshly criticized for some of his news. He de-

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PERFUMED

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Giant Size Tube or Powder never costs more than . . 50¢ Smaller Tube 10¢

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EASILY · QUICKLY · SURELY

fends himself by saying when he was a press agent building a clean reputation for Hollywood, nobody spoke to him, but now that he's sprinkled his stuff with paprika he's had so many offers he can't accept them all.

Gourmet's Delight

Speaking of spice, that dinner Mitchell Leisen gave for his *Thirteen Hours by Air* company and some of his friends, including Cecil De Mille, who hadn't visited him for years, was in the nature of a Gala. The sauerkraut cooked in champagne was new in these here parts, and so delicious that I begged for the recipe, and here it is:

4 cans Libby sauerkraut; pour off the juice
1 quart boiling water
1 grated onion

Boil for three-quarters of an hour. Grate one large potato, boil one-half hour longer. Take one cup of drippings from spare ribs, which have already been cooled, stir that in and boil a few minutes. Add one pint of champagne. Keep very hot but do not boil.

Busiest Man In Town

Cecil DeMille is just as busy as a bird dog with burrs these days. Getting away with dictation to five secretaries at once, picking the Queen of Beauty (and can he pick 'em!) for the University of Colorado's Year Book, addressing a class at U.C.L.A., looking our annual flock of titled visitors over, and pal-ing around with a pastor from Kansas City, Dr. Burris Jenkins, which means he's just on the verge of production of *Buffalo Bill.*

Appreciation

Ran into Mrs. Frank Borzage. Frank's just finished Marion Davies' new picture, which looks grand. Marion's a darling . . . gave him one of those new traveling bars complete with radio, bottles, etc. Uh-huh, the bottles were filled. Marlene Dietrich gave him a lovely watch, after he directed *Desire,* her best picture in this country. Frank's so tickled with the presents because they're the first he's received from grateful stars, and when you realize how many years he's been star-making . . . will you ever forget *Seventh Heaven* or *Humoresque?*

True Love

One of our biggies, a lady star, has just turned down a rich suitor for a poor one, and Frances Marion, our wit, writer, pal, and so forth, cracked out with, "You don't mean to tell me you're turning down the First National Bank for a pew in the Brown Derby!" Frances is finishing a new novel with her great friend, Marie Dressler, for the central character. Three publishers are bidding for it.



Jimmy Cagney, Alice Faye, and Barbara Stanwyck at a recent social event

"Dentyne Takes Double Prize —For Aid to Mouth Health— For Fine Flavor!"



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I used to take jolting "all-at-once" cathartics—because I thought I had to. But now I've found the three-minute way. And what a difference it makes. At the first sign of trouble, I chew FEEN-A-MINT, the chewing-gum laxative, for three minutes; and the next morning I feel like a new person. And, best of all, with FEEN-A-MINT there are no griping pains—no nausea—no unpleasant after-effects. It's easy, pleasant, and thoroughly satisfactory. Children love its delicious chewing-gum flavor. 15c and 25c a box.



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THAT aching, burning, blistering corn... it's like a tack in your toe! Don't just trim the head off. Get it *all* out! Get rid of it for good!

How? With Blue-Jay—the scientific corn plaster that draws out *root and all.* No danger of infection, as there is when you cut or pare a corn. No growing back of the same corn over and over again. When you Blue-Jay a corn you draw it out completely—end it forever!

Blue-Jay has a remarkable *double-action.* It stops pain instantly, the moment it's applied. Then quickly the corn dries, loosens, lifts out—*is gone!* Package of 6 for 25¢ at all drug stores.

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The new ZiP Facial Hair Remover contains no sulphides, no offensive odors. Instantly eliminates every trace of hair. Face, arms and legs. Ask your dealer or write *Madame Berthé*, 562 Fifth Ave., New York

Donald Woods Invites You

[*Continued from page* 10]

bought him a chocolate malted milk. Don still talks about what it did for him—the thoughtfulness of the lovely lady, as well as the malted milk. They were married in 1929 in Tijuana, Mexico.

As a result of Mrs. Woods' excellent taste, their home is all that one might expect of a pair of young romanticists who have settled down in California for a good long stay. The house is a beautiful example of old English architecture, there is a white picket fence, an assortment of climbing roses creeping up and over the multi-paned windows. The interior is equally delightful, with colonial furnishings, white marquisette curtains, and French doors opening out upon a wide expanse of green grass. There's a badminton court on one side, and a garden filled with roses on the other.

Don confides that he's going to eliminate the latter for a swimming pool this summer and that he hopes to have it in commission by the time Movieland's Tour arrives.

You'll want full details of this exciting trip. They are yours for the asking—just drop a line to Mr. Joe E. Godfrey, Jr., Manager, Movieland Tour, 360 North Michigan Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

An illustrated folder will be sent you by return mail, showing the itinerary, and the amazing low cost of the trip.

Among the studios to be seen will be 20th Century-Fox and Universal. Two trips are arranged, one to leave Chicago July nineteenth, the second to head for Hollywood August ninth. Dinners, parties, sightseeing trips galore are arranged; Ken Maynard is going to entertain the crowd at his new Diamond K Circus, Max Factor has planned a party, Catalina Island will be visited, and every minute will be crowded with something exciting.

Reservations close when 200 persons are signed for each trip, so don't delay. Write now for your booklet and—

See you in Hollywood!

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Without obligation on my part, send me your complete, illustrated booklet describing the Movieland Tours.

I enclose $..... Please enter my reservation now for ..... persons, to insure a place for us on tour No. .....

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My Dad—Fred Stone

[*Continued from page* 41]

contract—with Paramount.

With him he brought to the screen not only a genuine enthusiasm, but more important, an almost childlike eagerness (and he's sixty-two years old) to give all his time and concentration and energy to the new job. In Hollywood where doubles are part of the scene, Dad still remains a stickler for perfection.

Before starting *Farmer in the Dell,* in which he was required to drive a team of six horses, he spent hours—and days—on a ranch near Hollywood, driving a team harnessed to a rickety old hay-wagon, until the reins had worn dime-sized blisters on his hands.

During the making of *Alice Adams,* in which he played Katharine Hepburn's father, our evening dinners became his rehearsal hour. Perhaps you remember the scene where Alice Adams' gentleman friend (Fred MacMurray) comes to dinner, and the amusing discomfiture which follows when father dons his tuxedo for the first time in many years. Dad recognized the possibilities of that scene and was determined to make it the best in the picture. Before the company ever started shooting he had rehearsed it to perfection. Each one of us assumed a character, learned the lines, and gave him his cues, and all through the dinner hour for five weeks we watched that celluloid vest pop up his chin and over his mouth until he had our word for it he was perfect. I don't believe he was ever happier in his life than when his first motion picture fan mail came rolling in.

It's Dad's enthusiasm, that all-consuming excitement to which he gears himself for every new part as though it were his first, that is in a major part responsible for his years of success on the stage. And it is that same eagerness that will make him a great star, now of the screen—and keep him always a great father.



Fredric March and Olivia de Havilland in *Anthony Adverse.* March, on first reading the script, rebelled at playing the title role because he felt that he could not do justice to the love scenes!

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Don't overlook the directions on the Linit package . . . recommending Linit for starching. Linit makes even ordinary cotton fabrics look and feel like linen.



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Read How Others Lost Fat: *"I reduced 48 lbs., look 10 years younger," writes Mrs. Sims, Iowa. "36 lbs. of fat gone. Never felt better," writes Miss Angell, N. Y. "Lost 5 lbs. this week, leaves no flabby skin," writes Miss Nolan, Calif.

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● If you are **not entirely satisfied** with the wonderful results from the very first package, you get your **money back in full.** You can't lose one cent.

ACT ON THIS OFFER TODAY!

Don't give FAT another day's start... but be sure you reduce the **safe** SLENDRETS Food Method Way. Don't use drugs! At drug or dep't stores, or send $1 for generous-supply package containing **84** SLENDRETS. Or, $5 for 6 packages, Currency, Money Order, or Stamps. (Enclose payment. Or send 10c fee on C.O.D. orders.) **Sent in plain wrapper.**

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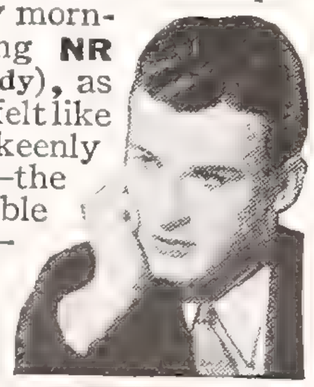
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What SHE TOLD WORN-OUT HUSBAND



She could have reproached him for his fits of temper—his "all in" complaints. But wisely she saw in his frequent colds, his "fagged out," "onedge" condition the very trouble she herself had whipped. Constipation! The very morning after taking **NR** (Nature's Remedy), as she advised, he felt like himself again—keenly alert, peppy, cheerful. **NR**—the safe, dependable, all-vegetable laxative and corrective—works gently, thoroughly, naturally. It stimulates the eliminative tract to complete, regular functioning. Non-habit-forming. Try a box tonight. 25c—at druggists.



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"Homespun" Hero

[*Continued from page* 33]

dishwashers—for the duration of the holiday.

Frank Capra's *Mr. Deeds Goes to Town,* in which Gary is starred as a homespun poet from Mandrake Falls, had just wound up when I bumped into Slim. With the last "take" still in progress, Gary had dispatched his stand-in on a shopping tour, and Slim was tearing from sporting goods store to market, and from market to the office of the game warden, methodically checking off a list which read "side of bacon, eggs, potatoes, pork and beans, corned beef hash, tackle, fishing license, bait."

Fearing the worst, I asked Slim if Gary fished these days in white whip-cord breeches.

"Nothing like it," he snorted indignantly "Any old clothes will do for Gary. He won't even wear his boots—would rather wade around barefoot in the stream."

I asked Slim a few more questions, and touched off a tirade that convinced me that—to the man who is his screen duplicate, at least—our man Cooper is the grandest guy in the world.

It seems, if his friends' are unbiased witnesses, that tales of the heighth of Gary Cooper's hats, like those of Mark Twain's death, are "greatly exaggerated."

What is the source, then, of the current conviction that Gary has changed.

Doesn't it narrow down to this:

SINCE Gary wandered onto a Goldwyn set with a horde of extras one day nearly ten years ago and was chosen from the lot to play an important rôle in *The Winning of Barbara Worth,* his career in films has never veered from the path marked out for success. Particularly during the past three years, he has been almost constantly at work with only a few days, at best, for relaxation between pictures.

At one time in his career, overwork exhausted even his iron constitution—and characteristically, he risked all of the success he had won by turning his back upon the screen until he had obtained physical and mental rest. True to his natural inclinations, he improved the enforced vacation by going off to Africa on an extended hunting expedition.

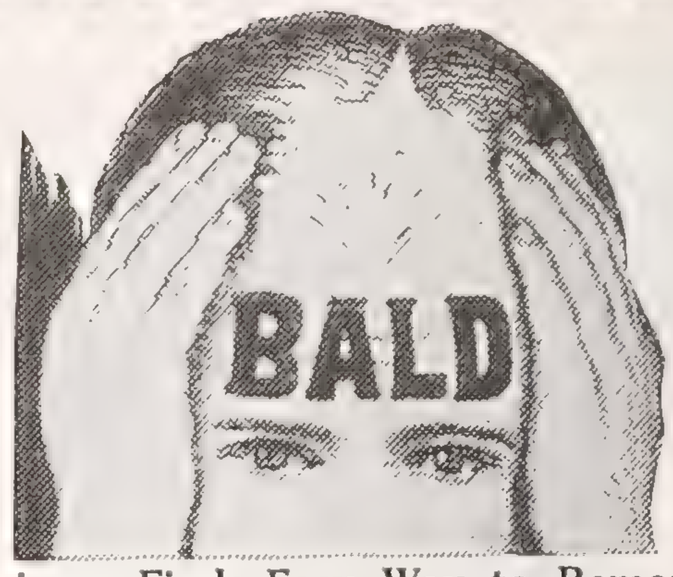
When he has worked, he has had no time for gaiety—and he has chosen to devote his few hours of leisure to those hobbies which have amused him since his cowpunching days in Montana: his guns and his fishing rods, fine horses, and his car.

Gary hasn't given up his old friends for new ones; he's been too busy to have any large circle of friends at all. He's taken his fun where he found it, which happened to be on the studio sets or out in the wide open spaces where he hies himself after every rôle is done.

Don't believe all you hear about white ties and tails. Gary Cooper has accumulated a comfortable amount of cash during his ten years in pictures, and with it has come a generous supply of the things which money provides. But the real Gary remains unchanged.

Gary was a newspaper cartoonist out of work when he stumbled by accident into a career in films—and he cheerfully spent his last dime upon a loaf of bread (which he consumed in secret behind a billboard) before he answered the studio call which was to plunge him into stardom. Gary eats regularly now—but with no less enjoyment. He's the same Montana cowboy, and no amount of Hollywood upholstery

WHY MEN GO BALD



Science Finds Easy Way to Remove Germ In Superficial Layers of Scalp and Stimulate Dormant Roots to Promote Hair Growth
(*Read Free Offer*)

A germ called "Flask Bacilla of Unna" gets deep into the scalp skin in many cases of abnormal hair deficiency, causing a most dangerous type of dandruff. It clogs up pores and hair follicles, causing itchy scalp, falling hair, baldness and prevents dormant hair roots (papilla) from growing hair. Washing and shampooing does not remove the cause. It merely cleanses and treats

Now a new method enables people who have dandruff, falling hair, thin hair and baldness to easily remove the congested, thin outer layer of the surface, rolling off the outer skin like water off a duck's back. No wonder baldness is increasing.

scalp skin. This permits opened pores and follicles to absorb air, sunshine and a blood-stimulating compound to activate the smothered, dormant hair roots in promoting hair growth as nature intended. It is all explained in a new treatise called "HOW HAIR GROWS," showing anatomy of your hair and tells what to do. This treatise is now being mailed FREE to all who write for it. Send no money, just name and address to Dermolav Lab., Desk 127-A, No. 1700 Broadway, New York, N. Y., and you get it by return mail free and postpaid. If pleased, tell your friends about it.



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will change him or his ideas.

Gary is a simple man, who has worked out a simple, workable philosophy of life. He had the time of his life playing in *Mr. Deeds Goes to Town* for, like Longfellow Deeds of Mandrake Falls, he is honestly "homespun" at heart.

Gary always a pipe smoker boasts a collection of nearly a hundred expensive briars now that prosperity is his, but a good friend of his told me that he rarely smokes any but the oldest, and that one he bought for a dollar. He has an extensive wardrobe, but it's seldom you'll catch him in any but the three tweedsiest suits of the lot.

THE same thing goes for the new Cooper home. It is modern and smart, reflecting in large part the sophisticated good taste of Gary's beautiful wife, the former Sandra Shaw. But if you really want to know what Gary seeks in a home, look in at his den, the biggest and most masculine room in the house. There you will find Gary's hunting trophies, his charcoal and water colors—for he still finds time to pursue his earlier calling. Deep, leather chairs are ranged around the biggest fireplace you ever saw, and a slightly battered billiard table consumes a generous slice of the room.

And that car of his—long and low, svelte in line—it is the real pride of his life. The Coopers maintain a chauffeur, who is an expert mechanic, but no hand but Gary's ever touches that shiny roadster of his.

It has a powerful motor—will make 126 miles an hour on the open road. So sleek a thing it is that its presence outside the studio always attracts a throng of onlookers, the majority of whom are small boys. When Gary arrives, he's the biggest kid of the lot. Thrilled that his pet luxury should receive such attention, he's as like as not to show off the car as though he were a salesman in the showroom, enumerating its special features, and even lifting the hood to reveal the supercharged motor beneath it. Nothing very high-hat about that.

In his profession, he's known as a "swell guy." He works hard, with no temper or temperament. He knows every carpenter and electrician on the lot, and talks more often with them than with his directors or the principles in the cast.

He's probably the one actor in Hollywood who has no professional jealousy.

"There was room for me when I started," he says, "and there is room now for others. I didn't push anyone out when I arrived, and no one is going to push me out."

And he means it, for Gary has never been known to complain about his billing, about the size and shape of his dressing room, about the infrequency of close-up. He has never refused to work with a director, a leading lady, or a cameraman. He has never "walked out" on a picture.

He doesn't indulge in Hollywood's favorite sport of gossiping about other film figures. If the scandal train rounds the bend while Cooper is in the room, it isn't three minutes until Gary is soundly—if unobtrusively—asleep. It just doesn't matter to him.

Look over these debits and credits. Do they reveal a Garry Cooper who has forgotten his friends, who has "gone social," who has changed?

And consider his delight because, starting with *Buffalo Bill*, he is scheduled for a return to westerns—"super-westerns"—but outdoor "drammers" just the same.

No, Gary Cooper is not high-hat. But he's not "Hollywood" either. Perhaps that is the real complaint.



GRAY Hair

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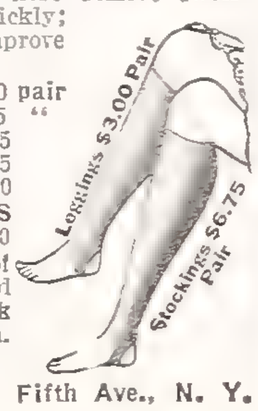
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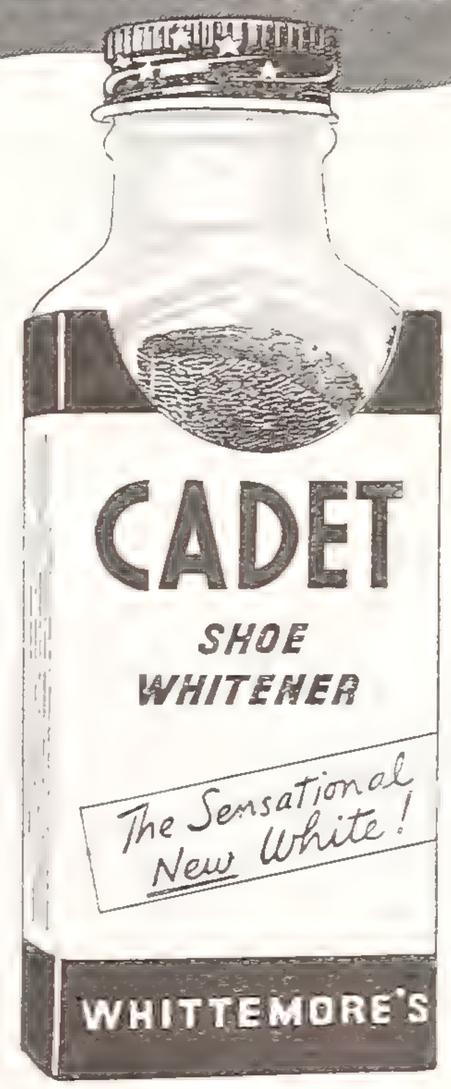
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Virginia Bruce Writes an Open Letter to a Beau

[*Continued from page* 44]

Call it just another romantic notion of the female of the species, or what you will, but there it is. Can't get away from it. We all want curly headed babies, and if the man we marry has curly hair then we're quite positive the babies will be so blessed.

AND before I go any further, I must insist that you be a little bit cocky. You know—self reliant and ready to fight back with me if you don't approve of what I do. I wouldn't know what to do if you just sat in awe of me or put me on a pedestal. I want somebody to tell me I'm *ornery* (if you'll do it like Spencer Tracy, let's say).

You mustn't object, though, to my little idiosyncrasies. Like objecting to the kind of lipstick I use, or how I've done my hair. I want you to approve of me terrifically—I want you to say that I'm simply the prettiest girl you've ever laid eyes on. Although you can kick me in the shin if I make a face at you and call you "mug"—I must know that you really think I'm pretty swell.

Every girl *must* have that admiration. It gives her poise and self confidence. Of course, if you have a sense of humor and are a good dancer and have blue eyes and curly hair, you'll probably be clever enough to make your flattery easy to take.

Anyway, don't tell me I look a fright, ever—even if I do. And could you, just once in a while, say "Honey, you're beautiful just as you are!" so that I'll know it isn't the lipstick or the color of my hair that's important to you?

I don't care if you can't play polo.

Or billiards.

But won't you please be a good tennis player? In fact, I really have to insist on that. I like to play tennis, and my game is quite passable, thank you.

And anyway, every girl likes to be proud of her beau's accomplishments. When you go to a party and everybody is swimming or playing tennis, you like to crow a little at what your beau can do in the pool or on the court.

Now, let's see—suppose you were calling me up to invite me out to dinner. I don't care if you do not send flowers. Or if you do, I'd like it if you called first to see what I'd like to wear. Usually flowers are not only a useless expense, but a nuisance. They get crumpled when one is dancing, or do not look well with the neckline of a dress. A pretty white orchid with purple center is nice on a cape when the occasion is formal. You see, I've picked out the most expensive flower—but in the long run your flower bill won't be very much since it's only on very special, very formal, occasions that I want a corsage.

I'll be perfectly furious with you if you order my dinner for me.

But I'd like your suggestions on what is good at the cafe or restaurant where you've taken me to dine.

And by the way, I want you to know the head waiter and the orchestra leader. Nothing so pleases a girl as to go out with a beau who knows these most important people—so she can be ushered to a good table, and so the orchestra will play a request number if one pops into her head to suit the mood of the moment.

Now I come to a very important qualification: you mustn't think that, because you



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are paying for my dinner, you can completely monopolize my attentions. I can't help it if I am a "table-flitter." I confess it freely. I flit. But don't be scared: I just want to skip over and say hello and I'll be right back. If you'll let me do that—keep a free rein on frisky fillie, as it were—then I won't abuse my privileges. I think no girl likes to feel that she is *owned,* if you know what I mean.

IF YOU are good looking, all the better, but a girl can't insist on that requirement. If you've got curly hair, blue eyes, dance well and have a cocky manner, you'll probably be nice enough looking to please any girl. Particularly if you dress well.

I'll dress up for you. And I'll wear the type of clothes you prefer. If you like something in clinging black, then b'gosh, clinging black it will be. I firmly believe in trying to atone for my other aggravatin' notions.

Funny, I was just wondering if you'd propose to me the first time we went out together. And do you know, I wouldn't mind that a bit!

Since I'm being quite candid with you—even to the point of brutal frankness, I think that would be thrilling.

After all, to have a man tell you he wants to marry you is the supreme compliment, isn't it? A girl might be entertaining rather serious notions about the man next door, and then in moves a rival who asks her to marry him—and what happens? Decidedly, her interests are at least divided. He has most certainly aroused her curiosity and attention—and who knows, maybe a man like that is worth considerable thought!

Besides, it tells a girl several important things; that the man is free, his intentions honorable, and his powers of discrimination not to be sneered at!

I want you to like music, because I do. I want you to know enough about it to be able to tell me things so that I can learn from you. Let me feel that you have enough knowledge of important matters so that I can rely on your judgment and advice, rather than have you rely on me. Of course no girl wants to discuss serious subjects all the time; we all like a bit of small talk.

You can be five or ten years older than I, if you really want to know . . . and you could even be thirteen years older, if you're not superstitious.

You must be interested in movies.

One young man took me to a movie and before the first reel had unwound, he wanted to leave. I thought it was a pretty good movie, but I put on my bonnet and trampled on toes like an obedient little girl. But the second time that happened, I gave up and resigned from any more dates. After all, I'm in the movies and I like them.

Don't give me up yet—I'm not *impossible* to please. Just a few things more, and none of them should bother you, though they *are* important. I am just old fashioned enough to want my beau to be temperate and cleanly. And *smell* nice. Maybe a nice smelling face lotion or some eau de cologne. Men should never neglect cleanliness or fail to take precautions. They expect it of us, why shouldn't we expect it of them?

And now I'm afraid I've made you think I'm too darn particular for any good use. Really, I'm not. I don't expect perfection, even if it seems as though I am demanding it in this letter to you.

If you should come along and look my way, and while dancing you should say: "Would you mind marrying me?" I might surprise you—and myself—with my answer.

Who can tell, Mr. Question Mark?

Virginia Bruce





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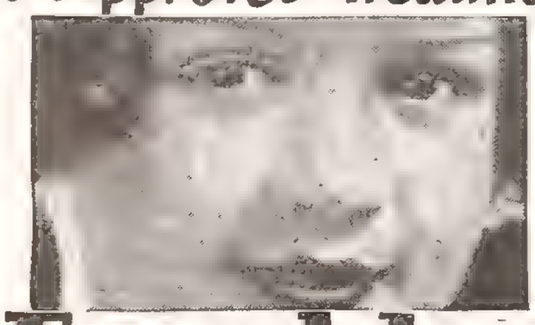


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Will Fonda Remarry Margaret Sullavan?

[*Continued from page* 36]

season and they headed back to New York, the winter Mecca of those who make a living in the theatre.

New York was a strange place to both of them. Neither enjoyed the hustle and bustle of Times Square. Together they would hunt interesting spots to visit during the daytime. Evenings would find them dining at out-of-the-way spots—away from the gay crowds and the bright lights.

IT WAS a "deep love" romance and one day they were married. It was about the time Peggy was making her first big success in the title role in *The Modern Virgin.* Critics were starting to rave about her histrionic abilities. Henry, to use a common theatrical phrase, was still "carrying a spear."

Seldom does a theatrical marriage last where the wife is a pronounced success while the husband is considered of little importance. With due consideration of the success that Henry later attained, it must be admitted that at this time he was overshadowed by Peggy's popularity. It was only natural that they should drift apart. With little ado, they were divorced.

And with just as little ado, she has now divorced Willie Wyler, the man she married in Hollywood. Is her divorce a prelude to another marriage with Henry Fonda?

I asked Fonda, pointblank, if he and Margaret Sullavan would re-marry. He answered:

"Probably not!"

And that was the last word that I could persuade him to say on the subject. "Probably not."

But that answer is not enough to still the rumors and the surmizes which are sweeping Hollywood. Other stars have made the same denials in similar circumstances—and two or three months later, they have been married. Margaret Sullavan denied her imminent divorce from Wyler, but she's free today—free to marry Henry Fonda—in spite of her very positive statements.

One thing is certain, if Fonda and Margaret Sullavan remarry now, their marriage will not be threatened by the same hazards which wrecked their first romance. Their circumstances have changed; they are more suited for one another.

Consider these facts:

Dinner at Eight made Margaret Sullavan the outstanding dramatic actress of Broadway. Universal brought her to Hollywood to play in *Only Yesterday* and after that first picture she was one of the film colony's outstanding stars. And at the same time she was Hollywood's greatest enigma.

At the time of her first film success in *Only Yesterday,* she was only twenty-two years of age. One could hardly call that matured. If the truth were only known, Peggy would probably admit that she felt very strange out here in Hollywood—that she longed for those days back on Cape Cod, for those quiet evenings in the hidden restaurants of Manhattan—that she actually had a yearning for that lanky, silent, good looking young actor named Henry Fonda.

But Margaret Sullavan has that inborn Southern pride. Perhaps it is safe to say that she is a bit bull-headed. Maybe she wouldn't even admit to herself that her heart was calling for Hank.

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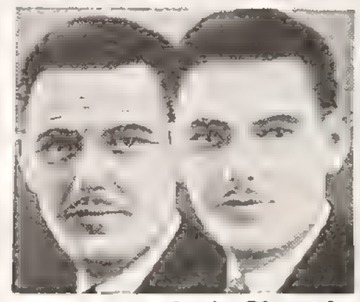


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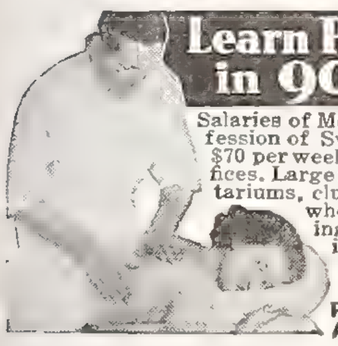
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One film success followed another. Margaret Sullavan was one of Hollywood's greatest stars. But she was still an enigma. She wasn't a part of Hollywood society in any sense of the word. She made friends with mighty few people. Folks whispered that she was in love with Jed Harris, the Broadway producer. Others expected she might marry John McCormick, ex-husband of Colleen Moore. And while this was going on, the papers were raving about a new Broadway find—Henry Fonda—who was making theatrical history by his performance in *The Farmer Takes A Wife.*

Then came a flash that was considered important in the movie trade. Walter Wanger, far-sighted young producer, had signed a contract with Henry Fonda. He would bring him to Hollywood to be starred in *The Farmer Takes A Wife.*

About this time, Margaret Sullavan was working in *The Good Fairy,* at Universal studio. It was common knowledge that she was daily having terrific verbal battles with Director Willie Wyler. One day they were seen having lunch together in The Indian Room, a dining hall reserved for stars, directors and executives on the Universal lot. The following Sunday they eloped to Yuma and were married.

WHETHER the first few weeks of that marriage were happy is one thing. That it was exciting cannot be denied. They did a lot of outlandish things, such as riding tandem over and around the Hollywood hills on Willie's motorcycle, and separating and making up. Was it possible that Margaret Sullavan was doing everything under the sun to forget the tall, lanky, shy lad she had loved so ardently before fame had torn their romance asunder?

Then Henry Fonda came to Hollywood. WHEN he was working in *The Farmer Takes A Wife* on the 20th Century-Fox lot, Director Willie Wyler was putting the players through their paces on another picture in the same studio. One day, while walking back from the restaurant to his set, Hank was told by a companion that the fellow approaching from another direction was his marital successor. Not having met, they passed without a nod. And, as they were about twenty feet apart, Hank ventured a look.

Later they were to be formally introduced and the meeting was a very cordial one. Henry Fonda is not one to frequent the night spots of Hollywood. He prefers to spend his idle moments reading or in his pet pastime of taking and developing sixteen millimeter pictures. Henry has always refused to talk about his personal reactions to seeing and meeting Peggy as the wife of Willie Wyler.

And that brings us to a series of more recent events—a series of events which may forecast what will happen in the future, so far as Henry Fonda and Margaret Sullavan are concerned.

In the first place, Henry and Peggy were seeing each other occasionally. Then there came from New York a young man named James Stewart. He was a struggling young actor when Peggy and Hank were both bidding for fame. He had been their close friend. In Hollywood, he and Hank took a house together.

Jimmy's talents attracted the Universal scouts. They gave him an important part in Peggy's starring vehicle, *Next Time We Love.* Wasn't it natural for Peggy to be curious about her ex-husband? And wasn't it natural for Jimmy to boost Hank's stock?

Then came Producer Walter Wanger with another master stroke of theatrical psychology. He co-starred Margaret Sullavan and Henry Fonda in *The Moon's Our*

[*Continued on page* 88]

INTIMATE SHOPPING TIPS

By

MARY PAULINE CALLENDER

Authority on Feminine Hygiene



Naturally, we women can't ask a man clerk about personal hygiene accessories. So let me give you the benefit of my experience on intimate items in which you can have complete confidence. *Mary Pauline Callender*

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Perhaps a friend has told you about the pinless Kotex belt. It's truly a new design for living! Dainty secure clasps prevent slipping. The belt is flat and thin, woven to a curve that fits. This gives self-balance—you can bend every-which-way without harness-like restraint, without being waist-line conscious! Yet this extra comfort and safety costs nothing extra. Your store has 2 types: Kotex Wonderform at 25c and the DeLuxe at 35c.

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A Gift For You!

In fact, three gifts. One is a booklet by a physician, "Facts about Menstruation." The others are "Marjorie May's 12th Birthday" (for girls of 12) and "Marjorie May Learns About Life" (for girls in their teens). They give facts in a simple motherly manner for you to tell your daughter. All are free—write me for the ones you want. Mary Pauline Callender, Room 1400, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago.





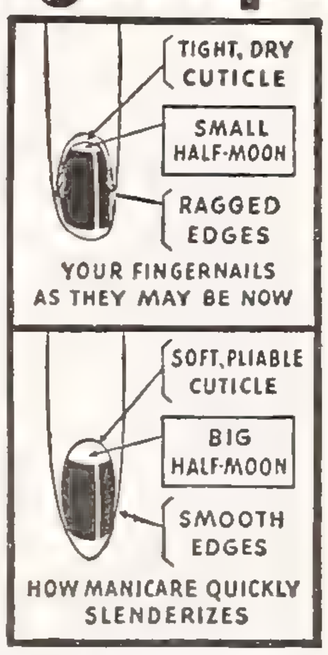
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Will Fonda Remarry Margaret Sullavan?

[*Continued from page 87*]

Home. During the making of this picture, I talked with Henry Fonda about Margaret Sullavan. I asked him how it felt to be playing opposite his ex-wife—I wanted to know if a husband and wife could really be friendly after divorce.

Henry laughed. "Of course," was his answer. Then he told me what a wonderful actress Peggy was, what a grand opportunity he considered it to be able to play opposite such an artist. He seemed more his settled, confident self than when he had first landed in Hollywood. All through the shooting of *The Moon's Our Home,* Hank and Peggy seemed to be having a lot of fun. They seemed to be thoroughly enjoying that old spirit of companionship. Everybody sensed it.

Then came reports that Peggy and Willie had separated. Soon Peggy made the announcement of her Mexican divorce. Willie Wyler confirmed it. They seemed agreed that it was the best thing to do.

So now Hollywood is asking:

"Will Henry Fonda and Margaret Sullavan remarry?"

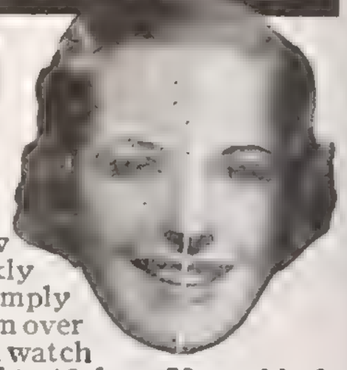
The answer, of course, rests with themselves. But, on the surface, after considering all the aspects of their early romance, their marriage, the difficulties of their New York environments and the struggle attendant upon attaining success and then comparing them with their present day opportunities for equality in fame, the privacy they can enjoy in their own company, their apparent understandings of each other's temperaments, the answer is:

It wouldn't surprise Hollywood to hear at any moment that Henry Fonda and Margaret Sullavan are to be married a second time.



Ann Harding, currently starring in *The Witness Chair,* acquires a new pal—an adolescent named Leo who lives in the Los Angeles Zoo and is himself planning a screen career

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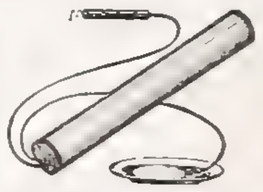


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29x4.75-20	2.50	.95
29x5.00-19	2.85	1.05
30x5.00-20	2.85	1.05
5.25-17	2.90	1.15
28x5.25-18	2.90	1.15
29x5.25-19	2.95	1.15
30x5.25-20	2.95	1.15
31x5.25-21	3.25	1.15
5.50-17	3.35	1.15
28x5.50-18	3.35	1.15
29x5.50-19	3.35	1.15
6.00-17	3.40	1.15
30x6.00-18	3.40	1.15
31x6.00-19	3.40	1.15
32x6.00-20	3.45	1.25
33x6.00-21	3.65	1.25
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32x4	2.95	.85	30x5	3.65	1.35
33x4	2.95	.85	33x5	3.75	1.45
34x4	3.25	.85	35x5	3.95	1.55
32x4½	3.35	1.15			

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32x6	7.95	2.75	40x8	13.25	4.15
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Dance With Shirley

[*Continued from page* 50]

your left foot. (FIG. 1 shows the beginning of the slide).

COUNT "TWO"—Step out on left foot again. Then—

SECOND STEP

COUNT "ONE"—Step out on the right foot. (See FIG. II)

COUNT "AND"—slide your left foot forward to meet the right foot, and—

COUNT "TWO"—step out on the right foot again.

Now, these two steps—One and Two, one after the other, should be done a total of four times, accenting the rhythm "one-AND-two, one-AND-two, one-AND-two" and so on. In taking these steps, you must use your hands to swing your skirt back and forth, in time to the dance. From these steps, you go into the step which reminds me of an airplane doing a Figure-8 in the sky, like this:

STEP THREE (See FIG. III)

COUNT "ONE"—Step out on left foot again, and glide along to the count, "one-AND-two-AND-three-AND-four," as follows:

COUNT "AND"—slide right foot forward beside left.

COUNT "TWO"—Step forward on left foot again.

COUNT "AND"—Again slide right foot forward.

COUNT "THREE"—Step forward on left foot again.

COUNT "AND"—Slide right foot beside it again.

COUNT "FOUR"—Once again, step left foot forward.

As you move forward in this series of four step-and-slides, you can turn your body sideways in a part-circle, holding your arms out like an airplane's wings. Then at the previous Count Four, you suddenly reverse the turn and swing into:

COUNT "ONE"—step the RIGHT foot forward, and,

COUNT "AND"—bring the left foot in a slide beside it.

COUNT "TWO"—step forward on the right foot again.

COUNT "AND"—slide the left foot forward.

COUNT "THREE"—step forward on right foot.

COUNT "AND"—slide the left foot forward.

COUNT "FOUR"—step forward once more on the right foot.

This step, first with the left foot and then the right, should be repeated four times, and you end with your weight on the right foot forward. Then you go into—

FOURTH STEP

COUNT "ONE"—With your weight resting on the right foot, give your left foot a slap-tap backward, as I show you in FIG. IV.

COUNT "TWO"—Put left foot down on floor in back of you and shift your weight to it. Lift right foot slightly.

COUNT "THREE"—Tap right foot down, and shift weight back to it.

COUNT "FOUR"—Hop back to left foot.

This is the finale step—the step used for an "exit" on the stage, and it is repeated, first left foot, then right foot.

Editor's Note: In her next lesson, Shirley will show how to do her "Curly Top" Dance. See July MOVIE CLASSIC.



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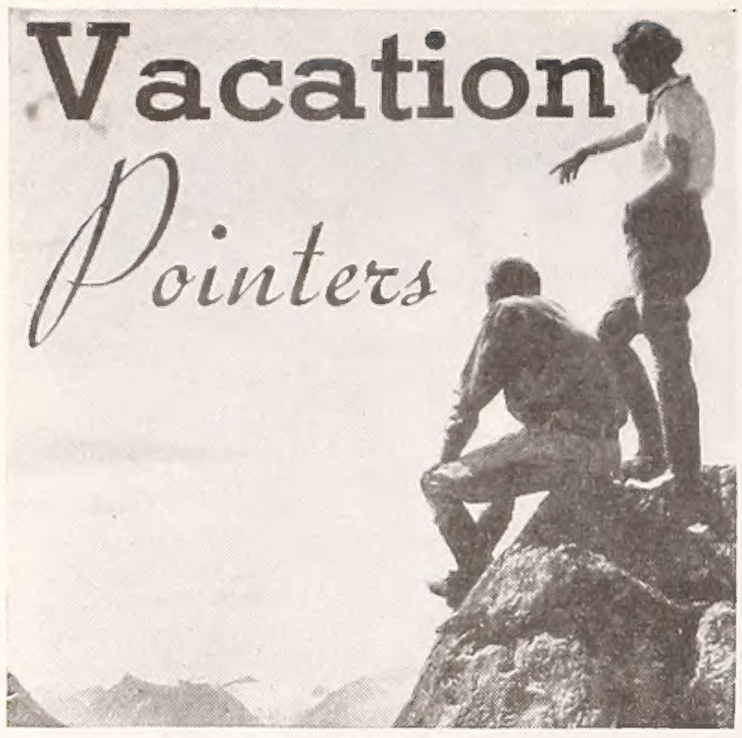
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Meet the Wife

[*Continued from page 29*]

there. So that next Saturday night, on my broadcast, I introduced a song number by telling how I was walking on the Boulevard and saw a picture advertised and went in and watched a tap-dancer, a new girl, and how she reminded me of another tap-dancer I'd got to know quite well. Afterward, I telephoned Ruby at Phoenix and I asked her how she liked my broadcast.

"What did you want to go on raving about that other girl for?" she demanded, all burned up. "That wasn't in the script; don't tell me! I know—you were ad-libbing!" Well, I tried to tell her I was thinking of *her* all the time, but she didn't like that about any other girl.

WE'RE happiest when we're together. Maybe we're sitting home, and she's reading some trashy novel or detective story, and I'm just sitting there by the fire; or we're golfing together; or maybe we're at the races, or the fights. We love fights, both of us. I mean prize fights!

But we love anything we do together, because, as I told you, that's when we're happiest. And that after eight years, mind you? Ain't I lucky?

She's a funny kid about money. I don't mean she's not bright, or anything like that, when it comes to money. But all money seems to mean to her is just a means to do something more for others—her family, mainly. She's wrapped up in her family—it's a great clan, the Keeler clan.

When they first came and wanted her to make pictures, she asked me to take care of handling the business end. Well, listen—me, with I don't know how many years of dealing with producers behind me, humph! Before I went to talk it over with them, she kind of came to me and said: "Al, don't ask 'em for too much—but ask 'em for enough. Better ask 'em for about $250 a week, huh?—and then you won't have to take care of my folks."

Well, there's the tip-off on the sort of gal my Ruby is—not for herself, but for her folks—every cent, and more if she can lay hands on it.

It all dates back to her kid days, I know. She's told me plenty about it. And I know how it was. My own folks were dirt poor. She had poverty, too. Last Christmas, I fixed it up with the Salvation Army to give Christmas dinners to 2,500 poor folks, mostly kids, here in Los Angeles. Ruby and I did that because we remembered our own kid Christmases.

Well, she came to me and told me something then: she said—

"Al, I remember when I was a kid and Christmas time came, Al, honey—we were poor, but we had six turkeys every Christmas!"

"Six turkeys, and you were poor?" I asked. "How did you do it?"

"Well," she grins at me, "my brother used to go to the Ninety-Third Street armory, and get a Christmas basket. My sister'd go to the Seventy-First Street police station, and get a Christmas basket. Ma went to the Salvation Army and got a Christmas basket. Pa managed to win one usually at a raffle someplace. One or two others of us'd go to other agencies and get a free basket—and anyway, every Christmas we had six turkeys. But Al—that was just about the only time of the year we ever did have enough to eat . . .!"

And listen—before anybody gets his back up over that, let me point out that we've more than paid back for all those extra Christmas baskets, since we're in the money.

Yeah, she's a great kid, a sweet kid, is Ruby. But even Ruby gets tired sometimes. You can't work all day in a hot studio, and feel swell at the end of the day. Sometimes, Ruby comes home and she's tired, or sick, or cross or peevish, and she gets on her high horse with me. So do I get mad? No—I just say to her:

"All right, now, Garbo, all right. Come on, Dietrich, snap out of it. Come on, Big Shot, come on."

Well, it burns her up. She gets plenty sore. And then all of a sudden she grins, and the ol' temperament, or whatever it was, is all gone and she's just little Ruby Keeler again. Don't call her a Garbo or a big shot if you don't want to burn her up. She's just Ruby Keeler—just herself, the same kid who stepped out of the chorus into stardom, and I hope it don't change her. I don't think it has—yet . . .

Lots of people think it's funny that two people so far apart as we seem to be can get along so well. She's just a kid, and me—look, I've got grey hair, I have. I was born in Russia, and then we came to America and I was a kid in Washington, D.C., where my father was a Jewish cantor. And Ruby—she's Catholic all through, and born in New York and lived there all her early life. And yet I'm telling you that we—the old, grey-haired Jewish boy, and Ruby, that sweet little Irish Catholic kid—we are happier right now than a lot of other married folks, in or out of Hollywood.

For one thing, we never let our religions get in each other's way. No, we kind of help each other out, as a matter of fact. The other day was Ash Wednesday, you know. Well, I woke Ruby up early that morning so she could get to mass in time. And that night, we had fish-cakes for dinner! Imagine me, a good honest Jewish son of a cantor, eating fish cakes because it was Ash Wednesday! Not that I had to, though. Ruby said to me:

"Al, you don't have to eat these fish-cakes, just because *I* do. There's meat in the kitchen, honey—I think."

There's one thing in that house, and in her life besides her folks (and maybe me) that Ruby *is* absolutely crazy and nuts about. That's the kid. The baby we adopted. Listen, Ruby can't wake up early enough in the morning to be with it, she's that crazy about it. When she's working, she's always thinking of it, and first thing she gets home, she plays with it and fusses over it. Maybe we'll adopt some more.

So there you are. I've tried to tell you about my wife. I don't know whether you got much sense out of it. All I know is that she's everything I want, and I think she's still the same child I met and married eight years ago.

But listen. I'm confessing. Sometimes I go to sleep nights with a tear in my heart. A tear, because I'm afraid. I'm afraid all this *will* change her. Good Lord, how can it help but change her? How?—oh, I don't know, exactly—but money, and work, work work . . . you know, she's such a conscientious worker. It's all right for her to be famous, and make lots of money, and be like that—but I don't want it to kill her. Or change her, in any way, from my Ruby . . .

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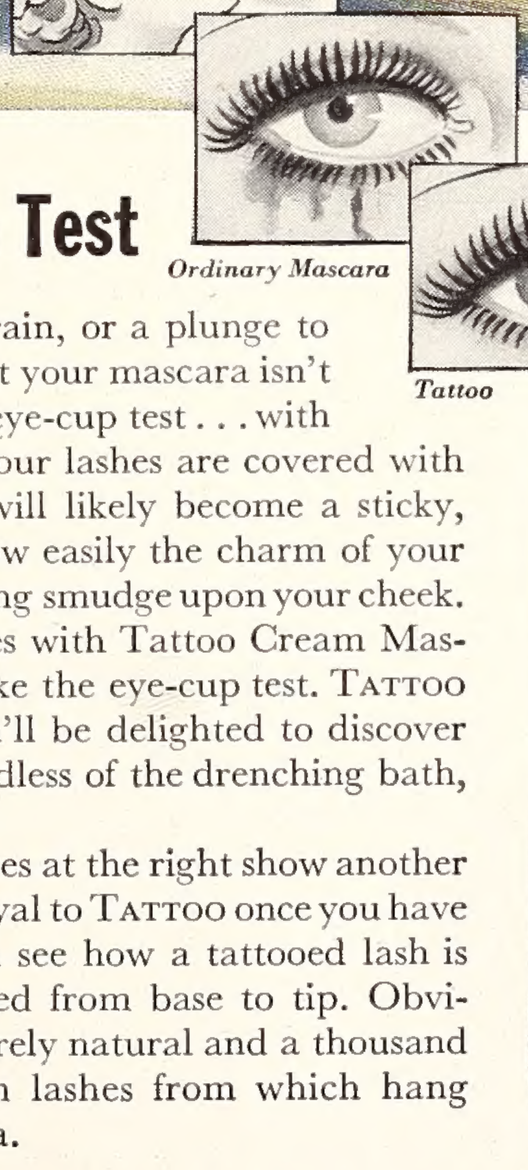
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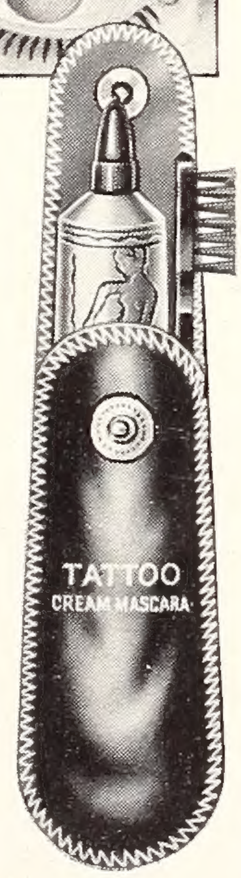
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Instead of waiting for tears, rain, or a plunge to show you, in a tragic way, that your mascara isn't safely smear-proof, make the eye-cup test . . . with an eye-cup full of water. If your lashes are covered with old-fashioned mascara they will likely become a sticky, "runny" mess . . . showing how easily the charm of your eyes can become a disillusioning smudge upon your cheek.

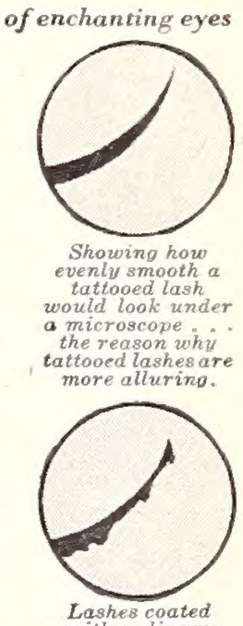
Then . . . tattoo your lashes with Tattoo Cream Mascara . . . let it dry . . . and make the eye-cup test. TATTOO cannot run or smear . . . you'll be delighted to discover that each tattooed lash, regardless of the drenching bath, remains beautifully tattooed!

The two little circled pictures at the right show another reason why you will become loyal to TATTOO once you have tried it. In the top circle you see how a tattooed lash is smoothly and evenly darkened from base to tip. Obviously, such lashes appear entirely natural and a thousand times more entrancing than lashes from which hang beady clods of lumpy mascara.



TATTOO's smoothness likewise makes TATTOO extremely easy to apply—far easier to apply than cake mascara. Simply whisk it on. Your very first try will yield a perfect result. Instantly your lashes will become exotically dark; they will look twice their real length, and will have a lovely, coaxing curl. TATTOO is non-smarting—non-irritating—and absolutely harmless. TATTOO your eyelashes once and you'll never go back to old-fashioned mascara.

Black, Brown or Blue only 50c . . . complete with brush in a smart, rubber-lined satin vanity . . . at all toilet goods counters.



Showing how evenly smooth a tattooed lash would look under a microscope . . . the reason why tattooed lashes are more alluring.



Lashes coated with ordinary mascara look like this under a microscope . . . rough, lumpy, unattractive.

SEND COUPON FOR 30 DAY TUBE!

TATTOO, 11 E. Austin Ave., Dept. F-50, Chicago

10c enclosed. Please send 30 day tube TATTOO Cream Mascara with brush. ☐ Black ☐ Brown ☐ Blue (check color desired).

*Name*_____

*Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

TATTOO CREAM MASCARA


LUCKY STRIKE
"IT'S TOASTED"
CIGARETTES
LUCKY STRIKE
Luckies are less acid!
Recent chemical tests show* that other popular brands have an excess of acidity over Lucky Strike of from 53% to 100%
Luckies – a light smoke
OF RICH, RIPE-BODIED TOBACCO — "IT'S TOASTED"
*RESULTS VERIFIED BY INDEPENDENT CHEMICAL LABORATORIES AND RESEARCH GROUPS